MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *Lætitia Pilkington*,

Written by HERSELF.

Wherein are occaſionally interſperſed,

ALL HER POEMS.

With VARIETY of

Anecdotes and *ſecret Tranſactions* of *eminent Perſons* living and dead.

PARTICULARLY

Dean *SWIFT*, Mr. *POPE*, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The THIRD EDITION.

Curs'd be the Verſe, how well ſo e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy Man my Foe;
Gives Vice a Sanction, Innocence a Fear,
Or from the pale eyed Virgin draws a Tear. POPE.

LONDON:
Printed for *R. Griffiths*, at the *Dunciad* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. 1751.

TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord Baron *Kingſborough.*

MY LORD,

THO' Your Lordſhip has been pleaſed poſitively to prohibit my Dedicating this Volume to You, yet as I had the following Poem written, I

could not reſiſt the Temptation of prefixing it to my Work, which I muſt rely on Your Goodneſs to pardon, as

I really am,

With all poſſible Gratitude, and Reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obliged,

Humble Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

Oh! KING, *Live for ever!*

TO Thee within whoſe Heaven-illumin'd Breaſt,
Reſides each Virtue, which adorns the Bleſt;
'Tis bold Preſumption to attune my Lays,
Seraphic Notes ſhou'd hymn ſublimer Praiſe;
Angels enthroned, in Bliſs with Rapture view
Their own Divine Perfections live in You:
Say, while you wander, thro' the rural Shade
By Saphire Fount, or Flower-enamell'd Mead,
By Wiſdom nurs'd, by Contemplation fed,
By both, to every Art and Science led;
While ſacred Honour, that immortal Gueſt
Lives in each Action of thy Life confeſt;
Wilt Thou, propitious, while I wake the String,
Attentive liſten to the Strains I ſing;
No venal Lay I offer to impart,
Accept the Rapture of a grateful Heart.
Come, Inſpiration, from thy Hermit-Seat,
O, give me flowing Numbers ſweetly great!
Free as his Bounties, beauteous as his Frame,
And pure and bright, as his unſpotted Fame;

For

For Nature, prodigal to KING, has given
All Gifts, admir'd on Earth, and dear to Heaven;
Then to *Hibernia*, lent this ſacred Store,
Too bleſt *Hibernia*, can'ſt thou wiſh for more:
Philoſophers can, from the Noon-tide Sun,
Extract one ſolar Ray, tho' finely ſpun;
Then, in that Ray, the various Colours ſhew,
With which God paints the Rain-foretelling Bow;
May I, like them, preſume, with happy Art,
To trace, diſtinct, the Virtues of thy Heart,
Or turn, aſtoniſh'd, from the dazzling Light,
And own it too intolerably bright,
When every Beam does with full Force unite.
Here did I pauſe, when, lo! the Heaven-born Muſe,
Who, if aright invok'd, will ne'er refuſe
Her Aid, appear'd, and ſaid, thy noble Choice
May better than the Muſe inſpire thy Voice:
To me eternal Wiſdom gave the Care
Of KING, no meaner Power could interfere;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the Taſk, I took the lovely
Child,
Blooming as Spring, with Looks ſerenely
mild;
Hence flows beneficent his boundleſs Mind,
The Joy, the Love, the Friend of Human-
kind;
Modeſty, Learning, Genius, Wit, and
Taſte,
By Female Sweetneſs, manly Virtue grac'd;
Hence take their Source, oh Fav'rite of the
Skies!
To which, tho' late, triumphant ſhalt Thou
riſe;
There mix with Souls, like Thine, divinely
pure,
And taſte the Rapture fitted to endure:
She ceas'd; Thanks heavenly Viſitant, I
ſaid,
To Thee my Gratitude be ever paid;
For what, ſufficient, may I render Thee,
Who rais'd a PATRON that protected me;
Who view'd my Anguiſh with a pitying
Eye,
When even a Son, and Brother paſt it by.
All-righteous Heaven, attend my ardent
Pray'r,
Make him thy conſtant, thy peculiar Care,
Whoſe Mercy, like the Dews that bleſs the
Ground,
Silently falls, refreſhing all around;

Whil,

While, with ſuch winning Grace, his Bounties flow,
They double all the Bleſſings they beſtow;
Touch'd with a painful Joy, the lab'ring Heart
Struggles its mighty Tranſport to impart;
Meanings crowd thick, the Tongue its Aid denies,
And ſpringing Tears the Loſs of Speech ſupplies.
The P—rs of *Ireland* long have been a Jeſt,
Their own, and ev'ry other Climate's Peſt;
But KING ſhall grace the Coronet he wears,
And make it vie with *Britain*'s nobleſt Stars;
And when, in Time, to grace his nuptial Bed,
Some chaſte, illuſtrious Charmer he ſhall wed:
May Love, and Joy, and Truth, the Pomp attend,
And deathleſs Honour to his Race deſcend.

PREFACE.

I Can't but let my Readers ſee my Vanity, in inſerting the following Poems, written to me ſince I came to *Dublin*, and do aſſure them, I have as many Pacquets of a Day, as a Miniſter of State; ſome praiſing, and ſome abuſing me; the beſt of which in my Praiſe, I have choſen out for their Peruſal.

To Mrs. Pilkington.

Monday, April 4, 1748.

MADAM,

IF you can find a Place for the following Verſes in your Second Volume, I ſhall think myſelf highly honoured, who am with all Sincerity, *&c.*

I.

WHEN Time's grown hoary, with a thouſand Years,
How muſt *Hibernia* laud thy Name?
Tho' now ſhe ſeems to triumph in thy Tears,
And almoſt glories in her Shame.

II.

Cou'd *Gaul*, or *Albion*, boaſt a Right in Thee,
Who now muſt envy what we hate;
They'd prize that noble Worth, we ſeem to flee,
And glory in ſo bleſt a Fate.

III.

Ye Sons, that put her Honour to the Teſt,
Aſſert the Glories of her Name,
And let her ſtand to diſtant Times redreſt,
In Virtue ſpotleſs as in Fame.

To Mrs. Lætitia Pilkington.

Clangill, July 16. 1748.

MADAM,

WHEN I read the Firſt Volume of your Works, I was touched with a feeling Senſe of your uncommon Misfortunes, and am convinced, the Villainy of a Pr--ſt, and Envy ſome of your own Sex, gave Birth to all your Afflictions; and I'll venture to ſay that the Doctor can't but ſecretly acknowledge,

That *Pallas* ſow'd, within your Mind,
Seeds long unknow n to Woman-kind,
For manly Boſoms chiefly fit,
The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgment, Wit.

Now, Madam, in Return for the Satisfaction your Book gave me, I ſend you the following Eſſay, and if you like it,

I diſregard the Criticks Frown,
And all the Quack-Bards of the Town,

I am your Friend,

BERNARD CLARKE.

HAIL, charming Fair, with low but friendly Lays,
I'll tune my Pipe, and vie to ſing thy Praiſe.
Ambitious always to defend thy Fame,
And ſing thy ſpotleſs, but much injur'd Name.

Thy Story oft with pitying Soul I read,
And judge thy hapleſs Fate was hard indeed;
Ungrateful Man! cou'd neither Wit nor Art
Raiſe thy Compaſſion, or ſecure thy Heart,
When all the Joys, that pleaſe in human Life,
Shone bright in Her, and form'd a perfect Wife;
Reſpected and rever'd, where'er ſhe went,
Diſcreetly gay, yet ſtrictly innocent;

Her

Her ſprightly Parts, her lively Wit and Senſe
To none, but You, e'er gave the leaſt Offence;
But, cou'd the Serpent with the Lamb agree?
No more cou'd ſuch a Heav'n-born Fair with Thee;
Ambition, Envy, acted each their Part
To foil what ſhou'd be Partner of thy Heart:
Go, abject Slave, you meanly ſpent your Life,
In low Purſuits; you'd proſtitute your Wife.
The * Dean firſt brought you from a low Eſtate,
On his Account admitted to the Great;
How cou'd you then, that Honour of the Age,
Betray to Fury of a Party-Rage?
Your Wife, too partial, wipes this from your Door,
Tho' Thouſand Thouſands know the Fact is ſure:

Thus we may ſee th' ignoble Mind in you,
In ſpite of all her Senſe or Art can do;
Had but her Wit in ancient Days appear'd,
As *Homer*'s now, it wou'd have been rever'd;
Ah! cou'd I, but like Thee, in gliding Strain,
Invoke the Muſe, add Tranſport to the Plain;
To you, whoſe Wit inſpires my ſofteſt Song,
I'd ſpeak, the Groves ſhould eccho it along;
To ſing LÆTITIA ſhou'd be all my Aim,
For deathleſs Numbers give immortal Fame;
Shou'd not ſome tender Pity move the Fair
To chaſe thy Grief, and diſſipate thy Care;
Let them but figure all thy Woes their own,
And weigh th' invidious Tattle of the Town;
But *Flavia*, reeling, from forbidden Game,
If rich, reſpected, tho' ſhe's loſt her Fame,
Cries, "Lud, I wonder who'd believe her "Lyes;
"I read her *Memoires*, but thank God I've Eyes;"
'Tho', Ten to One, if ſhe cou'd read her Pray'rs,
Who gave herſelf thoſe ſupercilious Airs;

Thus may you ſee, all thoſe who ſuffer'd Shame,
Are ever firſt to blaſt another's Fame;
But who can judge, that hears another groan,
Who ne'er had felt a Torment of their own;
And Souls, like Thine, muſt feel a deeper Blow,
Than half the World have Senſe enough to know.

Oh! * KING, what praiſe hereafter will be Thine!
How will thy Bounty and thy Greatneſs ſhine?
Who gave Relief with an unſparing Hand,
And wer't *Mæcenas* of *Hibernia*'s Land;
This Deed ſhall foremoſt of thy Actions live,
This ſhall immortal Praiſe and Honour give,
This ſhall remain on lateſt Time's Records,
And KING be envied by the future Lords;
Shou'd I attempt to give her Honour Due,
I cou'd each Hour ſing ſomething that was new;
But my faint Muſe, unequal to my Aim,
I find fall ſhort of the inſpiring Theme;

To

* Lord *Kingsborough*.

To praiſe ſuch matchleſs Excellence divine,
Suits not ſuch lowly humble Strains as mine;
Cou'd I have Power to touch th' harmonious String,
Or bid th' inſphered Soul of *Milton* ſing,
Or call down *Shakeſpear* from the Realms of Light,
To tell thy Story, or deſcribe Thee right,
Then ſhou'd I triumph over Time and Fate,
And be hereafter counted truly great;
Great he muſt be, indeed, who pictur'd well
All Graces Heav'n cou'd form, or Poet tell;
Yet be content while you in Luſtre ſhine,
And paint your Wrongs in ſoft and well-tun'd Line;
The World, tho' late, your Merit ſhall befriend,
And all your Sorrows in Applauſe ſhall end.

I hope the Gentleman propheſied, for really I have had ſo many Misfortunes, that it is now Time to have a little Eaſe.

To Mrs. PILKINGTON *on Reading her* MEMOIRS.

WHEN Beauty ſuffers, in fair Virtue's Cauſe,
And Men refuſe, to Innocence, Applauſe;
'Tis then the Muſe, in all her Charms ſhou'd Riſe,
And bear that Merit, to it's Native Skies.
Such 'twas of Old, inſpir'd the *Grecian* Song,
And bore her Heroes, and her Nymphs along;
From her proud *Rome* poſſeſs'd the ſacred Flame,
And from the Urn, preſerved *Lucretia's* Name.

BRITONS, when'er the diſmal Tale, you hear,
Oh! pay to *Pilkington*, the pious Tear:
A ſecond *Lucrece*, now in her behold!
By Friends forſook, and by her Huſband ſold;

So

Sold, curſt, inſnared to Infamy and Shame,
O baſe Betrayer of a Woman's Fame!
Touch'd with Remorſe, let thy own Boſom ſay,
What Worms, what Snakes, within that Boſom prey:
What Pang thou feel'ſt for Guilt unheard, unknown;
And may that Pang, forever be thy own!
Oh! can'ſt thou yet forbid thy Eyes to flow?
And render Tear for Tear, and Woe for Woe;
Say, can'ſt thou ſee thy once-lov'd Partner roam,
Exil'd by thee, from Children, and from Home:
Expos'd to want, to Grief, to Luſt, to Care:
And thou, the Author, ſmile at her Deſpair?

Alas! Ye Gods, to Him was never giv'n
The meaneſt Spark of Gratitude from Heav'n;
Elſe wou'd his Breaſt with kind Compaſſion bleed;
Elſe wou'd his Soul deteſt the impious Deed.

Elſe

Elſe wou'd his Heart the long loſt Paſſion
prove,
And rouze his Honour, to redeem his Love.

Ah! injur'd Fair, no more his Honour
mourn!
His Honour's fled, ah! never to return.
Let him, ſecure, of every Joy poſſeſt,
Be lull'd to Peace and viſionary Reſt;
Thus when his Soul from every Care is free,
No Senſe of Heav'n, nor yet a Thought of
Thee.
Then all-inflam'd ſhall Vengeance Wing
its Way,
Steal on his Sight, and ſnatch him from
the Day.
Amaz'd! each one, ſhall own the Sentence
juſt,
And ſend his Bones with Curſes to the Duſt.

But thou, ſuperior to the worſt of Days,
Shalt riſe in Health, in Virtue, and in
Praiſe.
Envy ſhall ceaſe, and Malice be no more,
Each Woman love thee, and each Man
adore.

With

With Themes Celeſtial, ſhall thy Spirit glow,
And, in full Rapture, live another *Rowe*.

H. K.

Taunton, Somerſet.

N.B. *This laſt poetical Addreſs to Mrs.* Pilkington, *is not in the* Iriſh *Edition, being ſent to the Publiſher in* London.

MEMOIRS

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OF

Mrs. *PILKINGTON.*

SO being entered on a new Scene, I proceed: I got as far as *Cheſter*; but, as it was Winter, the Stage Coach ſet out but once a Week, namely on *Monday*; and as I did not land till *Tueſday*, I had near a Week to ſtay at an Inn, an Expence my poor Pocket could not well afford. But Providence ſent me a timely Relief; for as I was ſitting with my Landlady, by her Kitchen Fire, a Gentleman came in, who knew me; he was going to *Ireland*, and the Wind proving contrary,

he was a Fellow Priſoner, as I may call it, with me; and a very agreeable one he proved, for he never permitted me to pay a Farthing. My Landlady, who was really a Gentlewoman, and he, and I, diverted away the Time with Ombre, Reading, and Pratling, very tolerably: And as the Gentleman knew my Misfortunes, and had known all my Family, he very generouſly, and not without many Apologies, gave me three Guineas; a very ſeaſonable Aſſiſtance: Thus we may ſee, that

Each good the virtuous Soul itſelf denies,
The watchful Care of Providence ſupplies.

By this I was enabled to travel. I learned with great Pleaſure, that a Member of Parliament and two Gentlemen of the Law, had taken Places in the Coach, and hoped for an agreeable Journey; but ſadly diſappointed I was, for certainly three ſuch Brutes I never ſaw; they affronted me every Moment, becauſe I was born in *Ireland*; and I believe they had not the Cholick, for they made themſelves very eaſy:

But

But the worſt Circumſtance of all was, that they uſed to ſit up drinking all Night, and forced me to pay my Club for their Wine, though I never even ſaw it.

They were great *Walpolians*, and many a Trick in the Elections did they relate before me, taking it for granted that I was a Fool: At laſt, they very civilly demanded of me, what Buſineſs I had to *London?* So, reſolving to divert myſelf, I told them, I was going there in hopes Sir *Robert* would marry me; this made them very merry, they laughed at my Folly, and I at theirs. At length we picked up a *Welch* Parſon, of whom I had the Honour of making a Conqueſt, which afforded us great Entertainment, for about fifty Miles. I always permitted him to pay my Club; but, like a true Levite, he began to offer a little more of his Civility than I was willing to accept of; ſo, finding that would not do, he made me a Preſent of a Ginger-bread-nut, curiouſly wrapt up in white Paper, and after making me give him a Promiſe to write to him, he left us.

As my Fellow-Travellers had obſerved his amorous Behaviour, and ſaw him deliver his Preſent, they earneſtly requeſted to know what it was; ſo to oblige them, I ſhewed it. When we came to *St. Albans*, we were met by a Gentleman in a Coach and Six, whom they ſtiled the great Mr. *Mid—ton*, of *Chirk-Caſtle* in *Denbighſhire*, who was related to them all; ſo they went into his Coach, and I got two Female Companions. However, we all baited at the ſame Inn at *Barnet*, and this prodigious Man inſiſted on having the Ladies for his Gueſts; and, laying hold of my Hand, he ſwore that little *Hibernian* Nymph ſhould dine with him; ſo up Stairs we all went, where he entertained us with an Account of his ample Eſtate, ſaying, it was much larger than the Duke of *Bedford*'s; but how unworthy he was to poſſeſs it, the Sequel will ſhew.

My Adventures with the *Welch* Parſon made him laugh very heartily; and he inſiſted on my keeping my Promiſe in writing to him, aſſuring me he would take care the

the Letter ſhould go ſafe. So, by way of Amuſement, I ſcribbled as follows:

SIR,

Your Ginger-bread, unbroken,
Remains a true Love Token.

I Am aſſured, by your honourable Countrymen, that you paſs for a Wit in *Wales*; it is therefore my ſincere Advice to you, never to quit it, leſt the reſt of the World ſhould be malicious enough to refuſe you your due Praiſe. As for the Favour you offered to me, why you offered it like a Prieſt, and I refuſed it like a Fool; if you write to me, direct, To the Right Honourable the Lady *W—lp—le*, in *Downing-ſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*. I will endeavour to prevail on my Spouſe elect to ſend you a Fiddle and a Hogſhead of good *October*, to entertain your Pariſhioners every *Sunday*.

I am, ſweet Sir Crape,

Yours.

Mr. *Mid—ton* ſaid, he thought I could read Men as well as Sir *Robert*. But now

Came the Reckoning, when the Feaſt was o'er,
The dreadful Reck'ning! and we ſmil'd no more.

For our Grandee made us pay our Club! 'tis true, indeed, he writ ſomething to make me amends, which was this:

My Charmer,

IF you will leave a Line for me at *Brownjohn*'s Coffee-Houſe in *Ormond Street*, and give me a Direction where to find you, you ſhall find a Friend in

J. M——n.

But really I never did, ſo we parted, and I never ſaw him more. The Sample he had given of the Narrowneſs of his Heart was ſufficient to diſguſt me; and tho' I am not fond of making national Reflections, yet I would of all things never

never truſt a *Welchman*, leſt, as *Falſtaff* ſays of the *Welch* Fairy, he ſhould transform me into a Piece of toaſted Cheeſe.

At length I got to *London*, where, after having paid all Demands, I had three Guineas left, with which the next Day I took a Lodging in *Berry-Street*, *St. James*'s.

I wrote to *Ireland* to no purpoſe it ſeemed; for I never got any Anſwer; ſo in a very ſhort Time I was in great Diſtreſs, and knew not what to do. Having heard Mr. *Ed*——*d W*——*p*——*le* was a very humane Gentleman, I wrote to him, and he ſent me a Letter in return, wherein he promiſed to wait on me the next Evening, and accordingly came; nay, and ſate with me three Hours; at the End of which Time he told me, he did not know how he could poſſibly be of any Service to me. I told him I had ſome Poems, which I intended to print by Subſcription, and if he would do me the Honour of promoting it, it was all the Favour I deſired.——He anſwered, if he undertook it, he ſhould certainly neglect

it; but however he would give me ſome Money; ſo he pulled out his Purſe, and took out five Guineas: Would not any Perſon have then thought themſelves ſure of them? but according to the old Proverb, *Many a thing falls out between the Lip and the Cup*; the Gentleman took a ſecond Thought, and put the Guineas in his Purſe again, aſſuring me, it was not convenient for him to part with them.

And, indeed, I believe he is a Beaſt without a Heart; for this is his conſtant Anſwer to every Perſon, as I have frequently obſerved, when thoſe whom he choſe for Friends and Companions wanted but the ſmalleſt Aſſiſtance from him. So he

For Poets open Table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept;
Himſelf, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was eaſy, tho' they wanted Shoes.

Swift.

On this I aroſe, and told him, as I perceived it was not in his Inclination to do me

me any Service, I would no longer take up his important Time, and civilly diſmiſſed him.

Mr. *Dodſley* ventured to print THE TRIAL OF CONSTANCY, by which I got about five Guineas, and a much greater Happineſs, the Favour and Friendſhip of the POET LAUREAT. I was adviſed to encloſe one of them to him, which I did, in as genteel a Letter as I knew how to write: The good Gentleman came to viſit me, and did me every Act of Friendſhip in his Power; it is to his unwearied Zeal in my Behalf, that I owe that I yet live to thank him; for,

Had I not been by him ſupply'd,
I muſt a thouſand Times have dy'd.

I muſt not here omit, that when the Poem was publiſhed, I encloſed two of them to Mr. *W——lp——le*, who wrote me a Letter of Thanks, and that was all: *Mem.* he owes me Two Shillings.

As I wanted to make Intereſt with the Great, I took a Lodging in *St. James's*

Street, exactly oppoſite to *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, where happening to ſee Capt. *Meade* go in, I wrote over to him, and he was ſo kind to give me an Invitation to his Houſe, which was within a ſmall Mile from *Hampton-Court*, a delightful Walk through *Buſhy-Park* leading to it: This ſaved me a great deal of Expence: for as the Parliament was now broke up, *London* was quite empty, and Mr. *Cibber* being gone to *Tunbridge*, I could not, 'till the Return of Winter, hope to gain any Subſcribers, ſo I went into the Country with great Pleaſure.

The Captain had a very ſweet Dwelling, a pretty Wife, and four lovely Children. We went to Church the following *Sunday*: Dr. *Hales* was Miniſter of the Pariſh, and it was cuſtomary with him, whenever he ſaw a Stranger in his Congregation, to pay them a Viſit; ſo, after Evening Prayer, we were honoured with his Company. Capt. *Meade* told him, I was his Siſter Parſon and Siſter Writer; a merry Sort of an Introduction. The Doctor aſked me, what I wrote? and the Captain anſwered

ſwered for me, that I was going to publiſh a Volume of Poems by Subſcription. I told the Doctor, my Writings might amuſe, but his made the World the wiſer and the better, as I had had the Pleaſure of reading them. I turned the Diſcourſe to Natural Philoſphy, on which the Doctor gave us an Invitation to a Courſe of Experiments the next Day. Tho' nothing I then ſaw was new to me, yet his Reflections on every Object were, as by them he demonſtrated the Divinity; and, wrapt in holy Extaſy, he ſoared above this little terrene Spot, and, like a true High Prieſt, led his Auditors up to the Holieſt of Holies.

After this ſacred Banquet, with which my Soul was ſo elevated, that I could not avoid paying him my Acknowledgments in, I believe, an enthuſiaſtic Strain, we walked into the Garden, where we were entertained with ſome fine Fruit, Cream, Wine, *&c.* a rural Collation.

The Doctor aſked me, if I had any printed Propoſals for my Poems, to which he promiſed not only to ſubſcribe himſelf, but alſo to uſe his Intereſt for me; I told

him I had, and that I would give him ſome when I came to Prayers the next Morning.

But I could not ſleep all Night, ſo at Day-break I aroſe, and walked into *Buſhy-Park*; I ſat down by the Side of a fine Caſcade, and liſtened to the tunefully-falling Waters ſo long, that methought they became vocal, and uttered articulate Sounds; 'till, lulled by them, I fell inſenſibly aſleep, when ſuddenly I imagined the Water-Nymph, to whom this Spring belonged, aroſe before me with a lovely Countenance, and a tranſparent azure Robe, and putting a Paper into my Hand, diſappeared. I thought I read it; and as I preſently awoke, I remembered all the Lines; ſo, having a Pencil and Sheet of Paper in my Pocket, I wrote them down.

To the Reverend Dr. HALES.

HAIL, holy Sage! whoſe comprehenſive Mind,
Not to this narrow Spot of Earth confin'd,
Thro' num'rous Worlds can Nature's Laws explore,
Where none but NEWTON ever trod before;
And,

And, guided by Philoſophy divine,
See thro' his Works th' Almighty Maker ſhine:
Whether you trace him thro' yon rolling Spheres,
Where, crowned with boundleſs Glory, he appears;
Or in the Orient Sun's reſplendent Rays,
His ſetting Luſtre, or his Noontide Blaze,
New Wonders ſtill thy curious Search attend,
Begun on Earth, in higheſt Heav'n to end.
O! while thou doſt thoſe God-like Works purſue,
What Thanks, from Humankind, to Thee are due!
Whoſe Error, Doubt, and Darkneſs, You remove,
And charm down Knowledge from her Throne above.
Nature, to Thee, her choiceſt Secrets yields,
Unlocks her Springs, and opens all her Fields;

Shews

Shews the rich Treaſure that her Breaſt contains,
In azure Fountains, or enamell'd Plains;
Each healing Stream, each Plant of virtuous Uſe,
To thee their Medicinal Pow'rs produce:
Pining. Diſeaſe and Anguiſh wing their Flight,
And roſy Health renews us to Delight.

When You, with Art, the Animal diſſect,
And, with the microſcopic Aid, inſpect,
Where, from the Heart, unnumber'd Rivers glide,
And faithful back return their purple Tide;
How fine the Mechaniſm, by Thee diſplay'd!
How wonderful is ev'ry Creature made!
Veſſels, too ſmall for Sight, the Fluids ſtrain,
Concoct, digeſt, aſſimilate, ſuſtain:
In deep Attention, and Surprize, we gaze,
And, to Life's Author, raptur'd, pour out Praiſe.

What

What Beauties doſt Thou open to the Sight,
Untwiſting all the Golden Threads of Light!
Each Parent Colour tracing to its Source,
Diſtinct they live, obedient to Thy Force!
Nought from Thy Penetration is conceal'd,
And LIGHT, Himſelf, ſhines to Thy Soul reveal'd.

So when the Sacred Writings You diſplay,
And on the mental Eye ſhed purer Day;
In radiant Colours Truth array'd we ſee,
Confeſs her Charms, and guided up by Thee;
Soaring ſublime, on Contemplation's Wings,
The Fountain ſeek, whence Truth eternal ſprings.
Fain would I wake the conſecrated Lyre,
And ſing the Sentiments Thou didſt inſpire!
But find my Strength unequal to a Theme,
Which aſks a *Milton*'s, or a Seraph's Flame!

If, thro' weak Words, one Ray of Reaſon ſhine,
Thine was the Thought, the Errors only mine.
Yet may theſe Numbers to thy Soul impart
The humble Incenſe of a grateful Heart.
Trifles, with GOD himſelf, Acceptance find,
If offer'd with Sincerity of Mind;
Then, like the Deity, Indulgence ſhew,
Thou, moſt *like Him*, of all his Works below.

After this pleaſing Reverie, I returned home, and had ſufficient Time to tranſcribe the Lines fair, and dreſs myſelf ere the Bell rung for Morning Prayer. As we were coming out of Church, I gave the Poem and ſome Propoſals, made up in a Pacquet, to the Doctor; who came in the Evening to viſit us, and brought another Clergyman with him, who was the Miniſter of *Henley upon Thames*; they both ſubſcribed to me, and took a good many of the Propoſals, which they diſpoſed of to Perſons of Diſtinction.

So

So having got a little Money, and Capt. *Meade* being commanded on Duty to the *Tower* for ſix Months, we all came to *London*; where finding my Lodging empty, I once more returned to *St. James*'s.

My good Friend Mr. *Cibber* was my firſt Viſitor: He had got about four Guineas for me; and told me, he was aſſured, by a Gentleman of *Ireland*, who frequented *White*'s, that my Huſband was a Poet, and that all I had to publiſh were only ſome Trifles I had ſtolen from him, which had greatly injured me: "But (ſaid he) to "ſet that Right, you muſt take ſome "Subject, that has never yet been touched "upon, dreſs it poetically, and ſend the "Lines to *White*'s." This was really a hard Taſk; but as my Credit was now at Stake, I was obliged to exert myſelf, and the next Day ſent him the following Lines.

To Mr. CIBBER.

WHEN You adviſ'd me, Sir, to chuſe
Some odd new Subject for the Muſe,

From

From Thought to Thought unpleas'd I
chang'd,
Thro' Nature, Art, and Science rang'd;
Yet ſtill could nought diſcover New,
Till, happily, I fix'd on You.
Your Stoic Turn, and chearful Mind,
Have mark'd You, out of all Mankind,
The oddeſt Theme my Muſe can find.

Like other Men, you nothing do;
The World's one Round of Joy to You.
The Wiſe, the Weak, the Sot, the Sage,
Your Hours can equally engage:
Tho' Senſe and Merit are Your Choice,
You can with gayeſt Fops rejoice;
Can taſte them all, in Seaſon fit,
And match their Follies, or their Wit.
Truth has in you ſo fix'd her Seat,
Not all your Converſe with the Great
Has yet miſled you to Deceit.
Your Breaſt ſo bare, ſo free from Blame,
Why ſure your Heart and Tongue's the
ſame!

Moſt Hearts the harder grow with Years,
But yours yet lends th' Afflicted Tears;
Has

Has Merit pin'd in Want and Grief?
Your bounteous Hand has brought Relief.
To you, where Frailty ſhades the Soul,
One ſhining Grace commends the whole.
Can no Experience make you wiſer,
Nor Age convert you to a Miſer?

New too in other Points I find you,
Where modern Wits are thrown behind you.
Some praiſe a Patton, and reveal him;
You paint ſo true, you can't conceal him:
Their gawdy Praiſe undue, but ſhames him,
While yours, by Likeneſs, only names him.
Not Wit, that libels, makes you grave,
At what you ſmile, my Senſe wou'd rave;
While jealous Bards by Dunces ſtung,
With Verſe provok'd, aveng'd the Wrong.
With an uncommon Candour, you
Such Bards more humanely ſubdue:
Calm and compos'd, your conſcious Spirit
Can celebrate with Praiſe their Merit:
Thus yielding conquer; for ſure Nature
Muſt feel ſuch Praiſe ſting worſe than Satyr.

Still am I warm'd to ſing your Oddneſs,
Your Singularity in Goodneſs!

When to the Wealthy and the Great,
Adorn'd with Honours and Eſtate,
My Muſe, forlorn! has ſent her Pray'r,
Shunn'd were the Accents of Deſpair,
'Till your excited Pity ſped her,
And with collected Bounties fed her;
Chear'd her ſad Thoughts, like genial Spring,
And tun'd once more her Voice to ſing.
Bear then her grateful Notes, and be
Yourſelf her Theme and Harmony.
Cou'd ſhe, like yours, exalt her Lays,
Polite Artificer of Praiſe!
From the ſweet Song you'd jealous grow,
And guard the Laurel on your Brow.

If, which I know, theſe Facts are true,
Confeſs, at leaſt, the Verſe is new,
That publicly ſpeaks well of you.

This met with a very favourable Reception, and Mr. *Cibber* ſhewed it to all the Noblemen

Noblemen at *White*'s, as a Means to engage them to ſubſcribe to me, which, to oblige him, many of them did; and, to make it public, Mr. *Cibber* inſerted it in a Pamphlet of his own called the *Egotiſt*, or *Colley upon Cibber*.

The next Day a pleaſant droll Gentleman, who was ſo old that he had been Page to King *James* when he was Duke of *York*, inſiſted on Mr. *Cibber*'s introducing him to me, which accordingly he did. This Gentleman, who was a Colonel in the firſt Regiment of Foot Guards, had by Nature all that Education gives to others; neither had his Years in the leaſt depreſt the Vivacity or Gallantry of his Spirit. He ſaid a thouſand witty Things in half an Hour, and at laſt, with as great Gravity as his comic Face would admit of, ſaid, that he wiſhed I would take him into Keeping. I anſwered, I had really never ſeen any Perſon with whom I was better entertained, and, therefore, if he would make over all his real and perſonal Eſtate to me, and diſpoſe of his Regiment, and give me the Money, I would keep him ———

out

out of it. He ſwore a good Oath, he believed me, and liked me for my Sincerity.——— I could relate a Number of pleaſant Stories of this old Gentleman; but as his Wit generally bordered on Indecency, and ſometimes on Prophaneneſs, they are not proper for a female Pen.

He uſed to hire me to write Love Letters to him, which, as a Proof of his being a young Man, he ſhewed at *White*'s; Lord *W—m—th* was curious to ſee the Writer; upon which he brought his Lordſhip, and Lord *Aug—ſtus F—tz R—y*, ſince dead, to viſit me. They bantered me on my Taſte, in writing ſo many fine Things to an old Fellow, when ſo many young ones, themſelves in particular, would be proud of them———I aſſured their Lordſhips, I would oblige them on the ſame Terms I did the Colonel, who always paid me handſomely for my Compliments.

This turned all their Raillery on the Colonel, who with great good Humour confeſſed the Truth. "Why Colonel, ſaid "Lord *F—z R—y*, you told us you ſup-

"ported

" ported this Lady."——" Ay, returned " he, but you know I am an old Lyar."

The Noblemen inſiſted on my telling them how much a piece the Colonel gave me for writing Billetdoux to him. The Colonel anſwered, that his Money had been fatal to my Family; for that he had lent my Uncle Colonel *Mead* twenty Guineas one Night at the Groom Porters, who died the next Morning of an Apoplectic Fit; and ſo, ſaid he, " out of pure Af- " fection to my dear little one here, I am " very cautious how I give her any; be- " ſides, added he, very archly, I could " not be convinced of the Sincerity of her " Paſſion for me, if ſhe made any De- " mands on my Pocket."

Lord *W——m——th* aſked me, how I approved of this Doctrine? I anſwered, the Colonel, had ſo genteel and witty a manner of excuſing his Avarice, that ſhould he ever grow generous, we ſhould loſe a thouſand Pleaſantries.

Each of the Noblemen gave me a Guinea, by way of Subſcription to my Poems; they preſſed hard on the Colonel for

for his Contribution, which, for the Reaſons aforeſaid, he abſolutely refuſed.

This gave Occaſion to the following Lines; which, leſt the Colonel ſhould not communicate, I incloſed to Lord *F—z-R—y.*

To the Hon. Colonel D—NC—BE.

SINCE ſo oft to the Great of my Favours you boaſt,
When, you know, you enjoy'd but ſome Kiſſes at moſt;
And thoſe, as you ſay, never ought to be ſold,
For Love's too divine, to be barter'd for Gold.
Since this is your Maxim, I beg a Receipt,
To know, how without it a Lover can eat.
For tho' the fine Heroes, we read in Romances,
Subſiſted whole Weeks upon amorous Fancies;

And

And yet were ſo ſtrong, if thoſe Writers
ſay true,
That Dragons, and Giants, ſome thou-
ſands they ſlew;
Thoſe Chiefs were of Origin ſurely divine!
And deſcended from *Jove*, as direct as a
Line.
But in our corrupted, degenerate Days,
We find neither Heroes, nor Lovers, like
theſe:
Our Men have ſcarce Courage to ſpeak to
a Laſs,
'Till they've had a full Meal, and a chir-
rupping Glaſs;
And ſo much in myſelf of the Mortal I
find,
That my Body wants Diet, as well as my
Mind.

Now, pray, Sir, conſider the Caſe of
your Miſtreſs,
Who neither can kiſs, nor write Verſes, in
Diſtreſs:
For *Bacchus*, and *Ceres*, we frequently prove,
Are Friends to the Muſes, as well as to
Love.

Lord *A——ſtus* did not fail to ſhew the Lines to all the Noblemen at *White*'s, who heartily bantered the Colonel on his Generoſity to his Miſtreſs.

The next Day, as I was ſprinkling ſome Flower-pots, which ſtood on very broad Leads, under the Dining-room Window, Colonel *D—nc—be*, the Duke of *B—lt—n*, and the Earl of *W—nch—ea* ſtood filling out Wine, and drinking to me: So I took up the Pen and Ink, full in their View; and, as I was not acquainted with any of them, except the Colonel, I ſent over to him theſe Lines:

YOUR roſy Wine
Looks bright and fine;
But yet it does not chear me:
The Cauſe I gueſs,
Is ſurely this,
The Bottle is not near me.

You ſhew that Sight,
To give Delight,
If I may truly judge ye:
But would ye move
My Wit, or Love,
I beg, Sir, I may pledge ye.

Lord *W——nch——ea* bid the Colonel ſend me all the Wine in the Houſe: "Ah! (ſaid the Colonel) that might in-"jure her Health, but I will ſend her one "Bottle of *Burgundy*, to chear her Spirits." Accordingly the Waiter brought it; the Noblemen all gathered to the Window, ſo he filled me out a Glaſs, which, making them a low Reverence, I drank, and retired.

But the Colonel, reſolving to have Share, quickly followed his Bottle; he came in a deſperate ill Temper; curſed the K—g, D— of *C——l——d*, the whole M————y, and me into the Bargain. I aſked him, whether giving me a Bottle of Wine had grieved him ſo much? He ſaid, No; but that he had been fifty Years in the Army, and was but Lieutenant-Colonel; and that the D—— of *C——l——d* had put a young Fellow over his Head. He pulled down his Stocking, and ſhewed me where he had been ſhot through the Leg at the Siege of *Liſle*; then he opened his Boſom, on

which he had ſeveral honourable Scars, and ſwore heartily, that, were it not in a Time of War, he would throw up his Commiſſion. I could not but agree, that his Reſentment had but too juſt a Foundation; "But, dear Sir, I had no hand "in all this." "No; (ſaid he) but I "did not know any Perſon, to whom I "could ſpeak my Mind freely, or who "would bear my Peeviſhneſs, but you." "Well, Sir, (ſaid I) an you were as pee-"viſh as an Emperor, I'll bear it all, "ſince you pleaſe to beſtow it on me.— "But I believe we had as good drink our "*Burgundy*, and we will new model the "Government according to our Fancies." He ſat very penſive, ſaid his Head aked, then roſe in a ſurly Sort of a manner, and went over to *White*'s.

Whether any thing he had met with there pleaſed him, I know not, but about Nine at Night, as I ſat writing, I heard his Voice on the Stairs, crying, "Poke "after me, my Lord, poke after me." So I bid my Maid, light the Colonel up: He brought with him his Grace of *M—lb—gh*,

M——lb——gh, a lovely Gentleman; he preſented him to me, by his Title, which was honoured by his wearing it. The D—— ſaluted me; but what ſhall I now ſay! I think my boaſted Conſtancy of Mind quite forſook me; I trembled at his Touch, and, though I knew not why, was more diſordered at Sight of him, than ever I had been before in my Life. The Colonel aſked me, what was the Matter? I ſaid, I believed I had drank too much Tea, which, joined to the unexpected Honour he had now conferred on me, put me into a little Flutter.

His Grace laid hold of my Hand, and kiſſed it, ſaying, it was the ſweeteſt Thing in Nature, to put a Lady into a little Hurry of Spirits, "and ſo, ſaid he, "Colonel, I ſhall meet you at *White*'s, "either to-night or to-morrow Morn-"ing; for I have a mind to have a little "Chat with this Lady alone." The Colonel knew his Duty too well to diſobey a *M—lb—gh*, and left us, wiſhing his Grace Succeſs.

Now, indeed, for the firſt Time, I was afraid of myſelf; but was infinitely more ſo, when his Grace told me, he had learned from the Colonel, that I was in ſome Diſtreſs, and, opening his Pocket-Book, preſented me with a Bank Note on Sir *Francis Child* for Fifty Pounds.

This was the Ordeal, or fiery Trial; Youth, Beauty, Nobility of Birth, and unſought Generoſity, attacking at once the moſt deſolate Perſon in the World. His Grace, I believe, gueſſed at my Apprehenſions, by the Concern which was but too viſible in my Countenance, and generouſly aſſured me, that he was above making any hard Conditions, that I might look up with Chearfulneſs, and not rivet my Eyes to the Floor, but conſider him as a ſincere and diſintereſted Friend.

This quite revived me, and gave me an unuſual Flow of Spirits, which highly pleaſed my illuſtrious Benefactor: He deſired I would write ſomething merry to the Colonel, who, at his Departure, charged me not to wrong his Bed. So to pleaſe his Grace, and alſo to convince him I could

could write, I gave him, in about ten Minutes, the following Lines.

STREPHON to-night his *Chloe* told,
He had the Head-ach, and grew old;
Tho' well ſhe knew her artful Swain
But counterfeited Age and Pain,
To hide his cold declining Paſſion,
His Want of Love and Inclination;
For *Chloe*'s Face, ſo often ſeen,
Put her poor *Strephon* in the Spleen;
Nor could her Wit, or Neatneſs pleaſe him,
Or all her Smiles or Prattle raiſe him:
He left the penſive Nymph alone,
His painful Abſence to bemoan.

Strephon beware, leſt in return,
With a new Flame your *Chloe* burn;
Conſider I have *Sp—n—r* ſeen,
And quickly lay aſide your Spleen;
Or, by the God of Verſe, I vow,
With Antlers I'll adorn your Brow;
No City Knight ſhall boaſt a Pair
More large, more branching, or more fair:

Their Horns are gilt, but yours ſhall be
As naked as a blaſted Tree.

So, Sir, no more of your Deception,
For I am bleſt with quick Perception;
Phœbus has given me piercing Eyes,
To look thro' Falſhood and Diſguiſe;
Then lay aſide this little Art,
I have, and I will keep your Heart.

His Grace was very well pleaſed with my Gaity, and undertook to deliver the Letter himſelf; ſo we parted, each of us, I believe, ſatisfied with ourſelves, and our own Conduct.

I know at leaſt I was; for upon calling my Heart to account for the Trouble it had given me, I found by the Symptoms, there was ſomething very like Love had ſeized it.

The Colonel came in the Morning, and brought with him Mr. *Tr——v——r*, Brother to the D——ſs of *M—lb—gh*, whom he introduced to me, and then merrily aſked me, if I was going to reward his conſtant tender Flame, with a great

great ſtaring Pair of Horns? I told him he deſerved them for his ill Temper; but, however, as he made me full amends by the Honour of making me known to ſo great and good a Man as he had recommended me to, I would take ſome Time to conſider of the Matter.

Mr. *Tr—v—r* deſired to know which of the *Sp—n—r*'s it was, I threatned the Colonel with? I told him, I wrote any thing by way of Amuſement; but either of them would ſerve my Turn.

The Colonel called me a merry Madcap; Mr. *Tr—v—r* aſſured me, he was at my Service, and would hornify the Colonel whenever I pleaſed. I told him, I was obliged to him for his kind Offer, and would certainly apply to him, if I found myſelf in any Diſtreſs; and in the mean Time, I hoped, as an earneſt of his future Favour, he would be ſo kind as to ſubſcribe to my Poems, which accordingly he did.

My Readers may now imagine, I was in a fair Way of growing rich; but, indeed, it was far otherwiſe, as I paid a Guinea a Week for my Lodging, kept a Ser-

vant, was under a Neceſſity of being always dreſſed, and had beſides ſo many diſtreſſed Perſons of my own Country, who did me the Honour to take a Dinner with me, and, in return for my Eaſineſs, ſaid every thing of me which they thought could injure, or expoſe me; that being naturally liberal, and, till I heartily ſuffered for my Folly, no very great Oeconomiſt, I rather ran out than ſaved.

And, as I have thrown ſome Sort of Reflection on the *Engliſh*, I muſt beg leave to be equally free with my own Country Folks. Take Notice, I except the Nobility and Gentry of each Kingdom, who, I really believe, in Honour, Valour, or Generoſity of Spirit, are not be matched in any Part of the habitable Globe. Yet, partial as I may be to my native Country, the *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* ſeem to have different Characteriſtics: The lower Part of the People of *England* are blunt and honeſt; the lower Part of the People of *Ireland*, civil and deceitful: Nor did I ever ſuffer in *England*, either in point of Fortune or Repu-

Reputation, but either by the Thefts, or the Tongues of the *Iriſh*.

My Landlady came up one Morning very chearful, and told me her Daughter's Huſband, Dr. *T—rn—ll*, who had not been to ſee her for two Years, on account of ſome Difference they had, told her he would, as he was to preach at *St. James's* Chapel next Day, (being one of the Chaplains to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales*) take up his Lodging in her Houſe that Night. I congratulated herupon it; but obſerving by her Looks that ſhe was under ſome Uneaſineſs, I aſked her the Cauſe of it; after ſome Heſitation, and a Number of Apologies, ſhe told me, ſhe had no Accommodation for him, but by giving him her own Bed, and begged I would, for a Night, give her leave to ſleep with me and my Maid, to which I readily conſented; but recollecting what a miſerable Bed ſhe had, in a dark Cloſet, very unfit for a Gentleman to lie in, I told her, I would, with great Pleaſure, leave my Apartment for the Doctor, which was, as may be preſumed by the Price, a genteel

one, and for a Night take up my Reſidence with her. She ſeemed overjoyed at the Propoſal, and as I had ſome little Trifle to buy, I went out, and did not return till about Six in the Evening; ſo not meeting any body in the Way below Stairs, I went up to my own Apartment, where I found the Doctor reading, and the old Gentlewoman faſt aſleep.

I begged pardon for my Intruſion, and the old Dame told him how much he was indebted to my Complaiſance in quitting my Apartment to oblige him with it. I could have wiſhed, ſhe had been ſilent in this particular; for as ſhe had not apprized him of it before, he was too polite to ſuffer it, nor could any Entreaties of mine prevail on him to accept my Offer.

Preſently after, being gone down Stairs, he ſent his Compliments up, and begged I would lend him a Book to amuſe himſelf till Bed-time, ſo being willing to cultivate the good Opinion he ſeemed to have conceived of me, I ſent him my own Poems in Manuſcript, which, pardon my Vanity, did not fail to confirm it.

The next Day, which was *Sunday*, as ſoon as Afternoon Service was over, he very kindly paid me a Viſit, and ſeemed ſo well pleaſed with my Prattle, that it was Midnight before either of us thought of Repoſe: But I do aſſure my Readers his Mother-in-law kept us Company.

He entertained me with an Account of whatever he had met with curious in his Travels: His Remarks on every Subject were delivered with Modeſty and Judgment, in a flowing and elegant Style. He was ſo kind to promiſe me the Favour of taking a Diſh of Coffee with me in the Morning, which produced a merry Adventure.

The Noblemen at *White*'s, having heard that I was married to a Clergyman, and ſeeing one walking to and fro in my Dining-room, ſuppoſed it muſt be the very identical Parſon, and that he was come to make up Matters with me; ſo none of them would venture over, leſt it ſhould incur his Diſpleaſure againſt me; but Colonel *D—nc—be*, whoſe Curioſity was up, reſolved at a Diſtance to reconnoitre the Ground,

Ground, and bring them a faithful Account of the Enemy's Situation, for ſo he ſtiled the Parſon.

There was a very grand Milliner's Shop next Door to my Lodging, from whence I received a Meſſage, that a Lady, juſt come from *Ireland*, deſired to ſpeak with me; upon which I immediately went, full of Hope to receive ſome Account of my Children: I there found the Colonel, who told me, he was the Lady; and, with his uſual Gaity, added, that if I queſtioned his Sex, I need but permit him to be my Bedfellow for a Week, and I ſhould never know any thing to the contrary.

I anſwered, I really believed him; inaſmuch as I had known a Gentleman, young enough to be his Grandſon, who had lived with me in all the peacable Innocence of a Man of Threeſcore, like a civil careleſs Huſband, as he was.

As the Colonel was acquainted with my Hiſtory, he laughed heartily, and ſaid, "He muſt be ſome damned Parſon, for "nobody (ſaid he) but one belonging to "the

" the Church could have had half that " Continency. But, my dear little one, " (for that was the Name he always called " me), I have ſome News to tell you; I " deſire you may bruſh up your Counte- " nance, your Fire, and yourſelf, becauſe " you are likely to have ſome very grand " Viſitors to-morrow; no leſs than Mr. " *St—h—e*, the Earl of *W—nch—ea*, and " his Brother Mr. *F—ch*."

The Colonel then told me the Reaſon of his ſending for me in that manner was, that he had obſerved a Paſon walking in my Room; and aſked, who it was? I told him, it was Dr. *T—bull*, no way related to me.

As this Adventure with the Clergyman afforded great Matter of Diverſion at *White*'s, I cannot help here relating another. I was in very great Diſtreſs, and was adviſed to apply to the then Lord Archbiſhop of *York*, now, by the Grace of God, Lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*; I ſay, by the Grace of God, becauſe I believe he never was yet excelled by any of the primitive Biſhops; a Perſon, in whom the

the Beauty of Holineſs fully appears. I went to his Houſe, in *Kenſington-ſquare*, and, to my infinite Surprize, had free Acceſs to his Grace, without even a Queſtion being aſked: I preſented him with the following Lines.

This Poem was written juſt at the Beginning of the Rebellion, in which his Grace, like a true Son of the Church militant, had nobly taken up Arms in the Defence of Liberty, Property, and the Proteſtant Religion.

Having been obliged to the Right Honourable *Henry Pelham*, I thought it not improper to include two ſuch great and eminent Perſons in one Poem, which was as follows:

To his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of YORK.

AS God, who now does, as in Times of old,
His high Beheſts to righteous Men unfold;
And from thick Miſts, purging the viſual Ray,
Beams on his choſen Sons celeſtial Day;

Late

Late to the pious Prelate, YORK, reveal'd,
What from the Sons of *Belial* lay conceal'd;
The Many, flown with Inſolence and Wine,
Unfit, ſuch Ears, to hear of Things Divine.

Behold, oh choſen Meſſenger of Grace!
Said God, the Wickedneſs of human Race!
Britain, behold, my once-lov'd fav'rite Iſle,
Lo, all Impurities her Face defile!
Why are there Pray'rs, or public Faſts proclaim'd?
My Pow'r is mock'd at, and my Word blaſphem'd;
Think they, vile Worms! with Arts, or gloſſing Lines,
To 'ſcape my Vengeance, or deceive my Eyes?
No; as to Idol Luſts their Bodies bow,
So ſhall their Limbs the foreign Fields beſtrew,

Nay,

Nay, ev'n the proud Metropolis, ſhall feel
The red-hot Vengeance, and the murd'rous Steel.

Then, holy YORK, the Lord of Life beſpoke:
Oh, gracious God! this dread Decree revoke;
Wilt Thou, with Wiſdom, Juſtice, Mercy crown'd,
Alike the Virtuous and the Vile confound?
Twenty, perhaps, in *Britain* may'ſt Thou find,
Who keep thy Laws, and write them on their Mind;
All, ſure, ſhall periſh, by thy mighty Word,
But wilt Thou ſpeak in Wrath?——far be it from Thee, Lord.
To him, JEHOVAH: By Myſelf, I ſwear,
For Twenty's Sake, the Kingdom will I ſpare.
Oh, be not angry, while I plead again,
Perhaps not Twenty may be found, but Ten;

Ten

Ten Men, whom no Temptation can ſubdue,
True to Religion, to it's Altars true.
To him, JEHOVAH: As thy Soul doth live,
Find me but One, and *England* I forgive.

View then, oh Lord! yon Miniſter of State,
See him, in ev'ry Action Good and Great;
Stemming Corruption with an outſtretch'd Hand;
Who, but Himſelf, the Torrent can withſtand?
See Him, like *Nile*, diffuſing Bounty round,
To bleſs a barren, an ungrateful Ground;
Thro' various Channels, Pleaſure to impart,
To raiſe the Fall'n, to chear the dying Heart;
Too oft, alas! in the tranſlucent Wave
Do Crocodiles and wily Serpents lave,
Studious to poiſon the delightful Stream,
Which unpollute flows on;—and mindful whence it came,

Con-

Conſcious of Thee, it's ſacred hidden Source,
To re-unite thy Bounty, bends it's Force.

Wiſely thou ſpeak'ſt, the living Lord reply'd,
Nor be thou, righteous Advocate, deny'd;
Superior Worth arreſts the lifted Rod,
So dear is Virtue in the Sight of God;
Nor will I Vengeance on the Guilty take,
But *England* ſpare, for YORK and PELHAM's Sake.

I told the Servant, when I delivered them, it was not a Petition: He ſaid, if it were, his Grace never refuſed one; and ſhewed me into a handſome Drawing-Room. In a few Minutes, his Grace entered, with a ſweet and placid Air; but looked ſo young, that I never once imagined him to be the Archbiſhop, having joined the aſſociate Idea of Wrinkles, Avarice, and Pride, to that Title,—in which I found myſelf, happily for once, miſtaken. As it was early in the Morning, he ſaid,

ſaid, he was ſure I had not breakfaſted, and bid one of the Servants bring ſome Tea, and deſire his Couſin to come, and keep the Lady Company: As it was near half an Hour before I ſaw her, his Grace aſked me, who I was? I anſwered, which was Truth, I was a Gentleman's Daughter, of the Kingdom of *Ireland*; that I had, when I was very young, been married to a Clergyman; that I had three Children living. His Grace, taking it for granted, that I was a Widow, which Miſtake it was, by no Means, my Intereſt to clear up, demanded of me, what I had to ſupport us? I anſwered, Nothing but Poetry. He ſaid, that was a Pity; becauſe, let it be ever ſo excellent, Genius was ſeldom rewarded, or encouraged; I very gayly repeated the Dean's Lines:

What Hope of Cuſtom in the Fair,
When not a Soul demands the Ware?
When you have nothing to produce,
For private Life, or public Uſe.

Swift's Rhapſody.

His

His Grace could not avoid ſmiling, as he plainly perceived by the Chearfulneſs, and Freedom of my Behaviour, and by my only ſaying, Sir, to him, that I was ignorant of his Dignity. But the Entrance of his Relation, a well-bred Lady, of about fifty Years of Age, who, as his Grace is a Batchelor, managed his domeſtic Affairs, threw me into inconceivable Confuſion, as I then plainly perceived I had been very familiarly chatting with ſo great a Man.

I made my Apology in the beſt Manner I could; and, as he was truly ſenſible that I neither intended or meant Diſreſpect to him, he eaſily pardoned me: But, as we drank Tea, ſaid, he wiſhed my Miſtake had but continued a little longer, that he might have had the Pleaſure of hearing me unawed and uncontrolled. I own I was quite abaſhed at ſo odd a Circumſtance, for while I imagined his Grace to be perhaps a Chaplain to the Lord Archbiſhop of *York*, I ſaid any thing without Reſerve; but, of a ſudden, found my Spirits fail, which brought *Shakeſpear*'s Lines into my Mind:

And

And what have Kings, that Privates
have not too,
Save Ceremony, general Ceremony?
And what are thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou, that ſuffereſt
more
Of mortal Griefs, than do thy Worſhip-
pers;
What are thy Rents? What are thy
Comings in?
Oh Ceremony! ſhew me but thy Worth:
What is thy Soul of Adoration?
Art thou aught elſe, but Place, Degree,
and Form;
Creating Fear and Awe in other Men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing thee.

His Grace was ſo humane, to make me a handſome Preſent at my Departure, and aſſured me, he would always be a Friend to me.

However, I did not make a ſecond Application to him, 'till ſuch Time as the Royal Bounty is to be petitioned for, which

is at *Chriſtmas*, though it is not diſtributed 'till *Eaſter*. As I knew, at that Seaſon of the Year, it was impoſſible for me to be at *Kenſington*, e'er his Grace would be at *Weſtminſter*, I waited at the Door of the Robing-Room, 'till I was almoſt frozen, holding a Petition, incloſed in a Letter, in my Hand; a Gentleman, who is Door-keeper to the Houſe of Lords, taking Compaſſion on me, told me, I had better come into the Lobby, an Offer I readily accepted of, and ſat down in a Window: There were ſeveral Noblemen, moſt of whom knew me by Sight, walking in it, as the Houſe was not yet met. The firſt Prelate who entered, was the Lord Biſhop of *Norwich*, a venerable Gentleman, whoſe graceful grey Hairs the Hand of Time had ſilvered: As he paſt by, I made him a Courteſy, on which he ſtopt, and, with great Civility, aſked me if that Letter was for him; I anſwered, it was for his Grace of *York*; on which, he very kindly wiſhed me Succeſs. His Grace next entered, and with his wonted Goodneſs aſked me, where I had been? Adding, that it had been

been a great Loſs to me, that he did not know where to find me; and accepting of my Letter, ſaid, he hoped I had there given him a proper Direction; ſo bowing, as faſt as I courteſied, he went to take his Seat at the Right Hand of that Power he had ſo nobly ſupported; and, no doubt, will, at the laſt great Day, having truly approved himſelf *Chriſt*'s faithful Soldier and Champion, fighting under the ſacred Banners of the Captain of his Salvation, hear thoſe comfortable Words, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord.*

As the Earl of *Ch—ſter—ld* heard every Word his Grace ſpoke to me, he made himſelf very merry at *White*'s, telling Mr. *Cibber*, and Colonel *D—nc—be*, that I was true to the Gown, and delivered a Billet-doux to the handſomeſt, politeſt, and braveſt Prelate in *Europe*; that I had given him a Direction where to find me, and highly applauded my Choice.

But no Virtue is above the Reach of a little pleaſant Raillery; and as ſome of the Noblemen demanded an Explanation

of this Affair, I with my uſual Sincerity, told them the Truth; on which they all agreed in praiſing his Beneficence and Affability, and the handſome Manner in which he beſtowed his Bounties.

I hope, if theſe *Memoirs* ſhould ever fall into his Grace's Hands, who is an univerſal Reader, he will pardon me for uſing his Name, which I ſhall never do, but with the utmoſt Reſpect and Gratitude.

As I had imagined his Grace to be Lord High Almoner, I addreſſed him as ſuch, and waited on him again at *Weſtminſter*; his Grace told me, the B——p of *S——y* had been ſo kind to accept of my Petition, and that I muſt wait on him the next Morning, at his Houſe in the *Temple*: So accordingly, I went, in full Spirits, imagining, on the Recommendation of ſo excellent a Perſon, I ſhould both have a civil Reception, and alſo my Deſire anſwered.

It ſnowed very faſt, and I knocked ſeveral Times, e'er I could gain Admiſſion; at length, an old Porter ventured to turn the unoiled Hinges a little, which grated

grated very harſhly, and ſeemed to partake of the Spirit of their unhoſpitable Maſter, who, according to my Countryman's Bull, opened the Door to keep the People out, for this was fully verified here; he aſked me, what I knocked ſo often for? and being, I ſuppoſe, doubtful that I might ſteal one of the Oak Chairs in the Hall, ſhut it again in my Face; the Inclemency of the Air, and the Vexation of my Mind, made me give a thundering Rap, the Door was once more opened, and I aſſured the Porter, if he would be ſo kind as to deliver that Letter for me to his Lord, to whom I was recommended by his Grace of *York*, I would give him Half a Crown, which Promiſe of a Perquiſite ſoftened him into Conſent, for, as Mr. *Gay* obſerves,

This Reaſon with all is prevailing.

He took the Letter into the Parlour, when preſently an old Man, with a moſt unprelatical Countenance, for it was full of Carbunckles, and Knobs, and Flames of

Fire, came out, with my Letter in his Hand, and, with an imperious Voice, demanded of me, whether I wrote it? As the Times were full of Violence and Blood, it being, as I obſerved, at the Beginning of the late Rebellion, I ſtood confounded, and knew not what Anſwer to make; which he obſerving, aſked me, was my Name *Meade?* To which, anſwering in the affirmative, he cried, "Yow "are a Foreigner, and we have Beggars "enow of our own:" "No, my Lord, "returned I, I was born in *Ireland*, which "is not a foreign Country, but equally a "Part of his Majeſty's Dominions with "*Great-Britain:*" "Why, ſaid he very "politely, you lye; but as you ſay yow "are in Diſtreſs, there's Half a Crown "for yow:" I thanked his Lordſhip, and turning to the Porter told him, as I had given him ſome Trouble, I hoped he would accept of that Part of the Royal Bounty, which had been promiſed to me; his Lordſhip was pleaſed to tell me, I was a ſaucy, proud, impertinent Perſon; which, having

having neither any farther Hopes or Fears about him, I little regarded.

All the Way Home, as cold as it was, and as much vexed as I was at the old Br—te's Behaviour, I could not avoid laughing at his odd Figure, ſo much reſembling that of the *Spaniſh* Friar, where

His great Belly ſwaggered in State before him, and his little gouty Legs came limping after; oh, he is a huge Tun of Divinity! and were he any way given to Holineſs, I would ſwear by his Face; my Oath ſhould be, By this Fire; but he is indeed, but for the Fire in his Face, the Son of utter Darkneſs; oh! he is a perpetual Triumph, an everlaſting Bonfire!

Then again I thought of Dr. *Swift*'s Lines:

G——d d——n me, they bid us reform and repent;
But, Z——ds, by their Looks, they never keep Lent.

I hope the Reader will pardon me, for inſerting Oaths, as I have ſo great an Authority to quote for them.

As the Parliament did not ſit during the Holydays, I waited on his Grace of *York*, who immediately gave me Audience: He aſked me, what Succeſs I had with the Lord Almoner; and as I had ſped marvellous ill-favouredly, I related every Circumſtance, as near as I could remember of our Converſation; One, in particular, which I before omitted, and was, that he ſaid, "Would the Lord Arch-"biſhop of *York* ſpeak to yow, Woman?" His Grace ſmiled, and ſaid, "It was the firſt "Time he ever learned it was beneath the "Dignity of a Biſhop to ſpeak, even to a "Beggar; as Humliity was their beſt Orna-"ment:—Well, What more?" "Not "much, my Lord, only he demanded, "If I knew no other Perſon, beſides "your Grace, to recommend me to him? "And as I really was convinced, I had "brought him my Credentials from the "higheſt, I did not uſe any other Name:"

By

By this Time the Lady before-mentioned came to Breakfaſt, and I was obliged to relate the Story to her; they both laughed,——and his Grace aſſured me, the B———p of *S*———*y* was a very honeſt Man;——I told him, "I did "not ſuſpect him to be a Pick-pocket; "but that I looked on that to be but a "very moderate Praiſe, where every "other ſocial and Chriſtian Virtue was "required:" He ſaid, I made nice Diſtinctions; but he himſelf would take Care of the Affair, and ſo he put a couple of Guineas into my Hand, on which, I ſaid, "God Almighty bleſs your Grace;" which again made him ſmile, and myſelf alſo, on Reflection, that, inſtead of imploring his Bleſſing, I had given him mine. I returned to *London*, as I ought alſo from this long Digreſſion, to relate what paſſed between me, and the Noblemen, whom Colonel *D——nc——be* ſaid would come and viſit me.

When I expected three, but one came, a very old gouty Gentleman, whoſe Name I do not think proper to inſert; the reſt

h.d intended me the ſame Favour; but he inſiſted, it ſeems, on coming alone, which, after a little Raillery, they permitted him to do; but proteſted, that if he ſtayed long, they would follow him;—though our Converſation was entirely about indifferent Matters, during an Hour he ſtayed with me, yet he and I were as heartily bantered, and I had as many Examinations about his Behaviour to me, as if he had been a young, gay, gallant Gentleman; the Reaſon of which was, that he uſed to reprove others for their Intemperance, or Indecency: So they took it into their Heads he was a ſly Sinner, and would have bribed me highly to tell a Lye of him; I aſſured them, provided they would but give me leave to inform him of it, I would ſay what they pleaſed; for I was fully of Opinion, that, if a Lye would do me Grace, he would permit me to gild it with the happieſt Terms I had.

They told my Story to the good old Gentleman, who kindly ſent me over three Guineas, by the Hand of my honoured Benefactor Mr. *Cibber*.

I was at this Time applied to, by Mr. *V—ſt—r*, to write an Ode on the Princeſs of *Wales*'s Birth-Day, which, as he kept a Tea-Warehouſe in *Pall-Mall*, near her Court, would, he ſaid, at leaſt, gain him her Royal Highneſs's Cuſtom; ſo to oblige him, as I had really done when he was in very low Circumſtances in *Ireland*, ſome Years before, I wrote as follows:

An ODE *on the Birth-Day of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of* WALES. *Intended for Muſic.*

LIGHT of the World, with pureſt Beams adorn
The Front of Heav'n, and gild the ſacred Morn!
Come from thy Chamber, in the Eaſt,
In richeſt Gold, and Purple, dreſt,
Bright, as the Royal Fair, who on this Day was born.
Say, in all thy glorious Round,
Haſt thou ſo much Beauty found?
Tho' Nature ſpreads, for Thee, her Charms,
Her faireſt Store of finiſh'd Forms,

The radiant Gem, the flow'ry Race,
Haſt thou beheld ſuch perfect Grace,
As Great *Auguſta*'s Looks diſplay?
Blooming as roſy Spring, and fair as early Day.

AIR.

Glad Zephyrs on your downy Pinions bear
The joyful Tidings thro' the balmy Air,
That Heav'n, indulgent to *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Created for her lov'd, her God-like Heir
This matchleſs Virgin, this illuſtrious Fair,
In whom the Virtues, and the Graces ſmile.
What Joy, oh Royal Youth! was thine?
When You beheld the Nymph Divine!
Like *Venus*, riſing from the Sea,
While round officious *Cupids* play;
Neptune confeſs'd, his Breaſt before
So rich a Treaſure never bore;
He huſh'd the noiſy Winds to ſleep,
And ſmooth'd the Surface of the Deep.

Hymen, quick, thy Taper light,
Join, whom Love before had join'd,
And in bliſsful Bonds unite
Heart to Heart, and Mind to Mind,
The nobleſt Pair, that, ever yet,
In ſweet connubial Tranſports met!

Air.

As when the Sun awakes the Year,
And bids the Blooms their Sweets diſcloſe,
In vernal Luſtre, rob'd appear
The Lilly, and the new-blown Roſe;
So, from this pure, this hallow'd Flame,
Behold the num'rous Offspring riſe,
Of future Bards the bliſsful Theme,
And Rapture of a Nation's Eyes.

Let Hymns of Praiſe to Heav'n aſcend,
For this propitious Store,
Oh, ſtill the Royal Race defend!
And *Britain* aſks no more.

What Succeſs this met, I know not; but Mr. *V—ſt—r* ſoon after applied to me for a *Lilliputian* Ode, on the Birth-

day of his Royal Highneſs Prince GEORGE, which I gave him as follows:

NATURE wake,
Muſes ſpeak,
Clothe the Spring,
Touch the String,
Cupids ſport,
Round the Court,
Like the Prince,
Charms diſpenſe,
Whoſe early Ray,
Gives *Britain* Promiſe of reſplendent Day.

The flow'ry Prime,
Delights a Time,
The hopeful Bloom,
Sheds rich Perfume,
Then Fruits appear,
To crown the Year;
So, lovely Boy,
Thy Spring employ,
That thy ſweet Youth
Be crown'd with Fruits of Wiſdom, Virtue, Truth.

Ye,

Ye, to whoſe Care,
Britannia's Heir
Is now conſign'd,
To form his Mind;
O to your Truſt,
Be firmly juſt;
Let Flatt'ry ne'er
Infect his Ear,
So ſhall he be
Worthy to rule a People, Brave and Free.

Oft let him trace
His God-like Race!
Their noble Story,
Inſpiring Glory!
His Parents Eyes,
With glad Surprize,
Shall view a Son,
Worthy their Throne,
And *Albion* bleſs
The Royal Progeny's deſir'd Increaſe.

I know not what Reward the Gentleman got for theſe, but he gave me five Shillings; and as ſince my Return to *Ireland*, he was twice ſo civil to write me

Word,

Word, I was a Fool; I muſt inſiſt on it, he was a much greater, to apply to a Fool for Wit.

And, if he diſputes theſe Facts, let him but finiſh the Comedy of *Le Païſan Parvenu* in the ſame Stile I wrote the firſt Act for him, and I will own myſelf to be the Dunce, he ſo freely calls me.

I muſt here obſerve, that the following Poem, written when I firſt went to *London*, which he undertook to have printed for me, he very modeſtly aſſured every Perſon was of his own Compoſition.

A View of the preſent State of MEN *and* THINGS.

A Satyric Dialogue between the Poet *and his* Friend.

In the Year 1739.

F. WRITING a Satire? *P.* If I ſhould, what then?

F. 'Tis the moſt dang'rous Province of the Pen;

Ex-

Example more Diſcretion ought to teach,
Examples move beyond what Prelates preach:
Be warn'd, my Friend,—write Satire!—pray deſiſt,
You ſee what Fate attends the * Satiriſt.
P. If honeſt Satire, theſe licentious Times,
Is look'd on as the worſt of human Crimes,
If all are Libellers, who dare proclaim
The Fraud of Courts, or brand a guilty Name:
The Muſe, ſworn Friend to Truth, with Fear eſſays
To ſcourge the Baſe, or give the Virtuous Praiſe;
Tho' theſe the wholeſome Means, by Heav'n aſſign'd
To awe the Vile, or raiſe the worthy Mind.
F. Yes Panegyric may be ſafely writ.
P. It may, if Bards will proſtitute their Wit,

To

* Mr. *Whitehead*.

To varniſh Faults, or gild a Knave's Deceit,
Or prove a Title makes a Villain great;
But Virtue plac'd, in its Meridian Light,
Hurts the weak Eye, and pains the Courtier's Sight;
Thus ſhou'd the Muſe a Patriot's Worth proclaim,
And crown her *Stanhope* with undying Fame,
They take Offence, and think you thus deſcant,
To ſhew Mankind the Qualities they want.
F. Truſt me, their Raſhneſs merits no Excuſe,
That fall from Satire into groſs Abuſe;
Vice may be ſham'd by proper Ridicule,
But where's the Wit of calling Dunce and Fool?
P. Was it not Truth? *F.* Admit it e'er ſo true,
Compaſſion was to human Weakneſs due;
When Crimes are wanting Anger to provoke,
An Aim at Greatneſs ſeems an envious Stroke; Some

Some, like *Drawcanſir*, fall on Friend, and Foe,
And no Diſtinction in their Fury know.
With decent Care, Scurrility avoid;
Secure in Praiſe, your Pen may be employ'd,
And ev'ry gen'rous Pleaſure full enjoy'd.
P. Well; if Encomiums Approbation gain,
For once, I'll try the Panegyric Strain.

Bleſt be the Man, whoſe independent Mind,
No Ties but thoſe of ſacred Honour bind;
Whoſe ample Fortune ev'ry Good ſupplies,
Sought by the Juſt, the temperately Wiſe;
Oeconomy his Freedom's beſt Support,
Sets him above Temptation from a Court;
No Bribe he takes, that Freedom to controul,
No Penſion, to enſlave his nobler Soul;
He ſcorns to fill a Stateſman's ſervile Train,
And looks on high-plac'd Guilt with juſt Diſdain; For

For Him, the Muſe ſhall ſtrike the ſounding String,
And Fame, her ever-verdant Laurels bring.

Unlike *Favonius*, who, with ev'ry Vice,
Ruin'd a princely Fortune in a trice;
His Indigence ſoon taught him to repair
To Court, — for Bankrupt Peers find Shelter there:
He bows to *W*———*e*, whiſpers to his Grace,
Then humbly begs a Penſion, or a Place;
The Penſion's your's, my Lord, — but mind — this Note,
'Tis but a ſhort Direction, how to vote.
Hard Terms! but Luxury muſt be ſupply'd,
He ſells his Virtue to ſupport his Pride!
F. Softly, my Friend,—you quit the Taſk aſſign'd,
Which, to the Praiſe of Merit, was confin'd:
Bold Truths, like theſe, a Puniſhment may bring,
Incenſe a M———r, perhaps a———

P.

P. As, in a Picture, Light is to be ſhewn
But by the Force, and Strength of Shade alone;
So Virtue's radiant Luſtre ſhines moſt clear,
When Vice, by Contraſt, makes her Charms appear.
Who ſees a *Burleigh*, in *Eliza*'s Reign,
With *Britain*'s Thunder, ſhake the Realms of *Spain*,
And, truly zealous in his Country's Cauſe,
Protect her Trade, her Liberty, her Laws;
Who, but muſt kindle into honeſt Rage!
And curſe the ——— *F.* Hold, — this partial Wrath aſſuage;
Do you conſider, what a Riſque you run,
Or, are you reſolute to be undone?
At Courts you rail, at Courts you take Offence,
Unmindful of the Good deriv'd from thence.
P. 'Tis true, from thence proceeds the Royal Youth,
The God-like Friend of Liberty, and Truth;

The

The pureſt Bounty of indulgent Heav'n,
In FREDERICK's Virtues is to *Albion* given;
Muſe! at that Name, exalt thy tuneful Voice,
And glory in thy elevated Choice.
Patron of Learning! Cheriſher of Arts!
Fix'd is thy Empire in our grateful Hearts;
Already we the bliſsful Scene ſurvey,
While Hope, prophetic, paints thy future Sway;
Honour, the Guardian of thy Throne ſhall ſtand,
And Plenty pour her Treaſures thro' the Land;
Free, on the Wings of Winds, our Ships ſhall roam,
And ſafely bring their far-ſought Riches Home;
Wide o'er the World, *Britannia*'s Fame ſhall ſpread,
And pale *Iberia* ſink with guilty Dread.
Who now—*F.* Nay pauſe,—Check your advent'rous Strain,
P. Then gueſs the reſt. *F.* I do, alas! too plain.

P.

P. *Jugurtha*, for his Crimes, arraign'd at *Rome*,
The Senate brib'd, and went triumphant Home;
Yet, on it's Pride, caſt back a ſcornful Eye,
And wiſh'd ſome Merchant wou'd the Nation buy.
F. Is the Man mad, to ramble wildly thus!
What has *Jugurtha*, pray, to do with us?
P. Faith, nothing; but the Story ſtruck my Mind,
Tho' it no Application here can find;
For ſhou'd ſeducing Gold ſo far prevail,
To ſet a Nation's Liberty to Sale;
No trading Purchaſer can *Britain* fear,
Our Merchants Poverty ſecures us here.
F. Why will you bring ſuch Scenes to public View?
Come, come, your Scheme of praiſing Worth purſue.
P. No Power of Verſe can Virtue's Merit raiſe;
Who can add Luſtre to it's Noon-tide Blaze; See

See it, from STAIR, break forth with
Rays Divine,
And round the learned Head of STAN-
HOPE ſhine;
From COBHAM's Mind, we hail it's beau-
teous Beams,
And CARTERET kindles with it's hal-
low'd Flames;
While W——E turns, aſtoniſh'd, from
the Sight,
And ſickens at the pure æthereal Light;
Or, vainly hopes it's Abſence to ſupply,
By glitt'ring Star, and String of azure
Dye;
Thoſe Ornaments, which grace the Good
and Brave,
To ſharper Ridicule——expoſe the Slave:
Stateſmen, like Meteors, vulgar earth-
born Things,
Rais'd by the ſtrong attracting Force of
Kings;
Splendid they ſhine, in Fortune's Summer-
Sky,
Till, falling, all their ſhort-liv'd Glories
die;

But

But Worth, like the refulgent Orb of Day,
Shall unexhauſted Excellence diſplay.
F. Relapſing ſtill! *P.* When I conceal the Name,
I, ſure, a vicious Character may blame.
F. No; Malice may that Character apply.
P. Then Malice makes the Libel, Friend, not I;
But, ſee, to Praiſe I tune the golden Lyre,
Strains, worthy PITT, cœleſtial Muſe inſpire!
In whom, with Wonder, and Delight, we find,
To blooming Youth, experienc'd Wiſdom join'd;
What forceful Reaſon! manly Eloquence!
Adorn'd Him in his Country's dear Defence?
When, dauntleſs, 'midſt the Murmurs of a Crowd,
He own'd the Cauſe of Liberty aloud;
Th' intrepid * Angel, thus unſhaken, ſtood
'Midſt faithleſs Numbers, eminently good.

F.

* *Abdiel.* See *Milton.*

F. What! yet again? *P.* Nay, under this
Reſtraint,
The Verſe muſt languiſh, and Deſcription
faint.
F. Believe me, Friend, my Care is kindly
meant,
Prudence, and Caution, num'rous Ills
prevent.
P. For once, uninterrupted, let me ſpeak,
Nor, thus, each Period with your Cau-
tions break:
Where did I ſtop? *F.* With *Pitt*. *P.*
Then let the Song
To LITTLETON, the Muſe's Friend,
belong;
Born, in each poliſh'd Science to excell,
As fam'd for ſpeaking, as for writing
well;
Diſtinguiſh'd Pair! with pureſt Manners
grac'd!
High in your Royal Maſter's Favour
plac'd;
That Bliſs, ſupreme, doth bounteous
Fate prepare
For gen'rous Minds, that make Mankind
their Care.

Ye

Ye noble Few, who, in a ſhameleſs Age,
Dare bring heroic Virtue on the Stage;
Behold, where Heav'n-born Fame conſpicuous ſtands!
Unfading Laurels fill her ſacred Hands!
Emblems of undecaying, freſh Renown,
Prepar'd your ever-honour'd Heads to crown:
Theſe Wreaths be your's, from whence true Greatneſs ſprings;
Oh, look on Coronets as meaner Things!

See, in the hoſtile Field, for this Reward,
Fearleſs *Argyle* each Danger diſregard;
Argyle, by ev'ry worthy Mind ador'd!
Whoſe Oratory conquers like his Sword;
His Country's drooping Genius born to raiſe,
And warm, anew, her cold declining Days;

With him, ye Patriot Sons! unite your Force,
And ſtem Corruption in it's headlong Courſe;
See, wide it ſpreads! and, in it's ſable Wave,
What Prelates bathe! what Stars and Garters lave?
There may they ſink, ſince *Lethe*-like, it's Stream
Hath baniſh'd from their Hearts the Love of Fame;
While Wrongs, and Inſults, ſhamefully are borne;
Our Fleet's a Jeſt, our Name a Word of Scorn.
F. What means this Madneſs, will you ne'er give o'er?
Thoſe Evils you complain of are no more;
Prudence, and Mercy, in well-govern'd States,
Prevent the Ruin waſteful War creates;
Thoſe healing Arts have vainly been apply'd,
Now diff'rent Counſels in their Turn preſide;

Ar-

Array'd in Terror, ſee *Britannia* riſe,
And hurl vindictive Thunder thro' the Skies!
Bent to chaſtiſe the Inſolence of *Spain*;
And re-aſſume her Empire o'er the Main:
View all things in a clear impartial Light,
And Reaſon ſhall confeſs theſe Meaſures right;
Ceaſe then to cenſure, that which merits Praiſe,
And, timely, ſtop your keen ſatyric Lays;
E'er frowning Pow'r aſſumes the awful Nod,
And ſhews the Terror of it's Iron Rod.
P. A good Intention is the beſt Defence,
True Fortitude proceeds from Innocence;
Let *Gallic* Slaves deſpotic Pow'r obey,
Juſtice and Liberty in *Albion* ſway:
Secure from Danger, may the Muſe inſpire
Her free-born Sons with ancient *Roman* Fire;
Such, as of old, in *Cato*'s ſhone confeſt,
And lives in *Carteret*, and in *Talbot*'s Breaſt;

Oh, may the heavenly Flame diſpel our Fears,
Re-kindle Hope, and dry *Britannia*'s Tears!

And ſince, from the Great, I have digreſſed to the Vulgar; I cannot forget Dr. *Ow——ns*, whom, at the End of my Firſt Volume, I promiſed to record, and ſcorn to deal in Lyes, as he did. This pious Divine, who was an intimate Acquaintance of my Father's, gave himſelf the Trouble of coming to my Landlord, Mr. *R—ly*, an Officer of Mace, in *Michael's-Lane*, a little while after I was parted from my Huſband, together with his Curate, Mr. *R—b—nſ—n*, and, with great Humanity, inſiſted on his turning me out of the Houſe, otherwiſe they would preſent it: The Landlord aſked, what I had done? They anſwered, I was an excommunicated Perſon,—(a Lye;) that I had run away from my Huſband, (another Lye;) —that ſince I had left him, I had ſeven Baſtards,—which was pretty quick, as we had been but ſeven Months aſunder,—(ano-

(another Lye;)—but when a Churchman is in for it, he will out-lye the Devil; at length, theſe Parſons deſcended ſo low, as to threaten to inform, that my Landlord's Wife was a *Roman*, which I believe, was another Lye; but, whether true, or falſe, it was very unbecoming their Characters, either as Gentlemen, or Chriſtians, to ſay.

But I was to be inſulted at any Rate; for the Clergy hang together; and if ſome did, it would be no great Loſs.

For when a ſwinging Sin is to be committed, there is nothing like a Gown and a Caſſock to cover it.

But once more to return to *Albion*. I had laid out a Couple of Guineas on a little curious Picture, which I bought to ſell again, but was adviſed to preſent it to the Lord Almoner, who, they ſaid, had a Taſte for Painting? He generouſly accepted of my Favour, but neither made me any Return from his own Bounty, nor his Majeſty's; ſo I had no great Reaſon to ſay, he deſerved the Character of an honeſt Man.

On the Change of the Miniſtry, I wrote the following Lines:

To the Rt. Hon. HENRY PELHAM, *Eſq;*

AMIDST contending Parties Strife for Sway,
Eager to rule, reluctant to obey;
How juſt, how noble, muſt his Conduct ſeem!
Whom all unite to honour, and eſteem?
This bliſsful Fate, this Happineſs divine,
Has Heaven reſerv'd to crown a Life, like Thine;
This the Reward ſublimer Virtues claim,
Unenvy'd Honours, and unſpotted Fame!
Integrity in faireſt Light confeſs'd,
Lives in the ſacred Centre of thy Breaſt;
Oh, never, never, from her Laws depart!
So, reign, confeſs'd, the Friend of ev'ry Heart;
Fix'd on her ſolid Baſe, thy Worth ſhall ſtand,
And *Britons* bleſs thy delegated Hand:

Ev'n

Ev'n reſtleſs Faction ſhall enſure thy Peace,
And only Heav'n thy Happineſs increaſe.

I ſhewed theſe Lines to Mr. *Cibber*, who liked them ſo well, that he undertook to deliver them for me.

The next Morning, early, he did ſo, and then call'd upon me, and, giving me five Guineas, aſked me, whether I thought them a ſufficient Reward for my Poetry? I told him, I readily did: Well then, ſaid he, Mr. *Pelham* diſtinguiſhed thus: "There are Five Guineas, for the "Lady's Numbers; and Five more, for "the good Advice they contain; and tell "her, I hope God will always give me "Grace to follow it."

There was a Stateſman! when comes ſuch another?

Not ſeeing Mr. *Cibber* for a Fortnight after this Inſtance of his Friendſhip and Humanity, I wrote to him the following Lines:

To Mr. CIBBER.

SINCE You became ſo great a Stranger,
My Muſe, and Life, have been in Danger;
Conſider, both on You depend,
As their inſpiring, faithful Friend;
And, ſhou'd your guardian Care decreaſe,
Their animating Fires muſt ceaſe;
Since Novelties alone delight you,
I've found a Method to excite you;
A Scheme, untry'd before to move you,
'Tis plainly to confeſs, I love you;
Now, look not with Surprize, or Coldneſs,
Nor call this Declaration Boldneſs;
For mine's a Flame divinely pure,
For ever fitted to endure;
From ev'ry groſſer Thought refin'd,
A Love for your accompliſh'd Mind.

Mr. *Cibber* ſent me Word, he was going to the Maſquerade; but would ſee me next Day, which gave riſe to the following Lines: *To*

To COLLEY CIBBER, *Eſq*;

CAN now a Maſquerade delight you?
What are it's Charms that can invite you?
Have not your Eyes to Age ſurvey'd
The medley World in Maſquerade?
Where Friendſhip's Maſque conceals the Knave,
And Cowards wear the Maſque of Brave;
The Maſque of Love, we frail Ones find
Worn, when our Ruin is deſign'd;
The Patriot's Maſque conceals *Sedition*,
And ſoft Humility's, *Ambition*;
Ev'n you, ſometimes, the Maſque will wear,
And, what you are not, oft appear;
Rally your Faults with Wit, and Spirit,
And make your Folly maſque your Merit:
Come undiſguis'd then, come reveal'd
To me, and Truth; let Folly yield,
And leave the Maſque to Fools conceal'd.

Mr. *Cibber* received theſe Lines with his uſual Partiality to me and my Performances.

And here, it may not be amiſs to give a particular Character of this Gentleman, as no Man has ever been more ſatyrized, or leſs deſerved it.

And, I think, I cannot do it, in a better Manner, than I have uſed in deſcribing Dr. *Swift*;———that is, to give him to my Readers in his Words, and Actions, as near as I can recollect them, during the Time I had the Honour of being known to him: And if the petty Scribblers ſhould ſay, that I never knew him, any more than I did the Dean of St. *Patrick*'s;—why they only take away Merit from me with one Hand, to give it to me with the other; and muſt, at leaſt, afford me the Praiſe of inventing with Probability: that I have not

Drawn Bears in Water, Dolphins in the Trees,

But am uniform in my Characters, and

Paint Achilles *as* Achilles *was.*

As

As I have mentioned a poetical Introduction to this Gentleman's Favour, I muſt give a particular Account of his firſt Viſit: He ran up Stairs with the Vivacity of a Youth of Fifteen, and, making me a courtly Bow, ſaid, he was ſure I did not known him; I anſwered,

Not to know him, would argue myſelf unknown.

"And, prithee, ſaid he, why did not "you come to my Houſe the Moment "you came to *London?*" "Upon my "Word, Sir, that would have been a "modeſt Proof of *Iriſh* Aſſurance; how "could I hope for a Reception?" "Pſhaw, ſaid he, Merit is a ſufficient "Recommendation to me." I courteſied, and, as we both ſtood, "Sit "down, ſaid he, be leſs ceremonious to "be better bred; come, ſhew me your "Writings." I obeyed; and, upon his reading the Poem, called *Sorrow*, he burſt into Tears, and was not aſhamed to give the flowing Virtue manly Way; he deſired a Copy of it,——which I gave him;

and now his Curioſity was raiſed, to know who I was? I told him, mine was a long, and mournful Story, unfit for a Soul ſo humanized as his,

Where dwelt the pitying Pang, the tender Tear,
The Sigh for ſuff'ring Worth, the Wiſh preferr'd
For Humankind, the Joy to ſee them bleſt,
And all the ſocial Offspring of the Heart.

Mr. *Cibber* aſſured me, my fine Compliment ſhould not excuſe me; for he was fully determined to have my Hiſtory from my own Lips; and deſired I might come and breakfaſt with him next Morning, and begin.

Accordingly, I waited on him, and wonderfully was he delighted with my Account of Dr. *Swift*; he had the Patience to liſten to me three Hours, without ever once interrupting me; a moſt uncommon Inſtance of good Breeding, eſpecially from a Perſon of his Years, who uſually

uſually dictate to the Company, and engroſs all the Talk to themſelves: For, as Dr. *Young* obſerves,

A Dearth of Words a Woman need not fear;
But 'tis a Taſk, indeed, to learn to hear!
In that the Skill of Converſation lies,
'Tis that muſt prove you both polite and wiſe.

And I do aſſure my Readers, the Gentleman neither yawned, ſcratched his Head, beat Tatoo with his Foot, nor uſed any ſuch ambiguous Giving-out, to note that he was weary.

So far from it, that tho' he was engaged to dine with the Duke of *Gr—ft—n*, he had forgot it, 'till his Servant came in, to dreſs him; he ſtrictly charged me to come to him the next Morning, and ſet my Spout a going, for ſo he merrily called my Mouth.

I obeyed his moſt kind Command; and, by way of Introduction, told him a Story,

Story Dr. *Swift* related to me, which was as follows:

A Gentleman met a Friend in the Street, whom he had not ſeen for ſome Years; he began to give him an Account of what had befallen him, ſince their Separation from each other; a Cart happened to intervene, upon which, they took different Streets; ſeven Years paſt, and it ſo befel, they met juſt in the ſame Place, when, without the leaſt Ceremony, he proceeded in his Story, "And, as I was telling you, ſaid he," *&c.*

I was going to proceed, when Mr. *Cibber* interrupted me. I was, ſaid he, at the Duke of *R——chm——nd*'s laſt Summer, when his Daughter, a moſt accompliſhed young Lady, and a very early Riſer, ſat reading in a beautiful Portico, about Six in the Morning; I accoſted the fair Creature, and aſked her the Subject of her Contemplation? So in a moſt elegant, and agreeable Stile, ſhe related to me Part of a very entertaining Novel, ſhe held in her Hand, and, I believe, in better Words than the Author wrote it. A

Summons to Breakfaſt broke off her moſt agreeable Narration.

The next Morning I ſaw the Charmer in the ſame Portico, who took up the Story at the very Word ſhe had broke off, and concluded it.

As *Ireland* is now graced with this illuſtrious Fair One, in whom Virtue, Beauty, Modeſty, Taſte, and every Excellence unite, I hope for her Pardon, for preſuming to mention her.

And tho', as ſhe will ſoon ſee her noble Father was a beneficent Patron to me; I hate Flattery ſo much, that I would not, on that Account, pay her a Compliment beyond what was due to her elevated Station, did not her ſuperior Virtues command it.

Never yet were ſeen a more tender, or a more lovely Pair than the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Richmond*, with their blooming Progeny, like new-blown Roſes, ſmiling around them; an Inſtance, Wedlock may be happy, even among the Great, when mutual Love, and mutual Honour join.

Here

Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings;
Reigns here, and revels!

And, it is with infinite Pleaſure I learn, that Lord and Lady *Kildare* are as great an Example in conjugal Fidelity, Piety, and Generoſity, as their noble Parents.

This Digreſſion, I am certain, will be excuſed.

I went on with my Story to Mr. *Cibber*, who, at laſt, in flowing Spirits, cried, "Z——ds! write it out, juſt as you re-late it, and, I'll engage it will ſell."

Every Poem, as I occaſionally introduced them, he made me give him a Copy of, and communicated them to the Earl of *Cheſterfield*, who poſitively inſiſted on it, that I muſt underſtand *Greek*, and *Latin*, otherwiſe I never could write *Engliſh* ſo well. Mr. *Cibber* ſaid, he had not enquired, but that he would that Moment: And, accordingly, came, and told me,

me, what my Lord had ſaid; I aſſured him, I was ignorant of every Language, except my Mother-tongue; but that if he would be ſo kind to preſent my Reſpects to his Lordſhip, and let him know, that Dr. *Swift* had taught me *Engliſh*, I was certain, he would allow, I had an excellent Tutor; to which his Lordſhip readily acquieſced.

But, alas! though my Honours were very great, my Profits were very ſmall. The diſmal Return of Summer, for ſo it was to me, robbed me of every Friend; and, as I could not take up with mean Company, I was as ſolitary in *London* as the Pelican in the Wilderneſs. I acquainted Dr. *T—rnbull* with my melancholy Situation, and prevailed on him to write to Mr. *P———n*, to remit to me what was due, on the Agreement between us. About ten Days after, the Poſt-man brought a Letter, marked from *Dublin*, to the Doctor; he happened to be at *Kenſington*, ſo I paid for it; and knowing he had no Acquaintance in *Ireland*, I ventured

tured

tured to open it; it was wrote in a Text-Hand, the Contents of it were as follow:

SIR,

IN the Abſence of my Client, Mr. *P*———, I received your Letter; and he would have you to know, the Woman, you mention, is not his Wife, nor has he any thing to ſay to the infamous Wretch; ſhe fled from *Ireland*, where ſhe ought to have been executed, for killing her Father, three of her Baſtards, and poiſoning her Huſband. It does not become a Clergyman to countenance a common Proſtitute; if ſhe owes you any Money, you may put her in Jail; for I do aſſure you, it will never be paid by Mr. *P*———*n*.

I am,

Sir, Your's,

J. WALSH.

Could

Could one believe that any thing leſs than infernal Malice could have forged ſuch an Accuſation againſt an innocent Perſon? My very Blood thrilled with Horror, to think there could be ſuch a Monſter of my Species; I am ſure he

Shou'd never pray more, abandon all
Remorſe
On Horrors Head, Horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heaven weep, all
Earth amaz'd;
For nothing can he to Damnation add,
Greater than this.

Tho' I was far from the leaſt Appreſion that the evil Facts I was charged with, as to killing all my Family, would meet with any Credit; yet Mr. *P*————*n*'s denying me to be his Wife, and the Declaration that I was not intitled to any thing from him might hurt mine; I ſuppreſſed the Letter for a Day or two, 'till learning, by Accident, that the Lord Biſhop of *Kilmore*, now Lord Archbiſhop of

Tuam

Tuam (to whoſe Family my Father had the Honour of being Phyſician, and to whoſe Humanity I am infinitely indebted, which, with the utmoſt Reſpect, and Gratitude, I take this public Opportunity of acknowledging) was in *London*; I took the Liberty of addreſſing myſelf to him, as the Daughter of a Gentleman, whom I was ſenſible his Lordſhip regarded; my Application was not in vain, for though he that Day ſet out for *Ireland*, he not only ſent me a handſome Preſent, but gave it in ſo genteel, ſo polite a Manner, with his Compliments, that it added tenfold Weight to his Favour.

When my Lord's Gentleman came to me, Providence ſo ordered, that Dr. *T——bull* was drinking Coffee with me, and upon this Encouragement of a Prelate's taking Compaſſion on my loſt Eſtate; I ventured to communicate to him Mr. *Walſh*'s Letter; the Doctor lifted up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and ſeemed as much ſhocked at the Perfidiouſneſs of the Wretch, as I had been; for whoever wrote the Letter, it was certainly done by Mr.

Mr. *P——n*'s Direction; but no Wonder, when he had ſworn I was dead, and was actually married to another, he tried every Method to deſtroy me. And, to convince the World, I do not wrong him, I here preſent them with a Letter I received from *Ireland*, and communicated to the preſent Primate, who knows it was not a forged, but a genuine One.

MADAM,

I Beg pardon for giving you this Trouble, though whether it can be any to you, I know not, having been ſo often aſſured by him, who ought to have the beſt Cauſe of Knowledge, that you were long ſince dead; but, to my great Surprize, I was informed by a Gentleman of Diſtinction, lately come from *London*, that he ſaw you, that you were very well, and lived in *St. James*'s *Street*.

The Cauſe of my Writing to you may ſeem odd, but this it is.

Mr. *P———n* has, for ſome Time paſt, paid his Addreſſes to a young Lady, who is the Daughter of my moſt intimate Friend,

Friend, to whom I have often heard him, with repeated Oaths, not only confirm your Death, but that alſo of his two younger Children——the latter is already found to be a baſe Falſehood; and ſhould it appear that he has attempted to impoſe a greater on us, there is no Penalty the Law can inflict, which he ſhall not ſuffer, nor ſhall my Reſentment ever leſſen or abate, as he has juſtly merited it.

I beg, Madam, if you yet exiſt, you will favour me with an Anſwer, and let me know whether there were any Terms of Agreement between you and Mr. *P——n*, on your Separation; and be aſſured neither Money nor Friends ſhall be wanting to ſupport your Intereſt; and though I have not the Pleaſure of being known to you, you will find a real Friend in

DAVID LAMBERT.

Direct to me at the *Globe Coffee-Houſe, Dublin.*

I anſwered this Letter the Moment I received it, which was three Weeks after the Date, and never heard of the Gentleman more, nor know I whether he exiſts, or not.

And as Mr. *P——n* has, ſince my Return to *Ireland*, accuſed me of attempting to injure him with the Primates, as he ſtiles them; I fairly own I ſent Mr. *Walſh*'s Letter to the late Lord Primate *Hoadly*, and Mr. *Lambert*'s Letter to the preſent Lord Primate, (who, as he ſays in his moſt ſtupid Epiſtle, ſcorned to countenance me;) and gave him my Letter, and my Liſt of Subſcribers alſo, with full Power to do to them what he pleaſed: And, truly Mr. Parſon, ſo do I; but if neither the Lord Lieutenant, nor any of the principal Perſons of Diſtinction in this Kingdom, who have honoured me with their Regard, ſhould be willing to bear an Inſult from you, how can you help yourſelf? Why, Man, we are in a Proteſtant Country, and diſdain to be Prieſt-ridden.

Finding myſelf unable to pay ſo high a Rent as I ſtood at, I diſcharged my Lodging

Lodging and Servant, and went to board and lodge at a very genteel Houſe in *Green-ſtreet*, *Groſvenor-Square*; my Landlord was Valet de Chambre to the Earl of *Stair*, and his Wife a top Laundreſs, which, in *London*, is a very profitable Employment.

As ſhe waſhed for ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction, ſhe uſed, on a *Sunday*, to invite the Head-Servants of Noblemen's Families to Dinner, at which, I never took Umbrage; for you are ſure from them to learn every Circumſtance relating to their Lords and Ladies; and many entertaining Stories of their particular Humours and Gallantries, did I learn; ſo true is it, that either good or evil Fame proceeds from our Domeſtics; and no Wonder, as they have a better Opportunity than the reſt of the World, to watch our unguarded Hours, and comment on our Frailties.

Amongſt others, Sir *John Ligonier*'s Gentleman, as they ſtiled him, which Name, his generous Maſter ſoon after entitled him to, by giving him a Commiſſion, dined with us; he looked very attentively

tentively at me, and put me into Confuſion, by telling my Landlady, ſhe had, to his Knowledge, a Gentlewoman Lodger.

After Dinner, my Landlord brought in a large Bowl of Punch, Pipes and Tobacco, upon which I made my *Exit*.

I had not long been in my Dreſſing-Room, which opened into a very ſweet Garden, when Mr. *Parkinſon*, for ſo was this Perſon called, followed me. He told me, he hated Drink and Tobacco, and would be infinitely obliged to me for a Diſh of Tea, which, as my Curioſity was raiſed by the Words he had let drop at Dinner, I readily conſented to give him.

He had, he told me, frequently ſeen me in *Stephen's-Green*, and was in *Dublin* at the Time of my Separation from my Huſband, and that Numbers of People lamented my hard Fate. I told him I had not found it ſo, for that I could not even get what was due to me from thence, nor an Anſwer to any Letter I ever wrote.

He then aſked me, how I got any Support; eſpecially, as he had learned from the Family, that I lived very retired; I in-

genuouſly told him, I had no other Fortune than my Pen, and, at his Requeſt, ſhewed him ſome of my Writings; he told me his Maſter delighted in Poetry, and was one of the moſt generous Gentlemen living, and that he was certain, if I applied to him, he would be a Friend to me: I was eaſily prevailed on to write to him, to beg he would do me the Honour of ſubſcribing to me, and ſent him ſuch of my Rhymes as I myſelf had the beſt Opinion of. The General wrote me a very polite Anſwer, and, as he lived but a few Doors from my Lodging, gave me, the next Evening, the Honour of a Viſit.

This Gentleman is ſo univerſally known, beloved, honoured, and eſteemed, that I dare not attempt his Character, being aſſured my beſt Painting would fall infinitely ſhort of the excellent Original. Nor was I at all ſurprized that he ſhould be a Favourite of the Fair, who was adorned with Honour, Generoſity, Valour, and yet even Female Softneſs, and Complacency, added to the Charms of a moſt graceful and majeſtic Perſon.

And

And if in an advanced Age he ſhone ſo brightly, what muſt he have done in his firſt Bloom, when

His kindling Cheeks, with purple Beauties glow'd,
His lovely ſparkling Eyes ſhot martial Fires;
Dreadful as Mars, *and as his* Venus *charming.*

I dare ſay, half the Ladies would have cried out with *Phædra.*

O God-like Form! O Extaſy, and Tranſport!

This worthy Gentleman ſubſcribed to me for Twelve Books, and alſo engaged the late Duke of *Argyle*, the Earl of *Stair*, the Lord *Cobham*, and ſeveral other *Engliſh* Noblemen, to do me the ſame Honour.

So the Almighty raiſed me Friends, even in a ſtrange Land; and proved my Huſband, tho' a Prieſt, no Prophet, who

declared I ſhould ſtarve; to which, indeed, his beſt Endeavours have not been wanting.

But, he ſhould have remembered the Words of holy *David*: *I have been young, and now am old, yet never ſaw I the Righteous Man forſaken, nor his Seed begging their Bread.*

My dear Father had, by his many good Works, entailed a Bleſſing on my honeſt Endeavours; and as Mr. *Cibber* uſed to ſay, when I wrote any thing that pleaſed him, "The Gift of the great God to you, "preſerves you;" which, as I never ſold, nor proſtituted it to unworthy Ends, I humbly hope his Mercy will afford to me, as long as I have any Being.

This timely Aſſiſtance enabled me not only to live, but to purſue my writing, which no Perſon can ever do well, while their Minds are, like *Martha*'s, troubled with many Things.

A few Days after this, a very genteel pretty Woman, took a Lodging in the ſame Houſe with me: She was with Child, and her Huſband was, as ſhe ſaid, a Lawyer, and was gone the Circuit; ſo finding

finding the City not agree with her, ſhe moved to better Air. As ſhe had very good Furniture, my Landlady made no Scruple to accept of her without farther Enquiry; and I was well pleaſed to think, I ſhould have an agreeable Companion.

Her Manner of Life greatly ſurprized me; for, in two Months Time, ſhe never once went abroad, nor did any human Creature come to viſit her.

At length, about two o'Clock one Morning, a Gentleman came, who, ſhe ſhe ſaid, was her Huſband; ſhe let him in herſelf, and he left her early in the Morning, ſo that none of the Family ſaw him; he repeated his nocturnal Viſits ſeveral Times, after the ſame Manner, in the Dead ſtill, and Middle of the Night, which appeared to me rather to wear the Face of an Amour, than lawful Matrimony.

At length, the Gentleman failed in his Attendance, and the Lady ſaid, he was gone into the Country.

The Nightly Knocking at the Door did ceaſe,
The noiſeleſs Hammer ruſted there in Peace.

Some Weeks paſt over without either a Meſſage, or a Letter, coming from the ſuppoſed Huſband, upon which ſhe fell into a deep Melancholy; which, though ſhe ſeemed to attribute to her Apprehenſion of the approaching Hour, I could eaſily perceive had ſome more ſecret and latent Cauſe.

And as in my Life I had never ſeen a more retired, or modeſt Perſon, I had the utmoſt Compaſſion for her, and judged, if ſhe was among the Number of the Unfortunate, ſome uncommon Villainy had been practiſed againſt her.

As we were very intimate, I frequently ſurprized her in Tears; and, at laſt, I ventured to beg her to acquaint me with the Cauſe of her Affliction, aſſuring her, it was not an impertinent Female Curioſity which urged me on, but a real Deſire to be

be ſerviceable to her, which, perhaps, by ſome Means or other, Providence might point out.

She burſt into Tears, and fondly embracing me, told me, ſhe wanted a Friend to unboſom herſelf to, and added, that if I would be her Bedfellow that Night, ſhe would relate to me her unhappy Story.

Wiſhed for Night came, and my fair Friend kept her Promiſe.

I am, ſaid ſhe, the Daughter of an eminent Merchant, who by his extraordinary good Nature, in being Surety for others, hoſpitable Spirit, and very great Loſſes at Sea, was obliged to live in a more narrow Compaſs than ſuited the Generoſity of his Mind; my Mother dying when I was but twelve Years of Age, my Father made me Miſtreſs of the Houſe, which he ſaid would teach me to be an Œconomiſt, and to know how to govern one of my own. When I was about fourteen Years of Age, a wealthy Packer, a very handſome Man, courted me; my Father ingenuouſly told him, he could give him but five hun-

dred Pounds, with which, if he was ſatisfied, and, that I had no Objection to it, he ſhould be very glad to have him for a Son-in-law.

Mr. *H——rn——l*, for ſo was he called, aſſured him he would gladly take me without a Portion, but my Father inſiſted on his Acceptance of it, as it would help to furniſh a Houſe.

Whatever may be thought at *St. James's*, thoſe who converſe with the Traders of *London*, will find, they neither want Senſe nor Politeneſs; and I liked Mr. *H——l* ſo well, that I was very glad of being ſo happily diſpoſed of.

My Huſband took a Houſe commodious for his Buſineſs, and for four Years, during which Time I had four Children, we lived in great Harmony.

But, in the mean Time, I had the Misfortune of loſing my dear Father, who left the little Remainder of his Fortune, as a Portion for my younger Siſter, and appointed my Huſband to be her Guardian.

One Day he told me, he was afraid he ſhould not be able to keep ſuch good Hours

Hours as he had done, being choſen a Member of the Philoſophic Club; in which were many Gentlemen of Diſtinction, whoſe Acquaintance it was greatly his Intereſt to cultivate, and to whom it was an Honour to be known, ſo he hoped it would not give me any Uneaſineſs: I anſwered, he had always been ſo indulgent to me, I muſt be ungrateful, indeed, to take Offence, or be uneaſy at any thing he was pleaſed to do; he ſeemed tranſported with my Anſwer, kiſſed me, and ſaid, I was the beſt Wife living. Little did I think what Villainy he was perpetrating againſt me.

He now ſtayed out ſeveral Nights entirely, and, if he came at all, it was not 'till Four or Five in the Morning, which, being unacquainted with Jealouſy, gave me no other Concern, than the Fear that Irregularities might prejudice his Health; but I have often been ſurprized at his coming Home ſo ſober, and that he did not appear drowſy, after ſuch long watching.

One Morning, in particular, he no ſooner entered, but he called for his Ri-

ding Dreſs, and told me, he was going with a Gentleman into the Country, for a few Days; ſo giving me his Purſe, in which were forty Guineas, he deſired I would carefully obſerve his Buſineſs, in which I was now a pretty good Proficient.

Three Months Time elapſed, and, tho' I wrote to him, according to his own Direction, I never received an Anſwer.

I was now filled with the moſt gloomy Apprehenſions; one Time concluding he had been murdered; a thouſand Fears preſented themſelves to my Imagination, 'till loſt and bewildered, I could fix on nothing: My Friends perſuaded me to advertiſe him, which accordingly I did.

Some Days after, a very well dreſt young Gentleman deſired to ſee me; I ſhewed him into the Parlour, where he demanded of me, whether I was Mr. *H———l*'s Wife? I ſaid, yes; upon which, to my great Surprize, he aſked me, could I prove it? I aſſured him I could: "That is all I want, Madam:" I begged he would explain thoſe dark Speeches, inaſmuch as they quite terrified me;

me: "Madam, ſaid he, my Name is "*L——ck——y*, I have a good Eſtate, and "am newly called to the Bar; your Huſ-"band has inveigled away my Siſter, and "married her; ſhe is under Age, and has "fifteen thouſand Pounds to her Fortune; "ſhe ſhall prove her Marriage; and, if "you do not prove your prior one, what "can the World think of you?"

I was ſo aſtoniſhed at this Account, that I fainted away;——the Gentleman called the Servants to my Aſſiſtance, and ſtayed by me 'till I came to myſelf; the Agonies I felt, are only known to thoſe who have truly and tenderly loved: dreadful Alternative! either to proſecute a beloved Huſband to Death, or be myſelf deemed an infamous Woman?

Here the poor Creature had ſo renewed her own Anguiſh, and ſo awakened all my Woes, that our Eyes ſtreamed ſocial, and mingled their ſympathetic Waters; 'till, inſenſibly, the dewy-feathered Sleep cloſed up our Eye-lids.

I longed as much for the next Night, as the *Sultan*, in *The Arabian Nights Entertainment*, did to hear the charming *Scherazade*'s fine Stories; at length it came, and the Lady proceeded.

I begged a Day or two to conſider on ſo important an Affair, and alſo to conſult with my Friends, what was moſt adviſeable for me to do, and then I would return a poſitive Anſwer; ſo, having an Uncle in *Bond-ſtreet*, I ſent my Houſhold Furniture there: Dear Madam, ſaid I, what did you do with your Children? Oh, returned ſhe, I never had one that lived above a few Days. That, ſaid I, was happy. I think ſo now, ſaid ſhe, though I did not then. I told my Uncle all my mournful Story, who adviſed me, by all Means, to vindicate myſelf, and not fall a Prey to ſo conſummate a Villain.

I ſtayed with my Uncle, who was a Widower; my Siſter married, and Mr. *H*——— would not pay her her Fortune, as ſhe had not aſked his Conſent: My

My Uncle would not permit either a Letter, or a Meſſage to be delivered to me, but kept me a perfect Priſoner; however, there was a young Lady in the Neighbourhood, whom he had ſome Inclination to marry, and whom he frequently brought, as a Companion, to relieve my ſolitary Hours.

One Evening ſhe inſiſted on my coming to drink Tea with her, my Uncle urged me to it; I went. Judge of my Surprize! when I found there my Huſband's Mother and Siſter all drowned in Tears; they told me, he was confined in *Newgate*,—— had taken the Priſon-Fever, and declared he could not die in Peace, unleſs he ſaw me.

I loved too well to refuſe his Requeſt, upon which they immediately hurried me into a Coach; and there indeed he was; the Lawyer had arraigned him for his Life, and he muſt take his Trial.

He looked ſo dejected, and ſeemed ſo ſincerely penitent, and I, alas! ſo ſincerely loved him, that I even conſented to ſtay with him in his Confinement; he acknowledged

ledged his Fault; but very artfully inſinuated, that it did not proceed from any Change in his Affection, but that his Circumſtances were ſo diſtreſſed, that he had no other Means to retrieve them; that his Death could be of no Service to me;—— that I knew myſelf to be his lawful Wife; that he would always ſupport me; in ſhort, he uſed every tender and prevailing Argument to keep me from appearing againſt him, and, Heaven knows, I had no Inclination to do it.

When his Trial-Day came, his ſecond Wife fully proved her Marriage to him; but, like the real Mother, I choſe to give her all, ſooner than divide him, ſo ſhe triumphed over me; and, as I had given up the Cauſe, none of my Friends would give me any Aſſiſtance. I am now in the oddeſt Situation imaginable; even a kept Miſtreſs to my own Huſband; for, upon no other Terms, would he give me any Relief; nor do I know whether to ſtile myſelf innocent or guilty for my Condeſcenſion to him.

As my Tenderneſs for him made me appear in a bad Light to the World, ever ready to cenſure even our beſt Actions; I dare not in my preſent Condition, let any Perſon, who knows me, ſee me, leſt they ſhould think of me worſe than I deſerve—I have had no Supply from him for a conſiderable Time; he has prohibited my writing to him at his Houſe; and now, dear Madam, adviſe me what to do.

There was ſomething ſo peculiarly unhappy in this poor Creature's Fate, that it might puzzle a wiſer Head than mine to comply with her Requeſt; I conſidered it every way without being able to form any Scheme for her Relief.

At length, ſhe told me, he kept an Office on *Ludgate-Hill*, (where he was always to be found at Nine) in the Morning, as his ſecond Wife was too fine a Lady to bear one in the Houſe; ſhe imagined, if I could ſee him, I might work on his Compaſſion; I readily conſented to do any thing which might be ſerviceable to her, and riſing early next Morning, ſhe gave

gave me a Letter to him, which I promiſed not to deliver, but into his own Hand.

Accordingly, I ſet out on my Embaſſy, and found the Gentleman, ſuch as ſhe had deſcribed him, a polite, handſome Man, of above thirty Years of Age; he was alone, and received me very civilly: I preſented the Letter, but ſeemed ignorant of the Contents; I could eaſily perceive he was much diſturbed; however, with a marvellous Aſſurance, he ſaid, he could not give Charity to every Body; that he had often aſſiſted that unfortunate Perſon; that ſhe ought to work for her Bread, as many of her Betters did, and a Number of ſuch inhuman Speeches, common on thoſe Occaſions. I told him her preſent Conditions did not enable her to perform any but Needle-work, and that he who put her into it ſhould ſupport her; he aſked me what I meant? Nothing but Honeſty; if a Man gets a Child he ought to take care of it. What, ſaid he, would you have me father a Baſtard? She could not,

I

I am ſure, have One by you; and would not, I am convinced, have One by any Body elſe. He bade me explain myſelf; I told him, he perfectly underſtood me, and therefore it was not neceſſary; but that if he pleaſed, I would tell Mrs. *H—l* the ſecond, of his Midnight Viſits to his Wife. The Wretch ſeemed confounded, and ſeeing I knew him ſo well, thought he had beſt be quiet, eſpecially as a Gentleman came in, before whom he did not care to be expoſed; ſo he called me to the Staircaſe, and putting a Couple of Guineas into my Hand, ſaid aloud, Madam, I ſhall take care, and mind your Directions; I begged he would, and ſo we parted: But, I am well convinced, it was Fear, not Love, that made him ſend her even that Trifle.

This unhappy Lady died a few Hours after ſhe was brought to Bed, the Infant alſo died; and I hope, though her Huſband, by her Lenity, once eſcaped a Halter, juſtly due to him, he has, by this Time, inherited it, for I would have ſuch Offenders ſo cut off.

I grew ſo melancholy at the Loſs of my Companion, that I did not even care for writing, but amuſed myſelf entirely with reading; and my not having a Library of my own, made me a conſtant Cuſtomer to a Shop in the Neighbourhood, where they hired out Books by the Quarter; this brought me into an Acquaintance with the Perſons who kept it, ſenſible, well-bred People: One Day I received a Letter from Mrs. *Ryves*, for that was their Name, that ſhe had ſome very agreeable Friends with her, and that they wanted a Hand at Quadrille, ſo ſhe hoped I would be of their Party; I was very glad of any Recreation, and as they lived but in *Brook-Street*, directly went. I was ſhewn into a Parlour, where ſat an old Man, whom I knew to be a *Grub-Street* Writer, and a young Gentleman in a very plain Dreſs, whom I alſo ſuppoſed to be in the ſame Claſs; they were playing Cribbage for a Farthing a Game, and, inſtead of Counters, ſcored with Chalk; they had alſo an Ale-houſe Pot, with ſome Porter

in

in it, ſtanding by them, and the Room ſmelled ſtrong of Tobacco; from theſe Appearances, I conceived a very contemptible Opinion of the Company, and would have retired, had I known how to do it civilly; but, as at my Entrance, I had told Mrs. *Ryves*, I was entirely diſengaged that Evening, I could by no means get off; and could only hope for ſome little Amuſement, by hearing what thoſe Underlings in Arts and Sciences might have to ſay;

For ev'ry Object of Creation
May furniſh Hints for Contemplation.

The Scene, however, was changed, the diſagreeable Part of the Decoration removed, and a Quadrille Table introduced.

The younger Gentleman propoſed our playing for Nothing: "Pſhaw, ſaid I, "then we ſhall all cheat;" "I would no "more do that, ſaid he, than give a Vote "againſt my Country."——This ſurprized me; I told him, I hoped, as he expreſſed ſuch a Spirit of Patriotiſm, he had

a Seat in the Houſe: He ſaid, he had the Honour of repreſenting the ancient City of *Canterbury*; that his Father was Admiral *Rooke*, and that he was married to the Siſter of the Lord *Guilford Dudley*, a Lady unmatched in Wit, and Beauty: I told him, I was glad to find one Perſon of Diſtinction, who was not aſhamed to do Juſtice to the Merits of his Lady: "I "ſhould be a Scoundrel, ſaid he to refuſe "it; ſhe gave me the Preference to a "Man of a much larger Fortune, to "whom her Friends had deſtined her; "an Obligation never to be forgot by a "grateful Spirit." This Gentleman had ſuch an uncommon generous way of thinking, that, inſtead of minding the Game, I was quite attentive to him, which he obſerving, ſaid, "Take away the Cards, "they are only fit to amuſe ſuch as are "incapable of taſting a more rational "Entertainment."

I was very glad of this;—the old Scribbler walked into the Shop, to recreate himſelf

ſelf with Tobacco, and Porter; and Mrs. *Ryves* went to get us ſome Chat-inſpiring Liquor, Green Tea.

I told Mr. *Rooke*, if I had been any way wanting in Reſpect to him, I hoped he would attribute it to my Ignorance of his Station, and the Company, and Situation I found him in.

He aſſured me, I had committed no Offence, nor did he believe it was in my Nature: But, ſaid he, as you have remarked on the Company, you muſt know my Wife and Lord *S—thw—ll*'s Siſters went this Morning to *Greenwich:* I had ſome Buſineſs which prevented my waiting on them; when that was over, I went to *Mount-Street Coffee-Houſe*, in order to pick up ſome Company to dine with me, and finding none, I aſked the old Man, who refuſed me, as Mrs. *Ryves* had engaged him; I told him, I would go dine with him; — as I had, in the Shop, read your Apology for the Miniſter, I was greatly ſurpriſed to hear it was the Product of a Lady's Pen; when I ſeemed to queſtion it,

it, they propoſed ſending for you, which being very agreeable to me, was immediately done; ſo, Madam, this is the Hiſtory of the Day.

I thanked the Gentleman, for his Complaiſance in relating it.

The Tea put him into ſuch high Spirits, that he, finding me a Sort of a Politician, told me many entertaining Stories about Sir *Rob—t W——le*'s various Schemes to have always the Majority of the Houſe on his Side; of which, as many as I can recollect that were humorous, I preſent my Readers with.

The Firſt was this: One Sir *Cl—dy M—cd——l*, a *Scots* Baronet, without a Foot of Eſtate, was returned duly elected, for what Shire I have forgot; however, he came to *London*, took a Hackney-Coach, and drove to Sir *Rob—t*'s; the Servants ſaid, he was engaged; but Sir *Cl—dy* inſiſted on his carrying up his Name, and, leſt he ſhould forget it, he jumped out of the Coach, and, running up Stairs after him, delivered his Embaſſy him-

himſelf. Sir *Rob—t* welcomed him, and, like a Courtier, told him, he ſhould be glad to ſerve him: "Nay, nay, Mon, "returned he, I came na here for Com-"plimens; I ha ne Siller to get a Lodg-"ing, ſo I'il e'en ſtay here till you give "me ſome:" So Sir *Rob—t* choſe to give him his Purſe, rather than be plagued with his Impertinence.

The Earl of *P——rb——h*, a Penſioner, told Sir *Rob—t*, he was always at a Loſs how to vote, inaſmuch as he did not underſtand the Debates,—and was ſo near ſighted, that when the Houſe divided, he knew not of which Side to go:——Sir *Rob—t* bade him always follow the Biſhops. It happened, on the Convention Scheme, three or four of the Biſhops roſe, and the Earl ſeeing them move, he, according to his Maſter's Direction, followed them, and voted point-blank againſt his his Intereſt.

Mr. *Rooke*, ſeeing how much I was pleaſed, proceeded:

A *Scots* Peer, who was alſo a Penſioner, and a remarkable fat Man, came one Morning, according to Cuſtom, to Sir *Rob—t*'s Levee, and, without the leaſt Ceremony, laid hold of his Ribbon; Sir *Rob—t* could not readily diſengage himſelf, and the Nobleman lugged him to the Window, in which, ſouſing himſelf down, he happened to have an Eſcape, which carried with it ſo loud a Report, that it threw the whole Company into Laughter.

Very well, my Lord, ſaid the Miniſter, pray what have you farther to ſay?

"Why, this it is, Sir *Rob—t*, I owe "Fifteen Hundred Pounds, and by G—d, "if you don't give it to me, I'll go to-"morrow to the Houſe, and vote ac-"cording to Conſcience." 'Tis to be preſumed his Demand was complied with in private, though laughed at in public, as he always voted with Sir *Rob—t*.

Mr. *Rooke* finding me attentive, proceeded: The late Duke of *Wh—ton* was a Man of infinite Variety, and Humour;

at the Time of the Diſcovery of *Atterbury*'s *Plot*, as they called it, which was proved by decyphering Letters, and torturing the harmleſs Alphabet into Treaſon; the Duke ſaw a Man at the Door of the Parliament-Houſe, ſelling Horn-books; Sir *Rob—t*'s Equipage ſtopped, and the Duke, laying hold of him as he alight, told him, he was ſurpriſed he did not ſend that Fellow to *Newgate*, who was ſelling ſuch a Libel on the Miniſtry: "Why, "ſaid Sir *Rob—t*, my Lord, thoſe are "Horn-books;" "Treaſon, by G—, "replied the Duke, as I will convince "you;" ſo holding him, he ran on,

A ſtands for an *Army*, and *B* for a *Bench*,
C ſtands for a *Court*, and *D* for a *Drench*,
E, I won't interpret that,
F ſtands for gay *France*, which we hope will not ſwerve,
And *G* ſtands for *George*,—whom God long preſerve,

P ſtands for the *P—x*, the *Pretender*, the *Pope*,
And *R* ſtands for *Robin*, and *Ribbon*, and *Rope!*

ſaid he, pulling him by the blue String; the Miniſter could not help himſelf, and being naturally of a pacific Temper, took this as quietly as he did G-n-r-l *Ch—ch—ll*'s lying with his W-fe.

As I had never heard the Story, I begged he would relate it: Why, ſaid he Sir *R-b-rt* went out very early one Morning to the Houſe, but having forgot ſome Paper of Importance to the dirty Work of the Day,—he returned Home for it, and paſſing through his Wife's Apartment to his Cloſet, what ſhould he ſee, but his ſerene Spouſe and the General in amorous Dalliance———the General, All-Hero as he was, jumped out of Bed, and beſought Mercy, from, as he ſuppoſed, his incenſed Rival; but the good Man, reſembling *Cato* in one Point,

Wh

Who, if a Friend or ſo ſhould chance to need her,
Would recommend her as a ſpecial Breeder.

ſaid careleſly, "Prithee, what does the "Fool mean? you look very warm; get "into Bed again, or you'll catch Cold."

Mr. *Rooke*, ſeeing me ſo well diverted with this Story, proceeded to another: As I have, ſaid he, mentioned the Duke of *Wh—rt—n*, ——— you are to know, he had an Intrigue with Mrs. *P———*, now C——teſs of *B——*; one Morning, as they were in Bed together, he recollected that he had promiſed to write a Letter to a Friend—ſo he called for a Pen, Ink, and Paper; but being at a Loſs for a Writing-Deſk, made the Lady turn up her Poſte—s, and dated his Letter from ſweet *P—ggy P—lt—y*'s, *&c. &c. &c.*

Here entered our kind Hoſt, and brought us in a Paper called the *Champion*, in which was a very humorous Piece of Advice to all who went to C—t, to wear Shields on their Bu—s; this was ſo *Mal*

à propos that it raiſed our Mirth: Said Mr. *Rooke*, his M———'s own was in Danger the other Night; As how, Sir? Why, ſaid he, Sir *Rob—t*, not chuſing to hurt the Kingdom by the K——'s uſing foreign Commodities, when we had ſo much cheaper and better at Home, recommended to him Miſs *Sk—rr—t*, as an Hand-Maiden; his M——— liked her ſo well, that he invited her to ſup with him in the C——teſs of *Y———b*'s Apartment, where growing a little more fond of his young Miſtreſs than the old One could bear, ſhe aroſe, and as the K—— leaned over the Table, drew the Chair from under him, and let M——— come ſouſe to the Ground: Oh, what a Falling-off was there! He, all enraged, roſe again, kicked firſt the C———ſs, next his Hat, and retired to his Apartment, marvelouſly diſtempered with Choler.

Well, Sir, ſaid I, ſurely Sir *R——t* was a moſt neceſſary Servant, that would even Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become, and that for his own Daughter, to oblige his M——; but an able Politician will turn

his Hand to any thing, where Profits may accrue, and Mr. *Gay* obſerves that

In Pimps, and Politicians,
The Genius is the ſame.

And yet, who could ſuſpect a Man of his Reverence and Station, for the moſt vile and ſervile of all Employments!

Oh fy, ſaid he, don't diſgrace ſo noble an Occupation. I aſſure you, the Knight's Complaiſance to the General proved the Means of ſaving his own Life; for, on the Exciſe Scheme, the People were ſo incenſed, that they determined to put him to Death, and yet make it ſeem Chance Medley: Accordingly, as he was going down to St. *Stephen's Steps*, into our illuſtrious S—te-Houſe! one Man puſhed him ſo hard that he tumbled on his Face, and a Number of Perſons determined to run over him, and trample him to Death; but the General, who was with him, drew his Sword, and ſwore the firſt who advanced ſhould die on Point of *Fox*.

No body ventured to encounter a *Ch—ll*, ſo the Prime M——ſter eſcaped.

Ah! ſaid I, that was God's Mercy, and ten Thouſand Pities! Faith, ſaid he, and ſo it was.

Mr. *Rooke* now began to be a little inquiſitive, who I was? I told him my Name was *Meade*, for by that I always went in *London*; ſo that the numerous Stories of Mrs. *P————n*'s being in Taverns, Bagnio's, *&c.* which my Huſband ſays he can prove, (*Mem.* he lyes) never appertained to me; but to his own C—ſin *N——y P————n*, whoſe Father lives in *Pill-Lane*,——and who is herſelf as common a Proſtitute as ever traverſed the Hundreds of *Drury*.

I do this to convince him I ſcorn to rob any of his illuſtrious Family of their noble Atchievements, and, according to the old Proverb, *'Tis but proper to ſet the Saddle on the right Horſe*, or rather Mare, for I think ſhe much reſembles one.

But to return.

Mr.

Mr. *Rooke* aſked me, if I was related to Capt. *Meade?* I told him, he was my Uncle's Son: He ſaid, he was a worthy little Fellow; that he knew him very well, and had made him his Confidant in his Amour with his Lady.

Time ſtole inſenſibly away with ſuch agreeable Amuſement; we ſat till the ſmall Hours without Drowſineſs, nor did we deſire the Aid of *Bacchus* to keep up our Spirits.

I humbly hope no body will attempt to decypher my Initials; for I do aſſure them, the great *M*—— is an innocent Letter, and does not like *Mitching*, *Mallicho*, mean Miſchief.

I told Mr. *Rooke*, I was going to publiſh a Book by Subſcription; he ſaid, he was ſure it muſt be good, ſo he gave me a Guinea, and promiſed to uſe his Intereſt for me.

He told me, he would come and viſit me the firſt Hour he had to ſpare: I anſwered, I hoped he would ſoon find one: Well then, ſaid he, I'll tell you how I paſs the Day, and do you find one.

I riſe about Nine, drink Coffee, not that I like it, but that it gives a Man the Air of a Politician; for the ſame Reaſon, I always read the News;———then I dreſs, and about Twelve, go to the *Cocoa-Tree*, where I talk Treaſon; from thence to St. *James*'s *Coffee-Houſe*, where I praiſe the Miniſtry; then to *White*'s, where I talk Gallantry; ſo by Three I return Home to Dinner; after that, I read about an Hour, and digeſt the Book and the Dinner together;———then I go the Opera or Play, *Vaux-Hall* or *Ranelagh*, according to the Seaſon of the Year; from thence Home to Supper, and about Twelve to Bed.

I ſmiled at the Gentleman's whimſical Deſcription of his paſſing the Day, and told him he had, by his own Account, three or four Hours to beſtow on me, as the Hour he talked Treaſon, the Hour he was loyal, or the Hour in which he read; "Ay, "ſaid he, very gaily, or what think you "of the laſt Hour, wherein I go to Bed?" "Oh, Sir, you are ſo much better enga-"ged, it would not only be Wickedneſs, "but Folly alſo, to think of that at all."

Well,

Well, depend on it, ſaid he, I'll ſee you to-morrow; ſo we took Leave for ever, for the very firſt News I heard next Morning, was, that Mr. *Rooke*, a little while after he aroſe, fell down in an Apoplectic Fit, and inſtantly expired.

I never was more ſhocked than at his untimely Fate; Heavens! all Wit, Life, and Gaiety at Night, and dead in the Morning! I wept for him as a Friend, and ſuch, I am ſure, he would have been to me, had he lived. I found, by theſe two melancholy Events, there was nothing ſerious in Mortality; all was but Toys! I frequently recollected Dr. *Delany*'s beautiful Lines on ſeeing himſelf in the Glaſs:

When I revolve this evaneſcent State
Of ſhort Duration, and uncertain Date;
My Being, and my Stay dependent ſtill,
Not on my own, but on another's Will;
I aſk myſelf, as I my Form review,
Which is the real Shadow of the two?

Mrs. *Ryves* was alſo much touched for the Loſs of this Gentleman, and, indeed,

ſo was every body who knew him. She and I went one Afternoon to walk in *St. James*'s *Park*, but finding myſelf weary, ſhe propoſed going to a Phyſician's Houſe in *Weſtminſter*, a Widower, and her Relation, where we could get a Diſh of Tea, and reſt ourſelves; I agreed; the Doctor was at Home, and a very polite Gentleman; I found by the Furniture of the Room, he was a *Virtuoſo*, it being adorned with Books, Medals, Paintings, dried Butterflies, and Tomes of Caſuiſtry.

The Dean mentions it as a Praiſe to *Vaneſſa*, that

She, with Addreſs, each Genius held
To that wherein they moſt excell'd;
So making others Wiſdom known,
She pleas'd them, and improv'd her own.

For no ſooner did the Doctor perceive that I knew *Mark Anthony* from *Julius Cæſar*, and *Brutus* from both, but he related a great Part of the *Roman* Hiſtory to me, even from the firſt *Punic* War to the Death of *Julius*.

My

My Readers may venture to believe it was not new to me, who had from my Childhood been, if I may uſe the Word, a perfect Devourer of Books; and I found them both ſweet to the Palate, and nouriſhing Food to the Mind.

It has been obſerved, as a Piece of refined Policy in *Gondamore* the *Spaniard*, that he uſed to talk bad *Latin* to King *James* I. who being a Pedant rather than a Prince, had ſo much Pleaſure in, as he thought, ſetting this *Machiavel* right, that, to oblige his Pupil, he complimented him with the Head of that learned and brave Man Sir *Walter Raleigh*.

I have often ſucceſsfully practiſed the ſame Art, and gained many Friends by ſeeming to take their Inſtruction with Pleaſure; to acknowledge their Superiority of Underſtanding, on which even Fools pride themſelves, is, I believe the moſt delicate way of flattering ever yet thought of, as *Caſſius* ſays of *Cæſar*,

And when I tell him, he hates Flattery,
He ſays he does, being then moſt flattered.

Very few People are Virtue Proof there, all, like *Achilles*, have a mortal Heel, and though

'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,
That Flattery's the Food of Fools;
Yet, now and then, your Men of Wit
Will condeſcend to taſte a Bit.

Swift.

I found the good Doctor fallible here, to my great Happineſs, as it made him my Friend; and, under God, his Skill and Care ſoon after ſaved my Life.

The Gentleman made us ſtay to Supper, finding when the Wind was in one particular Point, I was as wiſe as *Hamlet*, and knew a Hawk from a Handſaw.

At Supper I told him, I was an *Amicus*, a-kin to the Faculty, being a Phyſician's Daughter, upon which he aroſe, and ſaid he muſt ſalute his Niece; and, that if ever I ſhould fall ſick, he claimed the Honour of attending me. We ſtayed together till Twelve very chearfully, and then parted in Peace.

I have obſerved, if my Life had any Sunſhine, it was but a faint and watery Gleam, too ſoon overcaſt, for, in a very few Days, I was ſeized with a violent Fever; it took me with cold ſhivering Fits, and remembering the Doctor's Claim, I ſent for him. He had me bled, and ordered me to go to Bed; I did not ſee him till next Morning, by which time I was quite light-headed, and crying out for my Children; when the Doctor came, I told him he had ſtolen them from me, and carried them to Mr. *P———n*; on this he opened my Boſom, for which I alſo quarrelled, and ſaid he was a very impudent Fellow; he, ſmiling, ſaid, I had a very fair Skin, but that he was under a Neceſſity of making free with it, otherwiſe he could not anſwer for my Life; and as, it ſeems, it was full of purple Spots, he ordered a large Bliſter for my Back, and one for each Arm; what paſt for ſome Days, in which, they were renewed, I know not, being quite inſenſible even to Pain; but when the Fever abated, and Reaſon once more

more reaſſumed her Throne, what frail Machines are we, when Sickneſs can diſplace her? They aſſured me, I raved inceſſantly for my dear little Ones, and fell into ſuch Fits of Crying and Lamentation for them, that it put them in Mind of *Rachel* mourning for the Loſs of her Children, who refuſed to be comforted, becauſe they were not.

So, as it has been often obſerved, that there is Truth in Wine, I found there was Truth in Madneſs, the Cauſe that hurts the Brain, or the reigning Paſſion of the Soul then manifeſts itſelf, and as my Beloved were evermore preſent to my Imagination, it was no Wonder that their Names dwelt ever on my Tongue.

When theſe Things were told me, I, as one newly awakened from Sleep, remembered ſome wild, disjointed, incoherent Ideas, which had poſſeſſed my Soul, even during it's lethargic State; ſuch as, that Mr. *P*———*n* was going to offer ſome violent Injury to our Children, but of what Kind I knew not, it was fled, like the Remembrance of a Gueſt which tarrieth but

but a Day. I might have as well have endeavoured to find out the Path which the light Bird had with his Wings beat in the buxom Air, or the Track of a Ship, when with it's crooked Keel, it divides the briny Waves which immediately unite again; or ſeize old *Time*, and bid him bring me back one Moment paſt, as hope to recollect what was for ever loſt in Oblivion.

Indeed I have frequently had theſe ſupernatural Sollicitings, or a Kind of Indication of whatever was to befal me before it happened: Nay, what is more ſurprizing, I have read a Hiſtory, to me quite new, and it has occurred to me, that I myſelf had been ſome way principally concerned in the moſt material Tranſactions of it, tho' they were paſt a thouſand Years.

Had I lived in the Days of *Pythagoras*, I believe I ſhould have been of his Opinion, and have imagined,

That all Things are but altered; nothing dies,
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies.

Nay,

Nay, I ſhould have been afraid to kill a Woodcock, leſt I ſhould diſinherit the Soul of my Grand-dame.

If my Reader thinks me whimſical, let him judge by the Event.

A Woman, (in whoſe Garden I had once walked in *Ireland*) the firſt Day I was able to ſit up, and very weak I was after ſo long Sickneſs, even while my kind Phyſician was rubbing my Temples with *Hungary* Water to recover me out of a fainting Fit, ruſhed into the Room, and, without the leaſt Ceremony, cried out, "Do you know what that Villain has "done?" As I neither knew her, nor who ſhe ſpoke of, I was quite ſtartled, and aſked her, who ſhe talked about, or what ſhe meant? "That Villain *P———n*, "ſays ſhe, who has ſold your two younger "Children for Slaves to *New York*:" This was ſuch a monſtrous Crime I could ſcarce give any Credit to it; for, even admitting what he had ſo cruelly charged me with in Regard to his Bed, was Truth, how had their helpleſs Innocence offended him?

him? I obſerved to the Doctor, my Ravings were ominous, and portended ſome dire Calamity.

The Doctor, apprehending this Shock might make me relapſe, begged of the Perſon who gave it, to retire; which, after ſeveral Aſſeverations, that what ſhe ſaid was Fact, as indeed it was, and that ſhe had brought it out in that Manner to haſte me, if poſſible, to prevent their unhappy Fate, ſhe did.

As the Doctor was not only a Man of excellent Underſtanding, but alſo of great Humanity, I told him, as he had been ſo kind to adminiſter to the Health of my Body, he muſt now, if poſſible, adminiſter to a Mind diſeaſed; and as it was impoſſible for him to preſcribe Remedies without knowing the Diſtemper, and it's Original, I gave him my Story in a few Words, and he adviſed me to write to *Ireland*, to the Rulers, and Biſhops, which I did that very Night; and, providentially, the Letters were delivered Time enough to prevent the Children being ſold to Slavery——the Affair was enquired

enquired into, and Mr. *P———n* was obliged to refund to the Maſter of the Kid-Ship, the Golden Earneſt he had received as the Price of the Innocent.

What to me was moſt ſurprizing, was, that Mr. *P———n*'s Mother was one of the Contrivers of this infernal Plot; Grandmothers being uſually more indulgent to their Grandchildren than even their Mothers; but as ſhe who would have made a Prey of them is not long ſince dead, even of the Diſeaſe that *Herod*, *Peter the Cruel*, and other malignant Wretches fell by, I can only bid her adieu, and charitably hope ſhe has eſcaped the Judgment of the next World, as it fell on her in this.

Theſe Facts are ſo publickly known, that for the Evidence of them I could produce even a Cloud of Witneſſes, were it neceſſary.

And yet, who that beheld this Man, clad in holy Veſture at the Altar, appearing like white-robed Innocence, with Eyes up-turned to Heaven, could believe him capable of all Manner of Crimes;

Pre-

Perjury, Perjury in the higheſt Degree!
Cruelty, Cruelty in the ſterneſt Degree.

He may, indeed, like *Richard* III. prove himſelf by theſe to be a Man; who, when his Mother upbraids him with his manifold Acts of ſavage Tyranny, ſhe ſays,

No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome Touch of Pity.

Rich. *But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.*

And, indeed Mr. *P———n* may again ſay with him, that he has nothing

But the plain Devil, and diſſembling Looks
To back his Cauſe.

Oh that Ithuriel's *heav'nly temper'd Spear*
Would make the Fiend in his own Shape appear,

Or

Or pluck the holy Furr from off his Back, and let the World, for once ſee what the Inſide of a wicked Prieſt is made of.

As I received no Account from *Ireland*, I knew not what to think; ſometimes I flattered myſelf that the Woman had belied him; at other Times, reflecting on his intolerable Barbarity to the poor Creatures, whom Diſtreſs alone made me leave immured within his inhoſpitable Walls, too rough a Cradle for my pretty Ones! my very Heart died within me, and I am as well aſſured, as that I live, that it was not the Fear of God, but the Fear of a Halter, hindered him from embruing his own Hands in their vital Blood.

But, enough of the Wretch, who, if he can diſprove me, ought to do it; he attributes his Silence to Contempt of me, but it is well known he neither wants Wit, nor Words, nor Impudence to bring him off: It is ſtrong Conviction, with Proof as full and evident as Day againſt him, ties up his guilty Tongue.

At

At length, I thought of writing to *W——rſ——le*, as I had learned he was in *Dublin*: He wrote me Word, that the Children were all well; that he had given an Apprentice-Fee with my Daughter to a Milliner, and had taken my youngeſt Son to himſelf; that old Mr. *P———n* and my Mother were dead, and my laſt Child, which, being but an Infant, I could not carry to *London* with me; that he had got a famous oſſified Man, and was going to carry him to *Paris* for a Shew, to which Place he earneſtly invited me to accompany him.

I hoped, by this Letter, that Mr. *P———n* had been wronged, with regard to the Children under his Care; and tho' ſome humane Tears fell for the Loſs of my Mother and my Child, yet, conſidering how deſolate they both were, I envied rather than deplored their Fate.

The Child, here mentioued, was that which Mr. *P———n* diſclaimed, and adviſed me to leave upon the Pariſh.

And now I do aſſure my Readers I was alſo ſincerely ſorry for the Death of old Mr.

Mr. *P——n*, inaſmuch as he always treated me with a fatherly Tenderneſs, was exceſſively fond of my Children, was a Man of a great uncultivated Genius; and, tho' I have mentioned his keeping an Alehouſe, I did not mean it in any Diſreſpect to his Memory; for he was the Son of a Gentleman, tho', by various Misfortunes, he was reduced to take up ſo low an Occupation; but nothing can be juſtly deemed ſcandalous which is not diſhoneſt. And, I am well convinced, had he lived, he never would have conſented to the inhuman Barbarity of his Son.

Adieu, and take thy Praiſe with thee to Heav'n!

So many melancholy Incidents had befallen me in this ſolitary Place, that I determined to change my Lodging; and was recommended by a Stationer's Wife to a ſingle Gentlewoman who kept a Milliner's Shop in *Fleet-ſtreet*; ſhe was a jolly likely Dame, of about Forty, very gay; we liked each other ſo well, that we ſoon made

made a Bargain, and, for a few Days, I was very well pleaſed with the Change, as the Variety of that buſy Part of *London* amuſed my Mind: But I ſoon found that I was got into very bad Hands, and that my new Landlady was neither better nor worſe than a mercenary Town Jilt; who being pretty well known herſelf, and conſequently deſpiſed, wanted ſomething new to produce to her Cuſtomers.

I think I never ſaw any Perſon in my Life who did not poſſeſs one good Quality, except this Creature; for Woman is a Term too gentle for her, who had not even Decency to hide her Shame.

To give my Reader a Taſte of her Cleanlineſs: She told me herſelf ſhe had not combed her Head for three Years, which, I believe, was true, becauſe ſhe was not Miſtreſs of a Comb, except when ſhe made free with mine, than which nothing could be more offenſive to me, ſo that her Hair, tho' naturally fine, being quite matted on a filthy Hair-cap, ſeemed to be a Compoſition of raw Silk and Moſs, ſuch as I remember to have ſtolen a Lock

of from the Head of Good Duke *Humphrey*, at *St. Albans*, three hundred Years after his Death: Shifts ſhe had two as yellow as Canvas, but they were ſleeveleſs; no Matter for that, ſhe ſold ready-made Cambrick Sleeves, and could eaſily pin on a Pair, for ſhe never took any farther Trouble about them; I think I muſt for the reſt refer my Reader to the Lady's Dreſſing-room, for

In ſuch a Caſe few Words are beſt,
And Strephon *bids us gueſs the reſt.*

I really, 'till I ſaw this Wretch, imagined the Dean had only muſtered up all the dirty Ideas in the World in one Piece, on Purpoſe to affront the Fair Sex, as he uſed humorouſly to ſtile old Beggar-women, and Cinder-Pickers.

This makes me digreſs to relate a Compliment of his to ſome Ladies, who ſupped with him, of which I had the Honour to be One: The Dean was giving us an Account of ſome Woman, who, he told us, was the naſtieſt, filthieſt, moſt ſtinking old B—ch

B—ch that ever was yet ſeen, except the Company, Ladies! except the Company! for that you know is but civil. We all bowed; could we do leſs?

From the Time I had the Misfortune of being her Tenant, ſhe invited every Perſon ſhe had any Acquaintance with to ſee me, as tho' I had been ſome outlandiſh Monſter, or wonderful Curioſity. Amongſt the reſt, ſhe prevailed on the now L—d Ch—f J—ſt—ce *E——e*, then a Student in *Grays-Inn*, a fine Gentleman, poetically turned, and ſomewhat too much upon the effeminate or delicate Order to bear whatever was not quite refined, to venture into her Dining-Room, where I ſat ſcribbling; I was for retiring, but that was not permitted: The Gentleman, who was dreſſed in black Velvet, and had the Air of a Perſon of Diſtinction, ſaid, he hoped as his Viſit was intended entirely to me, I would not be ſo unkind as to refuſe it.

I ſaid, I did not know how I was entitled to ſuch an Honour; but ſince he was pleaſed to beſtow it on me, I ſhould with Gratitude accept of it. My Hoſteſs, for

that Name, by her Bulk, far above the common Size of Females, ſhe ſeemed to deſerve, prudently left the Stranger and I to ourſelves, under Pretence that ſhe muſt attend her Shop. Mr. *E*——*e*, ſeeing my Table covered with written Papers, told me, my Room reſembled that of a Lawyer, and aſked me Leave to read my Contemplations; to which I agreeing, he had the Complaiſance to ſeem entertained; when, to my unſpeakable Confuſion, the Brute returned, and cried, "What will "you treat the Lady with?" Any thing "ſhe chuſes," returned he, and ſeemed as much confounded as I was: "Pray, "Madam, what do you like?" "Nothing at preſent, Sir, but what I have "ordered, ſome Coffee;" as it was but Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, and as the Gentleman was remarkable for Sobriety, he approved of my Taſte: He offered to pay for it; "I told him, I did not ſell it, "and that he could not more highly aggrieve me."

My Landlady ſent it up, but did not think proper to partake of our Repaſt, of which

which I was very glad; he looked on me with Eyes of great Compaſſion, eſpecially as he obſerved the Tears ſpringing from mine, for indeed I was quite ſhocked; he aſked me how I became acquainted with a Perſon ſo very unlike myſelf? I told him, I was a Stranger, and knew very little of her: as he gave Credit to my Words, he adviſed me to quit her Houſe, aſſuring me ſhe was a Procureſs, and, as he ſaid, kept a Shop only to diſguiſe her real Occupation.

He had ſcarce finiſhed his friendly Caution, when Madam entered again with two very large Lobſters in one Hand, and a Bottle of Wine in the other, ſhe laid a very foul Table Cloth, dreſſed her Fiſh, and invited us to partake; which we refuſing, ſhe eat them all herſelf, drank the Bottle of Wine, and very modeſtly deſired the Gentleman to pay for them, to which he acquieſced.

This Scene made us laugh heartily, for ſhe fed with ſuch keen Diſpatch, and drank ſo often, that ſhe ſeemed like a ſtarved Pierot, devouring all before her.

Her Rage of Hunger being now, as we hoped, ſuppreſſed, ſhe once more left us; and Mr. *E*———*e* ſaid, "I hope "you are now convinced, Madam, that, "at leaſt, your Reputation will be un- "done, if you continue here:" I anſwered, "It was but too true; but that, at pre- "ſent, I ſaw no Method of Relief, as "ſhe owed me Money, which ſhe never "was baſhful in borrowing, by which "means I was ill provided to remove, and "had agreed to take it out in Board and "Lodging."

Here Madam once more ruſhed in, when, to my great Surprize! ſhe aſked Mr. *E*———*e*, would he give her a roaſted Fowl and Sauſages for Supper? He told her, after ſo plentiful a Meal as ſhe had juſt made, he was ſure ſhe did but jeſt: She affirmed ſhe was in earneſt, and that if he would not, there was a Gentleman below that would.

Mr. *E*———*e*, who had a Mind to hold more Talk with me, aſked me, what Part of the Houſe belonged to me? She anſwered, with matchleſs Impudence, a very

very good Bed-chamber, which ſhe ſuppoſed, we ſhould have no Objection to, as we liked each other ſo well.

I ſeemed not to take the Meaning of her Speech; and not having the leaſt Apprehenſion of any Incivility being offered to me by a Perſon of good Breeding, and Humanity; I told the Gentleman, he ſhould be very welcome, if he pleaſed to walk into it,——as it was on the ſame Floor; he ſaid, I did him great Honour, and that he would wait on me.

However, to avoid the evil Comments which wicked Perſons, judging others by themſelves, are ever ready to make, I left the Door wide open, to the no ſmall Mortification of my Landlady, and her new Gueſt, as they were obliged to paſs by it.

And what ſhould he be but ſome drunken Swabber or Boatſwain! whoſe Tarpaulin Compliments, of which we heard every Word diſtinctly, for ſome time, diverted us; 'till, at laſt, their Talk became ſo offenſive, that as I had left the Door open in Point of Decency, I was now on the ſame Account obliged to ſhut it.

The Gentleman once more urged the Neceſſity of my Departure from this villainous Woman; aſſuring me, if I would but change my Lodging, and ſend a Line to him, with a Direction, where to find me, he would do every thing in his Power to ſerve diſtreſſed Merit, as he was pleaſe to term it.

And that nothing might be wanting to enable me to do it, he, in a very polite Manner, obliged me to accept of two Guineas, as a Subſcription to my Writings.

This ingenious Gentleman entertained me with the Recital of ſeveral beautiful poetical Compoſitions of his own, and finding I was not quite taſteleſs, but, at leaſt, endeavoured to give them due Praiſe, he ſtayed with me 'till Ten o'Clock, no unſeaſonable Hour, as it was in the Month of *June*; when, either being hungry himſelf, or willing to entertain me, he inſiſted on my Permiſſion to ſend to the *Devil Tavern* for ſome Supper, a Meal I never chuſe, but, in Complaiſance to my Benefactor, and alſo as a Means of engaging

gaging his further Converſation, which was truly elegant, I, with ſome Reluctance, ſubmitted to. Our one Maid being gone for the other Bowl of Punch for the Sailor, the Gentleman went and beſpoke it himſelf.

I could not, in his Abſence, but reflect how much the unhappy Part of Women diſappoint even their own Ends; for when they throw off the Appearance of Modeſty, and ſhew the mercenary Proſtitute unveiled, no Man of common Underſtanding can have the leaſt Regard for them; Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves of ſome Woman, who kept a noted Houſe of civil Reception, that ſhe ſaid, no Girl was fit, even for her, who was paſt bluſhing. Well ſaid the Dean, in the following Lines:

O Decency, cæleſtial Maid!
Deſcend from Heaven to Beauty's Aid;
Tho' Beauty may beget Deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's Fire,
To hold him in Deluſion ſtill,
And make him fancy what you will.

And I do aſſure my Reader, I did not forget to return Thanks to the Almighty, who had enabled me to live by his Gifts to me; for, ſure I am, that I could raiſe no Money by vile Means;

By Heav'n, I had rather coin my Heart
for Gold,
And drop my Blood for Drachma's.

Shakeſpeare.

Mr. *E*——*e*'s Return broke off my Contemplation; he had ordered a ſlight, but elegant Repaſt, with a Flaſk of *Champaigne*; we ſupped together with great Pleaſure, and, except the diſſonant and unharmonious Noiſe made by our Neighbours, who were now got ſo merry, that they did, what they called, ſing; we had no Interruption, but talked of Hiſtory, Poetry, and every Muſe-like Theme; called all the mighty Dead before us, rejudged their Acts, commented on the Works of *Milton*, *Shakeſpear*, *Spencer*, and all the *Britiſh* Claſſics.

Refin'd

Refin'd Delight, and fitted to endure!
But what can human Happineſs ſecure?

Delany.

The Star, that uſhers in the roſy Dawn, began to reaſſume her Empire o'er the Duſk, and drowſy World; the Bell tolled One, a Signal of Departure to my amiable Gueſt, whoſe kind Injunctions, in regard to my Removal, I promiſed to obey.

The Maid, whom her Miſtreſs half ſtarved, and though ſhe was really her Betters, uſed ſo ill, that ſhe down-right hated her, told me that the Sailor and ſhe were gone to Bed together, both dead drunk.

And yet this Creature would talk of Virtue, nay, go to Church; but, to ſay the Truth, ſhe only went there to pick up a Gallant.

As I was not in the leaſt ſleepy, I diſmiſſed the Servant, and

Revolving in my clouded Soul
The various Turns of Things below,
Now and then a Sigh I ſtole,
And Tears began to flow.

I open'd the Window, looked at the Moon
Riding near her higheſt Noon,
Like One, who had been led aſtray
Thro' the Heav'ns wide pathleſs Way;
And oft, as if her Head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy Cloud.

In ſhort, I was wrapped in a pleaſing Fit of Melancholy, and had I been in the Country, midſt vernal Airs and Blooms, ſhould have attuned my rural Minſtrelſy to ſome high Theme; but, alas! Eaſe and Retirement, thoſe Friends to the Muſe, ever were denied to me, being in a populous City pent amidſt the buſy Hum of Men, obliged to work for daily Bread, and often not obtaining even that poor Pittance.

Oh! that I could now retire! that ſome charitable Hand would beſtow on my poor Remains

Remains of Life, even but a Clay Habitation in ſome ſequeſtered Scene, where,

On ev'ry Thorn delightful Wiſdom grows,
In ev'ry Rill a ſweet Inſtruction flows.

How happy ſhould I think myſelf!

My Readers will, I hope, acknowledge I deal candidly with them, when I not only acquaint them with my Actions, but reveal to them even the inmoſt Receſſes of my Soul as freely as to Heaven.

At length, remembering that Nature requires a Time of Reſt, I thought it but meet to indulge the pleaſing Heavineſs: or, in plainer Language, I went to Bed, and enjoyed the Honey-dew of Sleep, 'till it was very late in the Day.

It ſeems the Maid had, on purpoſe to mortify her Miſtreſs, told her how genteely Mr. *E——e* had entertained me; which, though ſhe herſelf had been guilty of ſuch foul Intemperance, and ſwiniſh Gluttony, raiſed her Indignation to ſuch a Height,

that ſhe downright affronted me, telling me, I had no Buſineſs with her Gallant: Why, ſaid I, ſure you had him all to yourſelf, I did not interfere; for I ſuppoſed ſhe meant honeſt Tar, but, it ſeems, I was miſtaken, for it was Mr. *E*——*e*, whom ſhe had ſo politely diſmiſſed, and whom now ſhe had called a hundred Scrubs; aſſuring me, ſhe could never make any thing of him, and really I believed her; and by what I then ſaw of her Temper, I am certain, had ſhe known he had made me a Preſent, I ſhould not have eſcaped without a good Beating.

Well, ſaid ſhe, at laſt, I warrant I had a better Chap than your fine Beau; (this was ſpeaking pretty plain) my Man gave me a Crown, and Victuals, and Liquor enough: Now, be ſincere, what did that Mr. *Maiden* give you? For what, ſaid I, I have nothing to ſell; you who keep a Shop, and are in the way of Trade, may eaſily diſpoſe of five Shillings Worth of Goods.

The

The Wretch knew not what Anſwer to make to me; to acknowledge herſelf a Proſtitute, as I did not ſeem to think her one, was too vile, even for her, and to have given but the moſt remote Hint, that ſhe ſuſpected any evil Correſpondence between Mr. *E——e* and me, laid her abſolutely at our Mercy.

However, ſhe turned off the Diſcourſe with what Mr. *Addiſon* terms a Horſe-Laugh, an excellent Expedient to ſupply the Lack of Brains, and which whoever can ſecure on their Side, are ſure of Victory; for who can ſtand it, let it be ever ſo injudiciouſly beſtowed?

This I have very lately experienced, when one *W—dw—rd*, a Player, got the Laugh againſt me, who never vied with his ſuperior Excellence, only by ſaying,

What, ſhall a Tumbler ſet me thus adrift,
I the Succeſſor of immortal Swift?

Oh that his Words had been true! that he had bequeathed to me the precious Legacy of his Wit and Learning

Or

Or that, when all ſublim'd, he roſe to
Heaven,
I had inherited his ſacred Mantle;
Then midſt the Prophets might I, in
Strains
Such as delight the Ear of God, pour forth
Unfetter'd Harmony.

But to deſcend to this terrene Spot: I dreſt, and wandered forth in queſt of a new Lodging; not well knowing this Part of the Town, I paſt through a very clean Court, all inhabited by Jewellers, and juſt oppoſite to the End of it ſaw on the Window of what they in *London* call a Twiſt Shop, a Bill up to let the firſt Floor. The Woman of the Houſe ſhewed me the Apartment; the Furniture was not only new but rich, and I concluded the Price would be too high for me; but, to my great Surpriſe, the Woman of the Houſe agreed, not only to furniſh me with Linen, but alſo with Plate and China for Five Shillings a Week; there was but one Inconvenience, which was, that there was no Paſſage into the Houſe, but through the

Shop,

Shop, to which, if they did not object, I had no Cauſe. It ſo fortuned that the Counteſs of *Eſſex*'s Woman, whom I had known at the Laundreſs's before-mentioned, came in, and gave me ſo high a Character, that we agreed on my taking Poſſeſſion of my new Apartment the next Day.

I went from this to a Friend's to Dinner, and did not return Home till Ten at Night; but never in my Life was I more highly provoked; for lo! my Landlady and ſome Fellow or other were in my Bed; the Maid never apprized me of it, being willing to expoſe her brutal Miſtreſs to the utmoſt, but ſhewed me into the Chamber.

I am certain, I was infinitely more aſhamed than ſhe was, for ſhe called to me to ſit down on the Bed ſide; but I haſtened out, and, as I could not take up with her Bed, I was obliged to ſit up all Night.

Pretty ſoon in the Morning, a Woman came to ſee me; ſhe and I packed up my Clothes, called a Porter, and made him carry them to my new Abode, and, as I hoped

hoped never to ſee the Wretch again, I did not bid her Adieu.

My Landlord was a Maſter-Taylor, in very good Circumſtances, and his Wife a very ſober modeſt Woman.

I paſt a Week over very calmly, when remembering my Promiſe to Mr. *E——e*, I wrote a Line to him, but, as I did not know what Street I was in, I enquired of my Landlady, who with very great Reluctance, told me, it was *Drury-Lane*. I was extremely concerned at this Piece of Information, which ſhe obſerved, and, aſſured me, I might enquire into her own, and her Huſband's Character; that they had kept their Lodgings empty, ſooner than let them to any idle Perſon, though they could have had a good Price for them; and a great deal more to the ſame effect; all which, though I did moſt ſtedfaſtly believe, yet I held it no proper Place for me, of all Perſons in the World, to reſide in.

Women whoſe Characters are unblemiſhed, or, who have their Huſbands with

with them as Guardians to it, may do a thouſand Things, which thoſe who have fallen on evil Days, and evil Tongues, in Prudence muſt avoid.

I did not directly tell my Landlady that I muſt leave her, being reſolved, if poſſible, not to remove till I could find a Place where I could be fixed.

Accordingly, I once more took my Way to *St. James*'s, and called upon my old Landlady there: Her firſt Floor was let, but the ſecond being tolerably genteel, we, as we had always been on very friend-Terms, ſoon made a Bargain for it, and I was to enter on it as ſoon as my Week for the other was up. The very Air of *St. James*'s always pleaſed me, and indeed I received ſo many Favours from the Nobility, that I had juſt Cauſe to prefer it to any other Part of *London*.

This happened to be ſome public Feſtival, which, as I did not recollect, I ſat with the good old Gentlewoman till Evening, when on my return Home, there was a large Bonfire, and a great Crowd at the Temple-

Temple-Gate; I ſtopped a little, being ſtartled, and not well knowing how to paſs by, when an old Gentleman very well dreſt, aſked me where I was going? I told him, which was Truth, I had miſtaken my Way, being a Stranger: He ſaid, if I'd let him know where I lived, he would wait on me Home; I was almoſt aſhamed to do it, yet, conſidering they were creditable People where I lodged, I ventured to inform him. My Landlord happened to be his Taylor, ſo he readily conducted me to his Houſe; the People ſaluted him, and asked him for his Lady and Family: Why, ſaid he, this is one of them, ſhe is a near Relation to my Wife. I was ſurprized at this new Kindred, and could not tell whether the old Gentleman ſpoke Truth or not, though I could not recollect I had ever ſeen him before: yet, as the Landlord treated him with the higheſt Reſpect, I thought it not convenient to contradict him, ſo I invited him in, and wondered where this would end!

My Landlady lighted us up to my Dining-room; he told her, I had dined at his Houſe,

Houſe, and that after ſo long a Walk I muſt needs be dry, and therefore deſired her to get him a Bottle of Wine, and a Plate of *Scotch* Collops from ſome particular Tavern he directed her to.

As I found the old Gentleman did not ſtick at telling one Lye, I concluded all he ſaid was falſe, as it really was.

She no ſooner departed, but he aſked me, whether he was not an able Politician? I ſaid, he was a merry Gentleman, and I hoped as I had the Honour of being his Couſin, he would let me know who he was, leſt I ſhould be asked any croſs Queſtions, and our Accounts ſhould vary.

He told me his Name, and where he lived; that he had a conſiderable Eſtate, and alſo a good Employment under the Government, all of which did not make him happy, becauſe Heaven had not bleſſed him with a Child.

He then asked me who I was? for he ſaid, he was ſure I had had a good Education. As I had no reaſon to doubt of his Sincerity, I told him my Story, with which he ſeemed much affected; and in Con-

Concluſion, I aſſured him, I was more unhappy in having Children, from whom, in all probability, I was for ever ſeparated, than he could be, who never had one.

Here my Landlady brought in Supper, to which he invited her to ſtay; our Converſation turned on general Topics; it grew pretty late, when to my great Aſtoniſhment, the Gentleman ſaid, "Couſin, I "think you told me, you wanted Mo- "ney, I have a good deal of your's in my "Hands, though not much about me at "preſent; however, here are a couple of "Guineas, when you want Fifty you know "where to come." Would I did, thought I, but it was no time for me to refuſe them.

When he went away, I knew not what to think of this odd Adventure, ſometimes I fancied it was a Dream, and dreaded to wake leſt the Gold ſhould vaniſh; then I began to flatter myſelf, that perhaps ſome Relation had left me a Legacy; but having never ſince my Diſtreſs, received the ſmalleſt Favour from one of them, I could hardly hope they ſhould now feel any compunctuous

punctuous Viſitings of Nature, who were all to me, remorſeleſs as the Sea.

In ſhort, the more I thought, the more I was perplexed, and could only humbly hope, that the protecting Hand of him who

———Doth the Raven feed,
Yea, providentially catereth for the Sparrow,
Aſſiſted me to live for ſome good End,
Beſt to his Wiſdom known.

So recommending myſelf to his paternal Care, who had Compaſſion on my Sorrows, I went to my Repoſe.

Early next Morning the Woman of the Houſe told me, there was a Lady waiting for me in the Dining-room; ſo I aroſe, and who ſhould it be, but my late odious Landlady!

My Reader may judge how welcome ſhe was. She told me there was a Gentlewoman waiting for me at her Houſe, who had Buſineſs of the utmoſt Conſequence, and very much to my Advantage to impart

part to me: Though I ſcarce gave Credit to her, yet Curioſity made me accompany her Home, where I beheld a marvellous ill-favoured old Woman; her Chin, which had on it a comely black Beard, almoſt met her Noſe, there not being a Tooth in the Way to bar their Union. I am ſure, had *Don Quixote* ſeen her, he would have endeavoured to diſenchant her Muſtachio's. Her Eyes were black and fierce, her Back nobly prominent, her Dreſs tawdry, and take her for all in all, I hope I never ſhall look upon her Like again. I was doubtful whether it was not a Man in Woman's Clothes; but if it were a Creature of the Feminine Gender, I concluded it muſt be a Witch, and that the Study of the Black Art had made her ſo hairy about the Face, that ſhe had need of a Barber. But to proceed: She accoſted me very civilly, in a deep *Connaught* Brogue, told me ſhe knew all my good Family, and lived in the ſame Pariſh with me in *Dublin*; I ſoon grew tired of her fulſome Flattery to me and them, and deſired to know her Commands; ſhe told me my Lord *G——l-w——y*

w——*y* had a great Regard for my Father, and was very deſirous of ſeeing me, ——and would be a Friend to me: and if I would dine with her next Day, he would meet me: I now began to gueſs at my Lady's Occupation, and gave her a point blank Denial; not but that I ſhould have been glad to ſee his Lordſhip, as I knew he had a Regard for my Father; but a Woman muſt appear in a comtemptible Light, when introduced to a Nobleman by one of the Devil's Agents. So I left Madam to her Meditations, and departed, to her no ſmall Diſcomfort, for it was a golden Guinea out of her Way; as it ſeems, my Lord's Price was two, one of which he preſented to Madam Procureſs, and the other to the Lady who granted him a Favour.

This infernal Embaſſadreſs had taken on her the Name of *Cunningham*, being, as ſhe ſaid, ruined by a Gentleman of that Name, who had recommended her to ſeveral of the *Iriſh* Noblemen, as a very neceſſary Perſon. Oh how deteſtable it is

to feed a Maw, or clothe a Back by ſuch a filthy Vice!

Well, at the appointed Time, I returned to *St. James's*, and the firſt Day I was there, I was honoured with a Letter from Lord *G——lw——y*, as follows;

MADAM,

I Thought I had had the Honour of being known to you, but find I have been impoſed upon; if you will permit me to pay my Reſpects to you this Evening, I will unfold this Myſtery to you, and am very ſincerely,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

G.

I returned my Compliments to his Lordſhip, and gladly excepted of the Honour of his Company.

About Six he came, and related to me the Trick Mrs. *Cunningham* had put on him;

him; he told me, he had employed her to find me out, having a Curioſity to ſee a Perſon he had ſo often heard of, both at *White*'s and in *Ireland*; that the Appointment was made, and a Lady introduced to him, whom by his Deſcription of her, I knew to be the odious Mrs. *Smith*, my ſhocking Landlady; ——— he ſaid he was much diſappointed when he ſaw her, but the Lady was very kind; nay, ſo kind that he could not reſiſt her.

As you ſtood at your Window this Morning, Colonel *D——nc-——be* aſked me, knowing I was one of the Commiſſioners of *Ireland*, whether I knew you? I anſwered, no: ——Why, ſaid he, that is a little *Iriſh* Muſe, a Phyſician's Daughter, and a Parſon's Wife, an eloped one I have been told, but ſhe won't confeſs that; on this I aſked your Name, the Colonel ſaid it was *Pilkington*, but you were uſually called Mrs. *Meade*; I then found I had been deceived, and wrote immediately to you.

I told his Lordſhip, I had the Honour of having many Repreſentatives, which

had been of very great Diſadvantage to my Character, inaſmuch as they were pretty liberal of their Favours, which were placed to my Account, though I knew nothing of the Matter: My Lord ſaid, that was hard; but he hoped, now he had found the real Mrs. *Pilkington*, ſhe would not be inexorable. To turn off this Sort of Diſcourſe, I talked of public Affairs, which put my Lord in the Head of making me pacquet Commiſſioner *Th——mpſ——n*, then Candidate in the Election for the City of *Y—rk*, with old *Engliſh* Rhymes, after the Manner of Mother *Shipton*'s Prophecies, to inform him of the Defeat he was to meet with in that Year. I had the good Fortune to divert him with my comical Stuff ſo well, that he left me a Task, which was to tranſlate a *French Chanſon à boire*; he gave me a couple of Guineas, and promiſing to be a frequent Viſitor, he took his Leave.

I do aſſure my Readers, I was very glad to be retained as his Lordſhip's Muſe and Secretary, —— an Employment both of Honour and Profit.

I continued in Favour ſome Time; and we bantered half the Nobility, either about their Love-Intrigues or Parliamentary Affairs, all of which were well known to his Lordſhip, who honoured me with his Confidence and Inſtruction.

But as all Happineſs fades away, an unforeſeen Accident blaſted mine.

My Lord was ſeized with a Fever, which confined him ſome Days; the firſt Time he was able to go Abroad, he wrote me Word he would paſs the Evening with me. About his appointed Hour, ſomebody tapped at the Dining-room Door, which I opened; when, inſtead of my Lord, entered Colonel *D——nc——be* and Mr. *Sp——nc——r*, whom the Colonel preſented to me, and made his *Exit*.

This Nobleman was no more like his Brother than I to *Hercules*,——for the firſt Thing he did was to double-lock the Door, put the Key in his Pocket, and by main Strength oblige me to ſit on his Knee. I told him I expected Lord *G——l-w——y*, but that had no Effect, for he ſwore he ſhould not have Admittance; he

ſaid he was as well entitled to a Lady's Favour as any Lord: It was to no Purpoſe for me to aſſure him, my Lord never aſked any but what were conſiſtent with Honour: He gave no Credit to my Words, and ſeeing he had ſet me weeping, he ſaid, my Lord was very happy in my Love, but that he was not worthy of it, being an Inconſtant; but as for me, added he, I do not come to pay you one Viſit, but to make you mine for ever, to raiſe ſuch Merit above Diſtreſs, and to make you as happy as I can.

Sir, returned I, your Goodneſs deſerves my Acknowledgment, but your Meaning ſeems doubtful; on what Terms am I to receive thoſe Advantages? On the eaſieſt and ſweeteſt in the World, ſaid he, give me your Love in return, it is all I wiſh; and running on with Lord *Haſtings*'s Speech in his Midnight Viſit to poor *Jane Shore*, he cried,

Be kind, my charming Miſtreſs, to my
Wiſhes,
And ſatisfy my panting Heart with Beauty!

It

It was in vain for me to remonſtrate that he had a fine young Lady of his own; that I was not worth the Pains he took; that I was not handſome: He ſaid, I pleaſed him, and that to him was Beauty, which he was reſolutely determined to poſſeſs, if not by Conſent, he would make uſe of Force.

And truly the Gentleman would ſoon have convinced me he was the ſtronger, had not Lord *G——lw——y* knocked at the Door; he ſwore I ſhould not open it: My Lord called to me, and ſaid he would break the Door open. I begged of Mr. *Sp——nc——r* to permit me to let him in, and that if he would ſtay a Moment, I would frame ſome handſome Excuſe to diſmiſs him.

He gave me the Key and went into the Bed-chamber; I opened the Door for Lord *G——lw——y*, who brought with him the Earl of *M——dd——x*, a fine Gentleman; Lord *G——lw——y* was either very angry, or affected to appear ſo; and really I knew not what Apology to

make, only to ſay I had been aſleep. The Noblemen ſeated themſelves, to the no ſmall Vexation of Mr. *Sp——nc——r*. Lord *G——lw——y* asked me who was in the Bed-chamber? I ſaid, Nobody; ——well, Madam, ſaid he, I know you are a Lady of Veracity, but for once I preſume to doubt it; ſo ſaying, he made to the Door, which ſtood open, and Mr. *Sp——nc——r* clapped it in his Face, doubled-locked it within-ſide, and to my great Happineſs, went out of another Door down Stairs; this I was very glad of, being apprehenſive of a Quarrel.——— Lord *G——lw——y* was in a violent Paſſion, and inſiſted on my telling him what Fellow, as he called him, affronted him? So to ſatisfy him, I very ingenuouſly told him the whole Story, to the infinite Mirth of Lord *M——dd——x*, who, I thought, would have died with Laughter, for amongſt other Accidents, I had, in the Fray, loſt a little *Paris* Cap I wore, and as my Hair was very thick, never miſſed it.

But whatever I could ſay, would by no Means pacify Lord *G——lw——y*; he called

called me twenty ungrateful Devils and Jilts, and I know not what, which ſurprized me the more, as I never in my Life imagined he loved me, and conſequently could not form any Idea of his being jealous; but I ſuppoſe, his Pride was piqued at being locked out, which was the real Cauſe of his Reſentment.

Lord *M——dd——x* in vain pleaded my Cauſe, till at laſt, an odd Whim of his turned our Tragedy to a Farce.

Lord *M——dd——x*, it ſeems, liked an *Italian* Singer, on whom Lord *R——y-m——d*, a very ſmall Gentleman, with a Mind in Proportion to his diminutive Figure, had wrote a very ſtupid Satire; he begged of me to write a Love-Letter to him, for he was, it ſeems, a Man of Gallantry, and his Anſwer I was to communicate at *White*'s.

As I was a perfect Stranger to his Character, the Nobleman dictated a fine Encomium on his Learning, Wit, Poetry, Beauty, *&c.* all of which united, had, it ſeems, made a Conqueſt of me, unheard, unſeen, and made me extremely ambitious

of being known to ſo accompliſhed a Nobleman; we alſo gave him ſome Poetry, and a Direction where to find his moſt enamoured Nymph. This done, the Letter was diſpatched away to *Bond-ſtreet*, and the Meſſenger brought Word I ſhould have an Anſwer in the Morning.

I know whoever reads this, may very poſſibly cenſure me; but all who are dependant on the Favours of the Great, muſt comply with their Whimſies; it is enough, if we are ſo conſcientious as not to be made a Slave to their Vices, as *R——b——t N——g——t*, Eſq; civilly asked me to be.

Now, as I have mentioned this Fellow, for ſuch is the Term his Behaviour to me merits, who am in this, in the ſame Mind with *Pope* *, That

Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow;
The reſt is all but Leather and Prunella.

I hope my Reader will allow me to give them a ſhort Sketch of him, with Regard to

* I do not mean a Fellow of T. C. D.

to me, and alſo, of the Mortification I had the Happineſs of giving him.

My Father attended his firſt Wife, Lady *E—ll—a P—k—t*, and, I had, I believe, paſſed twenty Evenings in his Company in *Dublin*; he had publiſhed a Poem, written by the Rev. Mr. *Sterling*, called *Happineſs*, as his own, and another on his Converſion from *Popery*, inſcribed to *W——m P——y*, now Earl of *B——h*, to whoſe Piety he was indebted for his being drawn out of Error. This gave me a fine Opportunity of paying him a Compliment, which I ſent to *White*'s; he ſent me Word he would wait on me that Evening; accordingly he came.

After his firſt Salutation, he very politely aſked me, if I could help him to a W——, telling me, he had married an ugly old Devil for Money, whom he hated, and wanted a Girl to take into Keeping, which he depended on my Skill to chuſe for him: I thanked him for the honourable Employment he recommended to me, but aſſured him, it was not in my Power to ſerve him, as I never converſed

with Women. He told me, he would not be a Friend to me on any other Terms; I ſaid, I was ſorry for it, ſo making him a Reverence, I left the Room. He ſtayed in it ſome Time, hoping, I ſuppoſe, I was gone of his Errand, but finding I did not return, he went away; but to do him Juſtice, he left Half a Guinea on the Table, as a Recompence for the Affront he had given me.

He wanted, it ſeems, to be admitted as a Member of the Club at *White*'s; their Way of Election is by ballotting, and one black Bean is ſufficient to overturn any Man's Pretenſion to that Honour. I told my Story ſo effectually, that they all concluded him unfit for Society, and as many Friends as he imagined he had amongſt three hundred Nobles, and, as vaſt a Fortune as his Wife had brought him, he had but one white Bean in the whole Draught.

However, I return him Thanks for his Ten and Sixpence, to ſhew my Gratitude.

But, to return to my little Lord *R—ym—d.* Early next Morning, as I was drinking Tea, his Valet de Chambre ſaid

ſaid he muſt ſpeak to me. I deſired he might come in; he was a *Frenchman*, who, contrary to the reſt of his Country, was as booriſh as an *Engliſh* Farmer; he threw down a Letter on the Table, "Dere, my Lord ſend a you dat;" I opened it, and read as follows:

MADAM,

BY your Stile you ought to be a Gentlewoman; but I have met with Things of this Kind, which did not anſwer Expectation; I have ſent my Man to ſee you, whom I always truſt, and ſo may you; if he likes you, and you will come where I appoint, (for I never venture to viſit any Woman) I will meet you.

I am,

MADAM,

Your's,

R—YM—D.

While I was peruſing this gallant Epiſtle, the *Frenchman* looked ſharp about; he even opened the Corner Cupboard; then he demanded of me what did I vant with his Lorde? I could not reſiſt my Inclination to laugh, at which he grew choleric, and ſwore, Garzoon, he ſhould never come; which, I being quite eaſy about, he went away muttering ſomething.

I ſent his Letter, which was wrote in a very bad Hand, and almoſt every Word miſ-ſpelt, to Lord *M——dd——x*, who ſhewed it to the Company at *White*'s, on whom it took the ſame Effect it had done on me, for they all laughed heartily at *Jack-a-Dandy*, a Nick-name Lord *M——x* had beſtowed on him.

Theſe two merry Noblemen, who had ſet me on this Scheme, would fain have prevailed on me to ſend another Letter to *Jack-a-Dandy*, but I told them, I did not approve of a Man, governed by his Man, and one who ſeemed to be a Coward into the Bargain; Lord *M——dd——x* then told

me, Lord *R—ym—d* had ſome Reaſon to be fearful how he made an Aſſignation, as he had once the Misfortune to be taken in by a Billet-doux; and, when he went to the appointed Place, inſtead of a fine Lady, found a Couple of ſturdy Fellows, who gave him a very good Cudgelling.

This put me in mind of a merry Story told me in *London*, of Col. *C—nn—m*, who took Delight in paying his Addreſſes to young Ladies, merely for Amuſement; and no ſooner did he perceive he had gained their Affection, but he deſpiſed his Conqueſt.

As the Noblemen knew him, I related one Story to them, out of many, of a pleaſant Revenge a forſaken Nymph took on him.

This Lady was of exceeding good Birth, very well accompliſhed, and of unblemiſhed Reputation, but not of Fortune equal to his; however, he ſeemed ſo fond, that ſhe ſuppoſed that would be no Obſtacle, and intirely devoted herſelf to the Pleaſure of loving him; which he no ſooner perceived, but he grew cold, civil, and reſpectful,

and

and at laſt went to *London*, without ſo much as bidding her Farewel.

Her Step-father, Brigadier *V——ſ——y*, having ſome Call there, took his Lady and her Children with him, where, though Miſs *A———t*, for that was the Lady's Name, frequently ſaw the Colonel at Court, he never took the leaſt Notice of her, but ſeemed as never acquainted: This, as we may preſume, ſufficiently grieved her, ſhe made her Complaint to a Female Confidante, a Lady of Quality, and a Woman of Spirit; between them they contrived, at leaſt, to give his Vanity a terrible Mortification.

They wrote to him a Letter, as from a married Dutcheſs, who was fallen in Love with him at Court; the Chairman had Directions to wait for his Anſwer, but they took Care that he ſhould not be able to gueſs who ſent it;——all that the Colonel could diſcover was, that it was given to him in the Street, and he was ordered to leave the Anſwer at a Mercer's, where it would be ſafe delivered to the Perſon who wrote the Letter.

This Secrecy made him quite ſure he had gained the Heart of ſome high-born Fair; he failed not to ſend a paſſionate and tender Return for ſo great an Honour as the unknown Charmer had done him. The Ladies received it, and were glad to find the Gudgeon ſwallow the Bait ſo greedily. Next Night he took care to dreſs himſelf with the utmoſt Magnificence; and, as he is really a graceful Perſon, he made no doubt but the Lady would, by ſome favourable Glance, diſcover herſelf to him; to this End, he went to Court, and ſtrictly examined the Countenance of every Lady of Quality there to no Purpoſe, which only made him ſuppoſe the Lady extremely diſcreet, and careful of her Reputation.

His imaginary Miſtreſs made ſeveral Appointments with him, then ſent him Word, her Lord was come to Town, or ſome Apology, 'till at laſt, tired with their Sport, they reſolved to finiſh it.

To this End, he received a Letter, that the Lady could not find out any Place where ſhe could, without Danger of Diſ-

covery,

covery, meet him, except at his own Houſe, but begged, that he might not let any of his Servants be in the Way; that ſhe would come in a Chair, exactly at Ten, one ſmall Tap at the Door being the Signal for Happineſs.

Never did Knight-Errant propoſe to himſelf more Glory in the finiſhing of an Adventure, than did our happy Colonel at his near approaching Bliſs; he had framed to himſelf an Idea of a perfect Beauty, kind, tender, and formed for Love; his Anſwer was all Rapture, and Acknowledgment.

His Apartments were filled with Wax Lights, himſelf curled, perfumed, and dreſſed to ſuch Advantage; who could reſiſt that beheld him? He punctually obeyed the Ladies Commands, in diſmiſſing all the Servants, with Orders not to appear, and waited the happy Minute, with the Impatience of a real Lover; every Moment he looked at his Watch, and thought the Hours, Ages.

At length the long wiſhed for Signal was given, he flew to receive the Fair-one,

when

when a Porter delivered a Band-box into his Hand, and, without ſpeaking a Word to him vaniſhed. Never was any Man in greater Confuſion than he, at opening it; he there found, not only all his own ſoft Epiſtles, but alſo a little Doll in a Chair, with a Letter in her Hand, directed to him, the Purport of which, was, to let him know he was a conceited Coxcomb, to ſuppoſe any Woman of Quality had the leaſt Regard for him, and, that the Lady who held that, was a Miſtreſs good enough for him.

The Noblemen thanked me for my Narration, and wiſhed the Trick had been put on *Jack-a-Dandy*, ſuch a Lady being a much more ſuitable Match for him than the Colonel; however, we all agreed, that this was no Tax on the Gentleman's Underſtanding,

Since, let a Man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught, with ſober Lyes.

And, that his Appearance might captivate a Lady, without any Miracle.

Lord *M—dd—x* did me the Honour to ſubſcribe, and, aſſured me, he would prevail

vail on as many of his Friends as he could, to do me the ſame Favour.

Next Day Colonel *Duncombe* asked me, did I know ſuch a Gentleman of *Ireland*, as *L—ft—s H——e*, Eſq; I ſaid I did, particularly well, as my Brother and he were inſeparable Companions in the College; he told me, there was a Parcel of Letters freed by the Earl *Thomond*, then juſt dead, lying for him at *White*'s, and, that he ſhould be very glad to ſee him, to learn ſome Account of the Particulars of Lord *Thomond*'s Death, with whom he had for many Years a ſtrict Friendſhip.

As I had learned by Accident where Mr. *H——e* lived, I wrote to let him know what the Colonel ſaid; he ſent me a Letter of Thanks, and, that he would do himſelf the Honour of meeting the Colonel the next Evening at my Apartment.

It ſo fortuned that my kind Benefactor Mr. *Cibber* came over with the Colonel, and a little after came Mr. *H——e*; his Politeneſs, and the many pleaſing Incidents of our younger Days, gave me infinite

infinite Delight, as it was a Proof that I was not an Impoſtor, and convinced the Auditors I had once been in Eſteem, even in my own Country.

After a good deal of agreeable Chat, wherein Mr. *H——e* took an Opportunity of mentioning his having, when he was in the College, ſpent his whole Year's Allowance in making one grand Ball; and that, as on this Occaſion, he was in Diſgrace with his own Father, he quartered himſelf on mine, praiſing his elegant manner of living, and the kind Reception he always received from him, which as he ſaid, he muſt ever acknowledge to his Family; Mr. *Cibber* ſaid, he hoped, as I was the only deſolate Perſon belonging to it, he would be ſo good as to aſſiſt me. He aſked, how it was in his Power? Why, returned he, this poor Lady is obliged to publiſh her Writings by Subſcription, and I dare ſay, a Gentleman of her own Country, who has ſo fine a Fortune, and knows her ſo many Years, will, at leaſt, be as kind as Strangers have been to her: Without

out doubt, Sir, ſaid Mr. *H——e*, it is the Duty of every Gentleman to do it; ſo riſing, he told me, he was very ſorry he was under an Engagement to the Duke of *Devonſhire*, but that he would take another Opportunity of paying his Reſpects to me; which ſame Opportunity, as he never found in *London*, I hope he will in *Ireland*, and have ſuch a Dependance on his Honour, that I am certain, he will keep it, in being my Friend.

As I had the Honour of being once a kind of a Favourite to Alderman *Barber*, I judged him a very proper Perſon, both as he had been a Printer, and was alſo a Man of conſiderable Intereſt, to apply to, both to increaſe my Subſcription, and to put me into a Method of getting my Writings printed as cheap as I could; to this end, I wrote him a very reſpectful Letter, but received no Anſwer; I followed it with a Second, ſtill he was ſilent; at length, I found a Method to make him ſpeak to me, for, recollecting the beſt Part of a very ſevere Satyr Mr. *P——n* had wrote

wrote on him, I let him know I had it, on which he invited me to his Houſe, received me very kindly, apologized for his Silence, being ill of the Gout, which had hind red him from anſwering me; and aſſured me, as ſoon as he was able to go abroad, he would preſent me as a Companion to the Dutcheſs of *Buckingham*, who had promiſed to take one of his Recommendation, and who, he ſaid, being in the Decline of Life, and having no Children, would, he was certain, if I had the good Fortune to pleaſe her, remember me in her Will; but unhappily for me the Alderman died a few Days after, nor did the Dutcheſs long ſurvive him.

So vaniſhed my Hopes.

A ſhort time after this Diſappointment, which ſenſibly affected me, my Landlady told me, there was an ugly ſquinting old Fellow, who ſaid he had Buſineſs of the utmoſt Conſequence, and muſt ſpeak to me; I bid her ſhew him up, and found he anſwered her Deſcription; he aſked me, was my Name *Meade?* I ſaid, yes; why then,

then, ſaid he, I am come to inform you, that there is a Legacy of five hundred Pounds left you by one Mr. *Clark*, who died laſt Week at *St. Edmondſbury*, but the Lady I was ordered to inquire for is Mr. *P———n*'s Wife; are you the Perſon? I told him the Direction was very right, but that I neither was related to, nor even acquainted with any Perſon of the Name of *Clark*, from whom I had the ſmalleſt Reaſon to hope for ſuch a Favour: Nay, Madam, returned he, as you have changed your Name, why may not he? Upon this, he ſhewed me a Letter, to my Fancy authentic, wherein I was deſired, if living, to wait on Counſellor *Clark* in *Eſſex-Street* in the *Strand*, who had Orders to pay me the Money, on Proof I was Mrs. *Pilkington*.

I knew not what to make of all this; I was in hopes the fickle Goddeſs, who is well repreſented ſtanding on a Wheel, was, for once, in a good Humour with me, and was reſolved to make me amends for her former Caprice, or, to ſpeak more ſeriouſly, that the Supreme Almighty Being, that Power, who *Builds*

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal Wheels to know their Rounds,

had taken Compaſſion on my Sufferings.

While I was loſt in muſing on this odd Adventure, the old Fellow asked me very gaily, if I would give him my Company to *Richmond*, and take a Dinner with him? I told him I never went abroad with Perſons I did not know, eſpecially Men; he told me, he was very capable of being ſerviceable to me, and that it was alſo in my Power to be ſo to him; in what, Sir? Why, I have received from *Ireland*, from your Huſband, the Life of Alderman *Barber*, wherein there is an Account of the Amours of *Cadenus* and *Vaneſſa*, to which the Alderman was privy, and related them to Mr. *P———n:* Now I have been informed you have ſome Letters of the Dean's, which may embelliſh the Work; and alſo a true Character of the Alderman, written by his Chaplain; I will make you

a

a handſome Conſideration for them, if you will give them to me to publiſh.

This Diſcourſe ſurprized me almoſt as much as the firſt; I therefore begged he would not hold me any longer in Suſpence, but let me know who I converſed with? He anſwered his Name was *Edmund Curl*, upon which, in ſpite of Vexation, and the Diſappointment of my new-born Hope, I could not forbear laughing at the fine Scheme he had laid, to trick me out of any valuable Manuſcripts I might poſſibly poſſeſs; ſo making him a Courteſy, I ſaid, Farewel, Legacy!

I ſhould not trouble the Reader with this Story, but that I have been charged with writing the Life of the Alderman; and, as I ſhall anſwer it to God, I never even ſaw it in my Life, not but Curioſity would have engaged me to read it, eſpecially as I heard it was very well wrote; but at the Time it was publiſhed, I was a Priſoner in the *Marſhalſea*, and really had not a Crown to ſpare for a Book.

As Mr. *Curl* ſwore heartily, that his Letter, with regard to the Legacy, was genuine,

genuine, I went the next Day to Counſellor *Clark*; there was indeed an old Gentleman of his name newly dead, at *St. Edmonsbury*, who had Children and Grandchildren, Heirs at Law, ſufficient to inherit his Fortune, and, as it happened, he died inteſtate.

However I comforted myſelf that Mr. *Curl* had not made a Fool of me, as he has done of many a better Writer, and ſecured me a Priſoner in his poetical Garret, which the ingenious Mr. *Fielding* charmingly ridicules.

But oh the diſmal Summer (which ever was attended with Want and all it's gloomy Train, not only to me, but many Perſons who ſeem in good Circumſtances) left me quite deſolate, and obliged me to take a cheaper Lodging, which I did in the Houſe of one Mrs. *Trifoli* in *Duke-ſtreet*, *St. James's*, a moſt extraordinary painted up, bedizened-out old Woman, whoſe Huſband was a *German* Quack, not then in *England*, from which, it ſeems his Wife had obliged him to fly, for robbing her of a Deed of Settlement he had made to

her at Marriage; but to ſay the Truth, I think that was a Bleſſing to the poor Man, for ſhe was a very Devil incarnate, unmerciful and cruel to the laſt Degree: I dare ſay, ſhe never in her Life gave even a Cup of Water or a Morſel of Bread, to keep a poor Creature from ſtarving!

Her Cuſtom was to live upon her Lodgers, even when ſhe knew they were deſolately poor, inaſmuch, that if one of them ſent but for a Pint of Small-Beer, ſhe would intercept it in the Way, and drink half of it; but indeed ſhe was very civil, for ſhe always ſent them Word ſhe drank their Healths, and ſo ſhe did in reality, by depriving them of the Means of preſerving it.

Being ſadly diſtreſſed by this avaritious Wretch, I was adviſed to apply to Dr. *Mead*, who was a Man of Taſte, and had ſixty thouſand Pounds left him, to give in ſuch Charities as he thought proper. Accordingly I wrote him a moving Tale of my Diſtreſs, which had ſo good an Effect, that he ſent me Word he would wait on me himſelf the next Day, but not keeping his Word, I addreſt him in the following Lines:

To

To Doctor MEAD.

SCARCE was the heavenly Virgin higher bleſt,
When viſited by a cœleſtial Gueſt;
Hail'd by the glorious Meſſenger of Grace,
And honour'd high above the human Race,
Scarce ſtronger Rapture cou'd his Words impart,
Than thoſe which lately extaſy'd my Heart,
When You, God's nobleſt Image here below,
Your honour'd Preſence promis'd to beſtow;
My Hope reviv'd, I wak'd the ſilent String,
The Muſe, once more, attun'd her Voice to ſing,
Pleas'd, that tho' long depreſt by adverſe Fate,
She yet found Favour with the Good and Great,
And that her melancholy flowing Strain
To Gen'rous MEAD was not addreſt in vain.

Oh, Thou, the Muſes Judge, the Muſes Friend!
Say, muſt thoſe Hopes in Diſappointment end;

Muſt ev'ry beauteous, bright Idea fade,
And Death enwrap me in his ſilent Shade?
Death, the poor ſuff'ring Wretch's laſt Relief,
Led in by pale-ey'd Want, and pining Grief.

Would Heav'n but one aſſiſting Friend ſupply!
How quickly might he bid thoſe Sorrows fly?
Whoſe Wiſdom cou'd my Induſtry direct,
And as that merited his Aid, protect;
Not thus with endleſs Application griev'd,
And tho' ſo oft ſupported, ne'er reliev'd.

Pardon the bold Preſumption of my Pray'r,
Courage is oft extracted from Deſpair;
The drowning Wretch ſtruggles for Life awhile,
Nor God, nor Man condemns his anxious Toil;
But if tempeſtuous Billows round him riſe,
And Heav'n all Pity, all Relief denies,
Loſt in the Ocean, he forgotten dies.

I ſent theſe Rhymes to the Doctor, and, in return, was deſired to come to his Houſe in *Ormond-ſtreet*, at Four o'Clock that Afternoon.

Now were my Hopes high raiſed, high as the Spring Tide, to which the Ebb quickly ſucceeds, as it did with me; I fancied, vainly fancied! at leaſt ten Guineas in my Pocket, and had, like the Man with his Basket of Glaſſes, turned them into Trade, and purchaſed in my Mind an eaſy Subſiſtence for Life; but I was a little miſtaken in the Matter, as the Sequel will ſhew. I dreſſed myſelf very neatly, and waited on the Doctor; when I knocked at his Door, a Footman with his Mouth very full, and a Bone in his Hand, opened it, and in an *Iriſh* Accent, demanded my Buſineſs? I told him I wanted to ſpeak to the Doctor: "By my own Shoul, ſaid he, my Maiſhter "will not be ſpoke to by Nobody!" Well then, Friend, if you pleaſe to let him know Mrs. *Meade* is here, I believe he will ſpeak to me: "Miſhtriſh *Maide*, replied "he, Arah, are you vanting Charity, and 'taakes up my Maiſhter's Name to claim

"Kin with him; well, ſtay there, I'll "tell him." So he went into a back Parlour, but was quite confounded, when the Doctor inſtantly came out, and gave him a ſevere Reprimand for letting me ſtand in the Hall; and I am very certain, had I thought it worth my While to have acquainted the Doctor with his Inſolence, he would have been diſcharged. A proper Caution to Livery-wearing Fellows to ſpeak with Civility to every Body.

The Doctor ſhewed me into a handſome Street-parlour, adorned with ſeveral Curioſities, of which here needs no Account: He asked me for Sir *John Meade*, whom, becauſe he remembered, he expected I ſhould, though he died two Years before I was born; when I told him ſo, he ſeemed diſpleaſed: And really I remember that good Mr. *Cibber*, in his pleaſant Way, ſcolded me once for not remembering King *Charles* II. though my Father was born in the Reign of King *William*.

As my Anſwers to the Doctor, with relation to the whole Family of the *Meades*, were ſufficient to convince him I was not an Im-

Impoſtor, he asked me how he could ſerve me? I told him I had ſome Poems to publiſh, but for Want of a little Money to pay for the Printing of them, I could not proceed: "Poems, returned he; why, "did you ever know any Perſon get Mo-"ney by Poetry?" Yes, Sir, ſeveral; "Mr. *Pope* in particular:" "Oh Lud, "Lud, (ſaid he, grinning horribly, and "ſquinting hideouſly) what Vanity thou "haſt! can you write like him?" I was quite abaſhed, and really knew not what to ſay for ſome Moments, for my Reader may eaſily perceive, I could not but be ſenſible I had made a fooliſh Speech, unaware to myſelf; however, upon Recollection, I aſſured him, I did not preſume to put myſelf in any Degree of Compariſon with ſo juſtly an admired Writer, but that perhaps, on Account of my Sex, I might find a little Favour,

Well ſaid he, there are a Couple of Guineas for you: This, though far ſhort of my Expectations, was a little preſent Relief, and as the Gentleman was under no Obliga-

tion to reward or encourage me, I very gratefully accepted of them, and yet

Proud was the Muſe I ſerv'd, unbred to wait
A willing Stranger at a Great Man's Gate!

And here gentle Reader, give me Leave to treſpaſs a Moment on your Patience, to make one Remark, which is, that, amongſt all the Perſons who are celebrated for being charitable, I never met one really ſo; and the moſt humane and beneficent are thoſe whoſe Characters have been ſo attacked for their Humanity, that at laſt they have even been aſhamed of well-doing.

I remember Dr. *Swift* told me, he ſaw a Beggar attack at Biſhop, who charitably from his Abundance, ſpared him a Half-penny, and ſaid, God bleſs you; preſently after he attacked Brigadier *Groves*, who threw Half a Crown to him, and bade G—d d——m him; which, ſaid he, do you think the Beggar prayed for at Night?

But

But as I have mentioned Dr. *Meade*, who was ſo much in Love with Mr. *Pope*, for ſaying,

And Books for Meade, *and Rarities for* Sloane,

I think I muſt give them alſo a Sketch of Sir *Ha—s*, to whom the Doctor adviſed me to apply, as an Encourager of Arts. I travelled down to *Chelſea* to wait upon him; it ſnowed violently, inſomuch that I, who had only a Chintz Gown on, was wet to the Skin: The Porter, *memorandum*, better bred than his Maſter, to whom I had ſent up a Compliment, which, as he did not deſerve, I ſhall not do him the Honour to inſert, invited me into his Lodge, where, after about two Hours Attendance, I was at length permitted to enter to his Supreme Majeſty; but ſure the Pope himſelf, in all his pontifical Robes, never was half ſo proud. I was conducted by an Eſcort thro' ſix or ſeven Rooms, one of which was entirely wainſcotted, if I may ſo term it, with China; but like the Idol to whom

a ſtately Temple was conſecrated, which a Traveller, attracted by it's outward Magnificence, thought to find an adorable Deity in, and on Search, found a ridiculous Monkey; ſo I ſaw an old Fellow, whom I am very well convinced never ſaw me, for he did not even vouchſafe to turn his Eyes off a Paper he was writing, to ſee who came in, till at laſt a Beggar-Woman entered, with a ſore eyed Child; the Inſide of whoſe Eyelids he very charitably tore out with a Beard of Corn, under which cruel Operation the Girl fainted, but he ſaid that was good for her: It may be ſo, for by two-headed *Janus*, Nature has framed ſtrange Doctors in her Time.

Some, who will bid us live on Pulſe, and
Water;
And others of ſuch Vinegar Aſpect,
They would not wag their Jaws in Way
of Smile,
Tho' Neſtor *ſwore the Jeſt were laugh-*
able.

Of

Of this latter Sort was Sir *H——ns*. Tho' I had ſent him up a Letter which lay before him, he aſked me what I wanted? if I had bad Eyes he ſaid he would bruſh them up for Charity; but as they happened to be tolerably good, I excuſed myſelf, by telling him I had brought him that Letter; and indeed I was quick-ſighted enough to find out, that his Honour (as the Beggar-woman called him) was a conceited, ridiculous, imperious old Fool.——He then conſidered my Letter over, and finding by the Contents, Dr. *Mead* had recommended me to him, ſaid, "Poor Creature! I ſup-"poſe you want Charity; there is Half a "Crown for you." I could hardly reſiſt a ſtrong Inclination I had to quoit it, as *Falſtaff* ſays, into his Face, like a Three-penny Shovel-groat; and was only conſtrained by the Conſideration, that I had never a Shilling in my Pocket, and that, little as it was, I could eat for it.

I have here done with the Great Sir *H——ns Sl——ne*, B——r—— of *O——k——m*, and return to Dr. *Meade*.

I had forgot to tell my Readers, that rejoicing at my Succeſs, when I returned from his Houſe, I threw the two Guineas up, and had the Misfortune to loſe one in a Chink of the Room; the Board my Landlady would never permit me to remove, leſt, as ſhe ſaid, I ſhould ſpoil her Floor. This trivial Accident gave me a great deal of Uneaſineſs, as it put me out of Power of paying, and quitting her according to my Intention.

However, as I was obliged to live by my Wits, which indeed were almoſt at an End; I formed a Scheme to write a Panegyric on *P——p* Lord *H————k*, then newly created L—d H—h C———r of *E————d*. I did not addreſs him in the Manner I had done a great many of the Nobility, that is with my one Poem, which I ſent all round, like the Biſhop's Paſtoral Letter; it was, as *Swift* ſays,

————In another Reign,
Change but the Name, 'twill do again.

I wrote a fire new one for himſelf, which was really paying him a higher Compliment

than he deſerved, as my Readers may perceive hereafter. I had compleated the Poem, and ſent it to him; he deſired me to come to him on *Sunday*, that being his only leiſure Time. ——

Accordingly, I waited on him at Eight o'Clock on *Sunday* Morning; the Houſe had rather the Appearance of Deſolation and Poverty, than that of the L—d Ch—ll—r of *Br——n:* He had Complaiſance enough to ſend his Mace-Bearer to keep me Company, till ſuch time as a Pair of Folding-doors flew open, and my Lord appeared in his Robes, ready to go to Church; he bowed down to the Ground to me, and aſked me if I would drink a Diſh of Chocolate with him? which you may not doubt I accepted of; and was ſurprized to find myſelf, though ſunk in the moſt abject Poverty, ſitting with ſo great a Man!

So, for my Labour, I got a Diſh of * Chocolate, which I now return, with the utmoſt

* *Mem. Chocolate*, a Word uſed by a very eminent Comedian, one Mr. *Foote*, for Satire.

utmoſt Humility, to his L—d—p again.

So, my Lord went to Church, where I alſo went; I there ſaw Doctor *Meade*, who, perceiving his Lordſhip made me a low Bow, made one four times as low; and I could very hardly refrain laughing at them both, and thinking

——That all this World's a Stage, and
All the Men and Women merely Actors;

And that

If ev'ry juſt Man, that now pines with
Want,
Had but a moderate, and beſeeming Share
Of that, which lewdly pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon ſome Few, with voſt
Exceſs;
Nature's full Bleſſings would be well diſ-
pens'd
In unſuperfluous even Proportion,
And ſhe no Whit encumber'd by her
Store:
And then the Giver would be better
thank'd,

His Praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n, amidſt his gorgeous Feaſt;
But, with beſotted baſe Ingratitude,
Crams, and blaſphemes his Feeder.
Milton's Comus.

Well, I could find no Remedy for the Conſumption of my Purſe, nor borrow, to linger out the Diſeaſe, any where, but from the Pawnbroker; but he was always charitable.

However, I concealed my Diſtreſs with the utmoſt Care from my Landlady; called every Morning for the Teakettle, though I had no Tea;——then I ſaid I was engaged to dine abroad, and took a ſolitary Walk to *Weſtminſter-Abby*,——and ranged the ſolemn Iſles alone, envying thoſe who reſted in Peace from their Labours; till, at laſt, having been three Days and three Nights without Food of any kind, Heaven pardon me! a melancholy Thought came into my Head, that it was better to die at once, than die daily; and that, as I could not

not Fardles bear, it was beſt to make my own *Quietus*, and no longer ſtrive to keep up a frail and feveriſh Being: And here, indeed, I own, I had been unmindful of the Crown which Virtue gives,

After this mortal Coil, to her true Servants.

Deſpair vanquiſhed me quite; nay, ſo artful was the Enemy, as even to perſuade me, I had a Right to diſpoſe of my own Life, eſpecially when there did not ſeem, even a Poſſibility of preſerving it. Filled with gloomy Ideas, I took my uſual Walk, and took notice of the Corner, between the Monuments of *Shakeſpear* and *Rowe*, where I wiſhed to be interred, and that Mr. *Pope*'s Lines,

How lov'd, how honour'd, once avails me not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
An Heap of Duſt alone remains of me,
'Tis all I am, 'tis all the Proud ſhall be.

might

might be my Epitaph. I really found room for Meditation, even to Madneſs.

In this Temper I went into *St. James's Park*, and ſeated myſelf by *Roſamond's* Pond; the Moon, apparent Queen, unveiled her peerleſs Light, and I waited in the ſilent Shade, reſolved to execute my dreadful Purpoſe, as ſoon as I could do it without Obſervation, when a young Lady, and an old one, both very well dreſſed, ſeated themſelves by me; they, in an elegant Stile began to praiſe the ſweet and ſolemn Beauties of the Moon-light Scene, the Winds gently whiſpered through the fragrant Lime-trees, juſt then in full Flower; and, indeed, though they were not vernal Airs, they might have diſſipated all Anguiſh, but Deſpair: Finding, that notwithſtanding my Taciturnity, the Ladies would enter into Converſation with me, I could not, in Point of good Breeding, refuſe to return them Anſwers, with as much Politeneſs, as I was Miſtreſs of, till at length, we were ſo pleaſed with each other, that Time inſenſibly flying, we found we were locked into the *Park*; but the Ladies, whoſe

whoſe Garden opened into it, inſiſted on my accompanying them to Supper.

We were let in at a Back-door, by a Servant in Livery, to a very genteel Houſe, where, on a Sopha, ſat a very handſome Man in a Gold Brocade Night-Gown, to whom the young Lady preſented me, and ſaid, he was her Spouſe; the Cloth was ready laid, and a cold Supper on the Table: I would very fain have prevailed on the Lady to permit me to go through her Houſe home, for I could eaſily perceive the Gentleman's Civility was quite forced, and, that he was impatient to revenge on his Wife the Liberty ſhe had taken of inviting a Stranger in; which indeed, I believe, ſhe did on no other Account, but, that ſhe thought Decency would prevent him from giving her a Beating, of which, it ſeems, he was very liberal, though he was but a Footman when the Lady married him, and threw herſelf, and twenty thouſand Pounds away upon him, as I afterwards learned.

But, as the late Earl of *Pembroke* obſerved, when he was told a Maid of Honour,

nour, who was very handſome, was in Love with him, notwithſtanding he was an old Hump-back'd Man, but one of infinite Wit, ſaid, "Faith, it may be ſo, "Women have ſtrange Fancies!"

I, though foodleſs, never ſpent three Hours more diſagreeably, eſpecially, as this Houſe brought back to my Mind, the Fear and Terror I always felt in Mr. *P*———*n*'s, to which, if my Father, Mother, or any Friend came, it threw me into Agonies, being well aſſured, they would never depart without receiving ſome groſs Affront, ſuch as the two following Stories, trivial as they are, may ſerve to illuſtrate.

One *Alhallow*'s Eve, a Night of Pleaſure and Diſport in *Ireland*, among the young Maidens and Batchelors, my Brother and Siſter, who had invited ſome Perſons, agreeable to their own Age, to celebrate it with them, very fairly begged of us, old Folks, to go abroad; to oblige them, and myſelf alſo, I begged of Doctor *Delany*, who dined with us, and my Father and Mother, to come home with me, and try

if

if we could not be as chearful as they: I no ſooner propoſed the Scheme than they all agreed to it. As my Father was no Supper-Man, I had ordered a Cuſtard to be made for him, and having a barnſtable Oven, it was put into it to bake.

While we were amuſing ourſelves in agreeable Chat, entered Mr. *P——n*, like the Deſcription of Winter,

Striding the gloomy Blaſt!

and obſerving a Smoak, occaſioned by the lighting of the Oven, he deſcended to examine the Contents thereof, found the Cuſtard, eat moſt part of it, and ſent the Remainder out of Doors, telling us to our Faces, we ſhould not liquor our Chops at his Expence; though, *memorandum*, my dear Father always ſent his Supper and Wine before him, whenever he vouchſafed us the Honour of a Viſit.

The ſecond Inſtance of my Spouſe's Good-nature, was, that though he had no leſs than thirteen Hens, he, knowing I liked a new-laid Egg for my Supper, watched the

the Hen-rooſt cloſe, and every Egg was in a Baſket ſent to the Widow *W—rr—n*, covered with a Damaſk Napkin, of which ſhe got no leſs than eighteen given to me by Brigadier *Meade*: At length, one Evening, when my Huſband was abroad, my Brother and Siſter came to viſit me; when the Clock ſtruck Ten, I concluded Mr. *P——n* would not come home to Supper, and I had the Impudence to eat two Eggs; they were ſcarce down when he came in, my Brother had ſent for a Bottle of Wine, and invited his Reverence to drink a Glaſs, but *he ſcorned us and our vile Inſinuations; and as he always kept an exact Reckoning for his Poultry, he very magiſterially ordered his Eggs to be got ready; this was a Thunder-clap to me; however, as it was in vain to attempt to hide my Guilt, I was forced to confeſs the horrid Fact; upon which he ſtood aghaſt, as though he had ſeen Church-yards yawn, and Hell itſelf breathe forth Contagion to the World.

What,

* *Mem.* He ſays, in one of his Letters, that the Nobility ſcorned me, and my vile Inſinuations and Impudence.

What, ſaid he, did you eat my black Hen's Egg? Could not any other ſatisfy your dirty Guts? I wiſh the Devil was in the Egg, and that it had choaked you.

I anſwered, he had preferred his charitable Wiſh too late; and, leſt it ſhould take any Effect, I drank a Glaſs of my Brother's Wine, that I might digeſt all together.

Oh, let the World judge how happy I was! But to return.

Though my *Park* Adventure had diverted the Execution of my ſad Scheme for one Evening, yet, as it had brought me no Relief, I ſtill kept my Purpoſe, and reſolved to fulfil it the next: To this End, I came and ſat in the ſame Place; I made ſeveral Attempts to throw myſelf in, and ſtill, when I came near the Water, the Fear of ſomething after Death puzzled the Will; I examined my Heart ſtrictly, to know what groſs Offence I had ever committed, that it ſhould

Pleaſe Heav'n to try me with Afflictions,
To ſteep me in Poverty up to the very
Lips; *Give*

Give to Captivity me and my utmoſt Hopes.

For, had I ever refuſed my Morſel to the Hungry, or ever filled the Widow's Eyes with Tears, I ſhould not wonder at it. Quite loſt in theſe melancholy Reflections, I was waked as from a Dream, by a very well dreſſed Gentleman, who tapped me on the Shoulder, and ſaid, Lord, can this be Mrs. *Pilkington?* I looked at him earneſtly, and recollecting I had ſeen his Face before, anſwered, it was all the Remains of her that was Mrs. *Pilkington.* May I preſume, Madam, to aſk, on what Intention you are ſitting her? I fancy he perceived by my Looks the Diſorder of my Soul, which, I believe, was ſtrongly pictured there. I begged he would leave me to myſelf—But he inſiſted on my going along with him to the *Royal Vineyard*, which was not far off——it was in vain to refuſe him, he would take no Denial. When we were got about half way, I very ſeriouſly demanded of him, who he was? He anſwered, he was Capt. *Hamilton*, who had once

once the Honour of ſeeing me at my Uncle *Van Lewen*'s in *Cork*, and who ſhould think himſelf very happy, if it was any way in his power to ſerve me. We got a cold Fowl and ſome Ham, of which I eat a little, and took a Glaſs or two of *Champaigne*, and I found it revive me very much. We then fell into Diſcourſe, and I very ſincerely related to him my unhappy Situation, and the Peril his Appearance had delivered me from. My Story affected him ſo much, that it drew Tears from him.

After we had regaled ourſelves, it growing late, we left the *Park*, and he was ſo kind to ſee me to my Lodging; where, putting a conple of Guineas into my Hand, we parted, and he promiſed to ſee me next Morning; but I ſaw him no more.

I am ſure, when Mr. *P*——*n* comes to this part of my Story, he will wiſh the Gentleman had been buried, ſooner than he ſhould do him ſo ill an Office, as that of ſaving my Life; but I, among other things, was born to let the World ſee, what the Inſide of a Prieſt is made of;

Prompt,

Prompt, or to ſtab, or ſaint, to ſave, or damn;
Heav'n's Swiſs, *who fight for any God, or Man!*

Pope.

Take notice, I always except the good and valuable part of the Clergy, whom nobody more highly reſpects and honours than I ſincerely do; for when they poſſeſs, like *Berkley*, every Virtue under Heaven, who can refuſe it?

I once more began to believe myſelf under the Favour and Protection of the Almighty; as his Hand, though to me inviſible, viſibly led me through various Mazes, perplexed with Error; and determined, whatever Sufferings he was pleaſed to inflict, to bear them with Reſignation, and never permit them to triumph over a Chriſtian Faith.

And a ſevere and cruel Trial of my Conſtancy I quickly experienced; there was a young Woman, who lodged in the Garret, whom I not only to the utmoſt of my Power ſupported, as ſhe was my Country-

woman, and in great Diſtreſs, but alſo as ſhe ſaid ſhe was related to the Lord *Powerſcourt*; her Maiden Name, as ſhe told me, was *Craggs*; his Lordſhip may better know whether this was true or falſe, than I can preſume to do; however, I had often made her a Confidante to my Diſtreſs, which ſhe as conſtantly revealed to my inexorable Landlady; who one Day, pretending great Compaſſion, told me what a Snake I harboured in my Boſom, and ſaid, as ſhe had learned from her, that I had ſeveral valuable Things in Pawn, ſhe would releaſe them, and keep them in her own Hands, till ſuch time as I could pay her the Trifle I owed her. I thought this a kind Offer, and with great Acknowledgment accepted of it: Oh! what a Fool was I, to ſuſpect ſuch a *Jew* of any Remorſe? I gave her a Line to the Pawnbroker, empowering her to receive whatever he had of mine, and out of my two Guineas paid her one. She laid out two Guineas, took the Goods into her own Hands, and, e'er ſhe came Home, took out a Writ againſt me, for the Money ſhe had paid for them.

This

This was on a *Friday*; it rained exceſſively all Day, to which I attributed both her ſtaying, and the extreme Lowneſs and Dejection of Spirit I laboured under: I called to Mrs. *Craggs* to bear me Company; but, as ſhe had told my Chriſtian Name to my Landlady, in order to have me properly arreſted, ſhe did not think convenient to come to me.

At length the old Beldam returned, and, in a merry way, aſked me, Did not I think ſhe had run away with my things? I anſwered, no——they were not worth her while. She complained of being very dry; upon which I was weak enough to treat her with ſome Porter.

My Reader will pleaſe to obſerve, I was at this time employed in writing a Tragedy, called, *The Roman Father*, from the Story of *Virginius* and *Virginia*, two Acts of which I had finiſhed; but, as at the ſame time there were two bad Plays wrote on that Subject, I did not think proper to go on with it; it was lying on my Window; and after ſome Chat with the

old Woman, being very much depreſſed in Spirit, I went to Bed.

Early next Morning, to my no ſmall Surprize, entered a Couple of ill-favoured Fellows, the Sight of whom ſtruck Terror to my Soul. I demanded their Buſineſs; one of them anſwered, "Get up, you *Iriſh* "Papiſt Bitch, and come along with us." The other, who had employed himſelf in looking over my Papers, cried, "Ay, "the *Iriſh* Whore, here is ſomething a-"bout ſome *Roman* Father, that's the "Pope, and be damn'd to you, is it?" I was for ſome time quite ſpeechleſs, but, when I recovered Strength enough to ſpeak, I begged of them to leave the Room, till I put on my Clothes; but my Landlady coming in at that inſtant, cried, "You're "damn'd modeſt;—don't quit the Place:" The Fellows, who had more Decency than ſhe, looked out at the Window, while I dreſſed myſelf, in which Time my Agony was inconceivable; they called a Coach, and thruſting me into it, conveyed me to the Houſe of an Officer of Mace at *Charing-croſs*; as I happened to have a Gui-

nea

nea in my Pocket, I called for a Room and a Pint of Wine, and then conſidered, if I had one Friend I could apply to: My dear Mr. *Cibber* was out of Town, as were likewiſe moſt of the Nobility; however, I ſaw young Mr. *Cibber* go by the Window, and ſent to him, but like all the World, when he heard my Condition, he would not come near me. My whole Debt was Forty Shillings; O, what could I do but give my Tears Vent! which was my only Relief; and next Day, after paying twenty Shillings, I was conveyed to the *Marſhalſea* Priſon. I ſat withinſide of the Lodge for ſome Minutes quite ſtupified; till at length a Man came, and aſked me, if I was a Priſoner, which, it ſeems, he did not before know; I told him I was, upon which he brought me into a Room, where a Parcel of Wretches ſeized me, and ſung a long Song about Garniſh, and were going to pull my Clothes off, till a Servant, who had ſeen me before, ſaid, "For God's ſake don't "uſe Dr. *Meade*'s Wife ill:" Upon this a moſt ugly Woman came up, and ſaid, "G—d d——n you, you B—h, do you

" pretend to be Dr. *Meade*'s Wife?——I " am his Wife." I begged to be heard, which was granted; I told her my Name was *Meade*, and my Huſband a Clergyman in *Ireland*. " Oh, that's a different " Caſe, ſaid ſhe, going off." They were kind enough to take my Word for ſome Drink; and a good decent Woman ſaid, ſhe would accept of me for a Chum, as they call it. She brought me into a little dirty Apartment, where, without examining any thing, I in Deſpair threw myſelf down on a Bed I ſaw there, and reſolved never to riſe again. Three Days and Nights paſt, during which Time I never taſted Food of any ſort. At length the Companion of my Miſery preſſed me to take a little Refreſhment, which I was perſuaded do; and ſeeing ſo many People in my own Condition, at length reconciled me to think of making myſelf as eaſy as poſſible; and leave myſelf to the Diſpoſition of Divine Providence. One Morning a Friend came to viſit me, by whom I ſent a Letter to Dr. *M——de*, telling him my Diſtreſs, and, among other Things, theſe Lines:

CAN

CAN, alas! the plaintive Pray'r,
Dictated by Grief ſincere,
Hope to reach a friendly Ear:
Will thy kind and bounteous Heart
Sympathize while I impart
Such Affliction, as before
Never hapleſs Woman bore.

I made no doubt but I ſhould be relieved, and waited impatiently for the Anſwer, which was as follows:

To Mrs. MEADE *in the* Marſhalſea.

Ormond-ſtreet, October 16, 1742.

MADAM,

I Have ſo many Applications for Charity, that it is impoſſible for me to relieve all; thoſe from your Country alone are very numerous: The Family of the *Meades* there are very rich, and ſhould take care of their needy Branches; I have, for the laſt Time, ſent you a Guinea.

I am,

Your humble Servant,

R. M.

I kept the Original of this by me, with a Reſolution, when I ſhould theſe unlucky Deeds relate, not to omit it. This was ſoon gone, I had many to ſatisfy: I then wrote to *Henry Furneſe*, Eſq; who in a polite manner ſent me a Guinea, which doubled the Obligation;

For, oh! believe me, 'tis a dreadful Task,
To generous Minds, to be compell'd to ask;
More dreadful ſtill to have a Suit deny'd,
Or take a niggard Alms, giv'n with Contempt and Pride.

I was by this ſupported till my dear Mr. *Cibber* came to Town, who was no ſooner acquainted with my Misfortune, than he ſent me a Guinea all changed into Six-pences, leſt it ſhould tempt ſome one to pick my Pocket; this was an Inſtance of ſingular Humanity; but he has often ſaid, when he did good to People in Diſtreſs, it was only to eaſe his own Mind, which would otherwiſe have been on the Rack: Oh, Heavens! what innate Goodneſs muſt dwell in that Breaſt?

Seeing

Seeing the Woman, that accuſed me for being the Doctor's Wife, lying dead drunk in the Puddle, I aſked my Companion, who ſhe was? Madam, I'll tell you, ſaid ſhe: She was a Servant to Dr. *M—de*, who had a Child by her, and ſupported her in his Houſe for ſome time; at length they parted, and he was to allow her five Guineas a Week: But the Doctor marrying his preſent Lady, began to be remiſs in his Payments, which enraged Madam to ſuch a Degree, that, forgetting Decency, ſhe went to his Houſe, and, in Preſence of all his Servants, abuſed and expoſed him to the utmoſt of her power.

Upon this the Doctor ſtepped into his Chariot, and ordered it to drive to her Lodging, where finding ſhe was indebted to her Landlord, one Mr. *Bradſt——t*, famous for being a Spy for the D—— of *C———*, he deſired him to arreſt, and put her in Jail. This artful Fellow alledged, it would be very expenſive; but the Doctor having Charity-money enough to ſupply ſuch Exigencies, ſaid, he valued not the Expence, ſo ſhe was ſecured. Upon

this the poor Wretch was arreſted, and thrown into Jail; and from time to time *Bradſt——t* got three hundred Pounds of the Doctor for keeping her there; till at length the Doctor growing weary of the Expence, conſented to her Releaſement; but ſhe had ſo entirely devoted herſelf to drinking, that ſhe died a few Days after ſhe obtained her Liberty.

And ſo let this be booked among other of his good Works, ſuch as combing the Ladies Heads, *&c. &c.*

I think it is a great Pity that every charitably diſpoſed Perſon is not his own Almoner, ſince it is a thouſand to one, whether that which was intended to help the Diſtreſt and Innocent, is not applied to the Service of LUXURY and VICE! I am ſure, to my own Knowledge, in ſeveral Inſtances it has been ſo by the D-ct-r, who has many Affairs of the ſame Nature on his Hands; and, to quote his favourite Mr. *Pope*,

Now, in ſuch Exigencies, not to need,
Upon my Word, you muſt be rich indeed,

A noble Superfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Whores
and Knaves!

I remember, twenty Years ago, to have heard Dr. *Delany* ſay from the Pulpit, it was a glorious thing for a Man to be his own EXECUTOR: I dare ſay, he never preached but what he practiſed; and, except that eternal Treaſure, which he has wiſely laid up in ſtore, where neither Moth nor Ruſt can corrupt, nor Thieves break thro' and ſteal: Whenever he comes to pay his Mortal Debt———which Hour be far away!———all he will have left on this ſide of a bleſſed and glorious Immortality, will be a Shower of Orphans and of Widows Tears, to bedew the conſecrated Earth, where his honoured Remains ſhall reſt in Peace, till ſummoned to partake of that Bliſs, prepared by the Almighty before all Worlds, for Souls like his.

As I have frequently obſerved to my Readers, that I was glad to run away from ſuch a diſagreeable Theme as my Misfortunes, I hope for their Pardon, though I

am obliged to return to them again, and give them an Account even of ſo diſmal a Place as a Jail.

Our Head-Turnkey happened to have been a Servant to Alderman *Barber*; and, like *Joſeph*, I found Favour in the Sight of my Keeper, as he had ſeen me in better Days.

For, Certes, *I had look'd on better Days,*
And had with holy Bell been knoll'd to Church,
And ſat at good Men's Feaſts, and wip'd the Eye
Of Drops, which ſacred Pity had engender'd.

This Man took great Compaſſion on me, and as on every *Friday*, which is Court-day, the Priſoners are all locked up in their reſpective Apartments, leſt, when the Gates are thrown open for the Admiſſion of the Judge and Lawyers, any of them ſhould make their Eſcape: I was always indulged in the Liberty of hearing the Trials, which, as a Court of Judicature was a Scene

Scene I had never before beheld, greatly amuſed me.

And, indeed, I quickly perceived Sir *Richard Steele* was not miſtaken. when he ſaid the firſt, ſecond, and third Excellence of a Lawyer was Tautology.

Yet this was but a tranſitory Relaxation, once in a Week; the Horror of my Condition returned with double Violence the Moment I heard the Key turn for my Confinement.

If Mr. *P——n* ſhould alledge, that I have been ſevere on him in my Writings; let him but conſider, the Extremity that he drove a worthy Gentleman's Daughter to, nurtured in Eaſe and Plenty: and if he does not acquit me, I am ſure the reſt of the World will.

We had a ſort of a Chappel belonging to the Jail, where Dr. *Friend*, a Clergyman, Brother to Dr. *Friend* the Phyſician, obliged us with Divine Service every *Sunday*: This Gentleman was himſelf a Priſoner in the *King's-Bench*, and, after all the Grandeur he had once lived in, was now ſo low reduced, as even to be beholden

to

to ſuch an unfortunate Creature as I for Sixpence; which, unfortunate as I was, I could not refuſe to ſo fine an Orator, a Gentleman! and, by all Accounts, only undone by boundleſs Generoſity and Hoſpitality.

The firſt Day I heard him preach I was charmed with his Elocution, but the reſt of the Congregation, mad and drunk, bade him hold his Tongue; ——he indeed, like *Orpheus*, played to Wolves and Bears; nor were they half ſo obliging to him, as the Storms were to *Arion*; neither could he, though uttering dulcet and harmonious Sounds, make the rude Crowd grow civil with his Song.

This fine Gentleman I often invited to my lonely Manſion ——he was not a little ſurpriſed to hear my mournful Story; ——and indeed it ſomewhat alleviated my Sorrow to find ſuch a Companion:—— Poor Gentleman! Death has releaſed him; I am ſure I ſhould have done it, had the Almighty given me a Power equal to my Inclination to ſerve him.

How-

However I may praiſe God that I was, under him, the happy Inſtrument of Good to Numbers of my wretched Fellow-creatures, ſince by one pathetic Memorial I wrote for them, the ſorrowful Sighing of the Priſoners reached the Hearts of the Legiſlative Powers, and obtained an Act of Grace for them.

But as it was now near *Chriſtmas*, and the Act was not to take Place till the *June* following, I uſed my utmoſt Endeavours to procure my own Liberty; for, oh! what anxious Moments muſt have paſſed between that dreadful Interval of Time? On a ſecond Application to Mr. *Cibber*, he uſed all his Power with the Great for me, and, as he had been uſed to move their Paſſions, did it effectually on my Behalf, inſomuch than no leſs than ſixteen Dukes contributed a Guinea a-piece towards my Enlargement.

When I read over theſe Words, *Diſcharge from your Cuſtody the Body of*, &c. as I was by nine Weeks Confinement, Sickneſs, and Faſting, rendered quite weak, the joyful Surpriſe made me faint away ſeveral Times, and indeed, my kind Benefactor had

had like to have fruſtrated his own generous Deſign of preſerving me.

However, after all Debts, Extortions, and Dues were paid, I had juſt thirteen Shillings left, with which Sum I was once more permitted to breathe the open Air—and go where I pleaſed.

As ſoon as I got as far as *London-Bridge*, I found my Head turn quite giddy, and my Legs fail me, inſomuch that I went into a Jeweller's Shop, who perceiving my weak Condition, permitted me to ſit down in it; I begged of him to let ſome of his Servants call a Coach for me, which he civilly complied with; when I was got into it, I was at a Loſs where to bid the Coachman drive me; till at laſt recollecting, that all my Writings, All, the little all! which might make my future Fortune, were in the Poſſeſſion of Mrs. *Trifoli*, the Woman who had caſt me into Miſery unſpeakable, which, not to teize my Readers, I have ſlightly paſſed over: for what Entertainment can it poſſibly give to the curious, learned, or polite Reader to hear from me what every

Perſon, who has ever been in a Jail, can relate as well as I.

Well, I was carried to her Houſe, where, as I told her, I did not know where to lodge that Night; ſhe kindly accepted of me for a Bedfellow, but a very bad one I found, for ſhe, as my Spirits were quite fatigued, no ſooner found I was faſt aſleep, but ſhe picked my Pocket.

When I awoke in the Morning, ſhe asked me to give her ſome Tea, on which taking up my Pocket to give her Money to go for it, I found I had none; when I complained of this Uſage, ſhe told me ſhe was too charitable to permit me to ſleep with her, and now this was her Reward; ſo ſhe inſiſted on my turning out of her Doors, and truly I knew not where to

———*Inform my unacquainted Feet*
Thro' the blind Mazes of a tangled World;

So I went dirty, as I came out of Jail, to Mr. *Cibber*; for I ought before to have obſerved, that this Wretch not only ſecured my Perſon, but my Clothes alſo, inſomuch that I had not a Shift to change me, till,

out

out of what Charity was ſent me, I bought a ſecond one in the Jail.

However, he received me with as much Regard and Kindneſs, as though I had been ever ſo well dreſt; but he charged me not to give him Thanks for any Thing he had done to ſerve me, but to praiſe God, who, as he ſaid, had given me Merit; "For, Child, ſaid he, were you "ſtupid, inſenſible, or wicked, I ſhould "never have had the ſmalleſt Compaſſion "for you."

He asked me what I now intended to do? I aſſured him I did not know; for that I neither had a Lodging, nor, what was yet worſe, a Shilling to get one; "Well, ſaid he, I have a little Money in "Store for you; I told your melancholy "Story to the Duke of *Richmond*, and "he gave me Five Guineas for you; there "they are."

This was a Lottery Prize to one in my unhappy Situation; I could not, though prohibited, forbear the warmeſt Expreſſions of Gratitude, both to his Grace and Mr. *Cibber*; to the Duke I wrote a Letter

of

of Acknowledgment, and provided myſelf with a Lodging in *Weſtminſter*, and, as it was on *Chriſtmas* Eve I obtained my Liberty, on *New-Year*'s Day I publiſhed in the *Gazette* the following Lines:

To COLLEY CIBBER, *Eſq*;

LOST in a Priſon's joyleſs Gloom,
Chearleſs and dreary as the Tomb,
Where on the Bed of Care I lay,
And wept the lonely Hours away:
When ev'ry Hope and Wiſh was fled,
But to be number'd with the Dead,
You, like a Meſſenger of Grace,
Spoke my deſpairing Soul to Peace;
Wip'd off the Tear from Sorrow's Eye,
Bid Bars, and Bolts, ſtrong warded, fly;
Bounty, the Angel-Men revere
Wrought Miracles of Mercy there.
Say, ſhall thoſe Deeds forgotten die,
Or, loſt in cold Oblivion lie?
May Heav'n no longer guard that Breath
You reſcu'd from untimely Death,
Than Gratitude attunes my Lays
In ſweeteſt Notes to hymn your Praiſe;

Nor

Nor can the Song offend the Ear,
Thus offer'd from a Soul ſincere.

Enlarg'd, once more, with Joy I view
The circling Sun his Courſe renew.
May He, whoſe Wiſdom guides the Spheres,
Proportion Bleſſings to thy Years;
To Thee, may roſy-boſom'd Spring,
Pleaſure, and Health, and Plenty bring,
Till Time, with gentle Steps, convey
Thy Soul to Realms of endleſs Day,
Where Cherubims for Thee, with Care,
Unenvy'd deathleſs Wreaths prepare.
Thoſe modeſt Virtues You conceal,
Shall Heav'n-born Charity reveal;
And mortal Goodneſs, to improve,
Unite You can immortal Love.

Oh, let your Gaiety excuſe,
My ſerious melancholy Muſe!
This World appears a Dream to me,
Afflictions teach Philoſophy;
And thus, alone, a Chriſtian Heart,
It's grateful Raptures can impart.

My dear old Friend was pleaſed with my Senſe of his Goodneſs to me; only he told me,

me, my Lines were more proper to be addreſſed to an Archbiſhop than to him, who had nothing to boaſt of more than a little common Humanity.

Well, being now free,——and with five Guineas in my Pocket, in flowing Circumſtances, I began to conſider, in what Manner I ſhould improve them; ſo I wrote to his Grace of *M———h*, who, like Lord *Kingsborough*, knows not how to give one Guinea by way of Relief, he immediately ſent me Ten, ſealed up in a very genteel Letter, with his beſt Wiſhes and Compliments to me: who was now ſo rich as I?

But, as *Shakeſpear* obſerves,

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Height, is proſperous;
But, ſlighted, the Reſidue of their Lives
Is bound in Shallows and in Miſery.

So I juſt then heard a Clergyman was in *England*, who was a near and intimate Friend of my Father's; him I addreſſed, and was ordered to go to Mr. *Richardſon*,

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a Printer, in *Saliſbury-court*, for an Anſwer to my Letter.

As I had never formed any great Idea of a * Printer, by thoſe I had ſeen in *Ireland*, I was very negligent of my Dreſs, any more than making myſelf clean; but was extremely ſurpriſed, when I was directed to a Houſe of a very grand outward Appearance, and had it been a Palace, the beneficent Maſter deſerved it.

I met a very civil Reception from him; and he not only made me breakfaſt, but alſo dine with him, and his agreeable Wife and Children. After Dinner he called me into his Study, and ſhewed me an Order he had received to pay me twelve Guineas, which he immediately took out of his Eſcrutore, and put it into my Hand; but when I went to tell them over, I found I had fourteen, and ſuppoſing the Gentleman had made a Miſtake, I was for returning two of them; but he, with

* *Mem.* Not our preſent Set of Printers, who are many of them Gentlemen, and Perſons in good Circumſtances, prticularly my own.

with a Sweetneſs and Modeſty almoſt peculiar to himſelf, ſaid, he hoped I would not take it ill, that he had preſumed to add a Trifle to the Bounty of my Friend.

I really was confounded, till, recollecting that I had read *Pamela*, and been told it was written by one Mr. *Richardſon*, I aſked him, whether he was not the Author of it? He ſaid, he was the Editor: I told him, my Surprize was now over, as I found he had only given to the incomparable *Pamela* the Virtues of his own worthy Heart.

When he reads theſe Lines, as read them I am certain he will, even for the Writer's ſake, let him reflect, that, at leaſt, his Bread was not ſcattered on the Water; but that though I have no other Way of ſhewing my Gratitude for his boundleſs and repeated Acts of Humanity to me, and my Children, but Words, mere Words; yet, if every Word of mine could charm down Bleſſings on him,

Then never ſhou'd Misfortune croſs his Foot;

But Peace ſhou'd be within his Walls and Plenty,
Health, and Happineſs his conſtant Attendants.

And now, that I might, if poſſible, avoid the Miſery of extreme Want, I reſolved to turn my Stock into Trade; and, after long Conſideration, thought nothing would ſuit my Inclination ſo well as a Pamphlet-Shop, nor no Place was ſo proper for my Purpoſe as *St. James's-Street*, where I ſhould be in the Center of my noble Benefactors; to this end, I walked through it, and finding one to be let, which anſwered my Purpoſe, I directly agreed to give the Landlord twenty-one Pounds a Year, for a Shop, Parlour, and Kitchen; but the Landlord inſiſted upon my paying a Quarter's Rent before-hand, which, though a little hard upon me, as I not only had the Shop to ſtock, but Furniture of all Kinds to buy, I complied with.

So,

So, Reader, here was a new Scene, and I, for the firſt of my Family, took my Place behind a Counter.

Having met with a very great Bargain of Prints, which were ſold under Diſtreſs, and having ſome Knowledge in that Way, I reſolved alſo to deal in them; ſo, having decorated out my Windows with them to the beſt Advantage, early on *Monday* Morning I entered on my new Employ.

The firſt Perſon who entered was Lord *P—ſt—n*, dreſs'd *à la mode de Paris*, with long ſloped double Ruffles, ſuch as the Ladies wear; he took down the Print of *Shakeſpear*'s Monument, and, though it was marked Price Eighteen-pence, he bade me a Groat for it, which, as it had coſt me a Shilling, I could by no means take; ſo he went away very much diſpleaſed, and truly, I began to be out of Conceit with my Occupation.

As my dear Mr. *Cibber* had made me a preſent of fifty of his laſt Anſwer to Mr. *Pope*, I ſat down to read it, and found it ſo full of Spirit and Humour, that juſt as it had thrown me into a hearty Fit of

Laughter, a Clergyman entered, who aſked me, what I had got new? I told him *my preſent Situation*: He looked earneſtly on me, and ſaid, he was very ſure of that; "But, Madam, ſaid he, all are not born "to be happy in this World, however "they may merit it, which plainly demon- "ſtrates a future State, where Rewards "and Puniſhments will be impartially diſ- "tributed; but why ſhould I tell this to "Mrs. *Pilkington*, who may better in- "ſtruct her Teacher?"

I begged of the Gentleman to inform me, where I had had the Honour of ſeeing him? He told me, he was Son to Colonel *Stuart*, who lived next Door to my Father, before I was married, and when he himſelf was in the College: I then recollected, that he uſed every Day to ſend me ſome poetical Praiſe, and as I never before had an Opportunity of thanking him for his elegant Compliments, I took it now.

As he was deſirous of giving me Hanſel, as they call it, I recommended Mr. *Cibber*'s Letter to him, as a Cure for the Spleen, a Diſtemper moſt ſtudious and learned Perſons

ſons are apt to fall into; he took the Ghoſt's Word for the Excellence of the Performance, and gave me a Guinea; I was going to give him Change, but he would not accept of it; ſo, promiſing to be a conſtant Cuſtomer for whatever I ſold, and wiſhing me all Succeſs, he departed. *Mem.* The Clergyman infinitely more generous than the Peer.

As my Obligations to Mr. *Cibber* were ever preſent to my Mind, I wrote to him the following kind of Paraphraſe on an Ode of *Horace:*

To Mr. CIBBER.

Donarem pateras. Hor.

DID Fortune wait upon my Hand,
Cou'd I her various Giſts command,
Her nobleſt Offering wou'd I give
To Him, whoſe Bounty bade me live,
A golden Goblet, richly chas'd,
Cloſe by a mantling Vine embrac'd,
Whoſe Fruitage round the Brim ſhould ſhine,
And ſeem to yield the ſparkling Wine,

Or radiant Gems, of Value rare,
Shou'd ſpeak my Gratitude ſincere,
For thy far nobler Gift to me,
Ineſtimable LIBERTY!

Tho' Poets boaſt a fair Eſtate,
They ſeldom deal in Gems, or Plate;
For yet in all *Parnaſſus* Mold,
There ne'er appear'd one Vein of Gold.
We toil, and labour all our Days
For a few Sprigs of barren Bays;
They, Thunder-proof, its Rage defy,
Yet, touch'd by Envy, blaſted die.

Yet Verſe can conſecrate a Name,
And worthy Deeds conſign to Fame;
Oh! cou'd I raiſe a Song ſublime,
Triumphant over Fate and Time,
Thy Virtue in the Lays divine
Should with immortal Luſtre ſhine:
Let others place phantaſtic Joys
In orient Trinkets, ſplendid Toys!
While your exalted Soul refin'd,
Like Heav'n, accepts the GRATEFUL MIND.

I ſent theſe Lines to my dear Gentleman, who preſently came to me, as I was once more in his Neighbourhood,——and in his chearful way, ſaid, "Faith, Child, you "have praiſed me ſo, that, I think, it is "the leaſt I can do to make you eat for "a Fortnight;"——ſo he gave me three Guineas.

As my Mind was now a little at Peace, I began to think of my dear Children, whom nothing but my Incapacity of doing them Service, and a Suppoſition that their Father took proper Care of them, could ever divert my Thoughts from, even a Moment; ſo ſtrong is maternal Love, at leaſt, if every Mother loves like me: For, really, and I hope it is a pardonable Frailty, my very Life is treaſured in him, whom I may properly ſtile my only Child, and were he to die I ſhould not long ſurvive him.

I know not of what impenetrable Stuff his Father's Heart was made of, that could let ſuch a Son, not only want the Advantages of Education, which had it not been

in his Power to pay for it, it was in his own Power to beſtow on him, ſo far as inſtructing him in the Knowledge of *Latin* and *Greek*, which *Cato* would not permit his Son to be indebted to a Slave for;—— and yet *Cato* was, at leaſt, as good, and a much greater Man than the Parſon; ſurely this he might have done:—— No; on the contrary, he choſe to expoſe him, at Nine Years of Age, to every Calamity in Life; and that he did not turn Thief or Pickpocket, was due to God's reſtraining Grace, and providential Care of him.

And here, I muſt, in Vindication of my Child, declare, he never was undutiful or diſreſpectful to me, as his Father has falſly and cruelly reported; he is, like all Perſons of his Age, ſo full of Mirth and overflowing Spirits, that, I am certain, the Dulneſs his Father brings, as an Excuſe for taking him from School, never was his Fault;

For he is——

All my Mirth, my Exerciſe, my Matter,
He makes my July's *Days ſhort as* December,
And, with his varying Playfulneſs, kills in me
Thoughts which would thick my Blood.

Though, I am ſure, only that he has too much Reſpect for his Father, to throw any Reflection on him; yet he might properly ſay,

He let me feed with his Hinds, debar'd me of a Place in his Love, and, as much as was in him, mined my Gentility by baſe Education.

And I may ſay, with Truth, the Boy is gentle, though

Never ſchool'd, learn'd; full of noble Device,
And of all Sorts enchantingly belov'd.
Shakeſpear, As you like it.

But to return. I wrote to *Ireland* to my eldeſt Son, who, either through Fear of his Father's Anger, or an ill-natur'd Spirit derived from him, did not think me worth an Anſwer; however, he ſhewed the Letter to his Siſter, who, in her low Stile, ſent me an affectionate Letter. Before it reached me, I heard Mr. *Ar—e* was come to *London*, and having been told my Child was bound Apprentice to him, I did not doubt but I ſhould find him with him, ſo I went to wait on him; he received me very politely, and told me, my Son had left him, and was gone to *Scotland:* When I demanded, how they came to part? He ſaid, he had pawned ſome of his Muſic Books, and that he had complained to his Father of him, who aſked what they might be worth? It is to be preſumed that they were valued to the utmoſt they coſt; upon which Mr. *P———n*, ever tender, ſaid he was glad to hear that the Theft, as he termed it, amounted to Death, intreating Mr. *Ar—e* to proſecute the Child, for ſuch he then was, and declaring that nothing in the World would give him greater

Satis-

faction than to hear that the Dog was hang'd.

Mr. *Ar—e* ſaid, Mr. *P———n*'s Inhumanity quite ſhocked him, —— ſo he corrected the Boy very ſeverely, upon which he ran away from him; that he had ſince received a Letter from him, which he ſhewed to me, and from thence I got a Direction where to write to him. I was, as may be ſuppoſed, infinitely diſturbed at this Account of my Son; I wrote to him that very Night, and informed him of what Mr. *A—e* had ſaid; I begged of him to come to me, and that as his Maſter had highly commended his muſical Talents, I hoped, by Mr. *Cibber*'s Intereſt, to get him engaged at one of the Theatres.

About ten Days after, having juſt paid my Rent, and bought ſome Shop-Goods, on which I had laid out every Penny I was worth; —— as I had ſtuck up on my Shop Window, *Letters written here on any Subject, except the Law, Price Twelvepence; Petitions alſo drawn at the ſame Rate.* Mem. *Ready Money, no Truſt.*

A Man came in, very badly dreſt, with a greaſy Leather Apron before him; he looked over ſome Prints, when the Poſtman brought me a large Pacquet, marked *Edinburgh*; as I had no Money, I was in terrible Confuſion, eſpecially as the Fellow cried, "Come, Miſtreſs, don't keep me "waiting;" I ſaid, I muſt ſend out for Change: Oh, ſaid he, I never go without it; where's your Piece? Upon this, the Leather-apron'd Gentleman, for ſuch he was, drew out a Handful of Gold, and throwing down a Guinea, ſaid, "There, "take your Money;" and what was yet more ſurprizing, he inſiſted on my taking the Change, for he determined, he ſaid, to have me his Debtor.

Upon this I began to have a very different Opinion of my new Cuſtomer than what his firſt Appearance gave me, and therefore civilly entreated his Permiſſion to peruſe my Letter, to which he agreeing, I had not read above ten Lines when I burſt into Tears, ſo the Gentleman inſiſted on my laying it aſide while he ſtayed, telling me,

I muſt ſo far oblige him as to write a Love-Letter for him.

Upon this I invited him into the Parlour, and told him, he muſt make me his Confidant: He ſaid, he had never mentioned Love to the Lady; that, as to her Perſon, ſhe was very agreeable, but that her Mind far ſurpaſſed it: So, having my Inſtructions, I quickly finiſhed my Taſk greatly to his Satisfaction, inſomuch that he proteſted I muſt give him Leave to ſend for a Flaſk of *Champaigne* to raiſe my Spirits, which, indeed, were greatly oppreſſed.

By the time he had drank a Glaſs or two, he began to talk of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Milton*, and all the Poets; ſung an *Italian* Song; and ſoon convinced me, that Dreſs was put on merely to diſguiſe a fine Gentleman, which it was no way in his Power to do; I told him ſo, and aſked him, why he walked in Maſquerade?

He ſmiled at my Queſtion, but aſſured me, he was neither better or worſe than a Houſe-Painter, and that his Name was *Tom Bruſh*.

This put me in Mind of an Adventure I once had in *Ireland*, when one of the fineſt Gentlemen in it came to viſit me in a Grazier's Coat, and told me his Name was *Tom Long*, the Carrier, though he happened to be an *Engliſh* Baronet, with a large Eſtate, and a great Employment.

But I have been a Lady of Adventure, and almoſt every Day of my Life produces ſome new one: I am ſure, I ought to thank my loving Huſband for the Opportunity he has afforded me of ſeeing the World from the Palace to the Priſon; for had he but permitted me to be what Nature certainly intended me for, a harmleſs houſhold Dove, in all human Probability I ſhould have reſted contented with my humble Situation, and, inſtead of uſing a Pen, been employed with a Needle, to work for the little ones we might, by this time, have had.

Now, after all my ſtrange Viciſſitudes of good and evil Fortune, I ſincerely declare, that were I to have my Wiſh, tho' I ſhould not now in the Decline of Life be able to ſtruggle through Misfortunes, as in

it's firſt ſprightly Career; yet as by the Bounty, Compaſſion, and Kindneſs of all my noble, and honoured Benefactors, I have the unſpeakable Happineſs of being ſet above the low Diſtreſſes of Life.

Now pleas'd Remembrance builds Delight on Woe.

Pope's Homer.

I think I am glad that there has been ſuch ſtrong Proof made of my Conſtancy, without which I had ſcarce known how duly to praiſe that eternal Goodneſs, who evermore gave me Strength adequate to the ſevere Afflictions he was pleaſed to try me with. Be then all Praiſe to him, who

From ſeeming Evil, ſtill educes good,
And better ſtill from thence, and better ſtill
To infinite Perfection.

Well, when Mr. *Bruſh* departed, I read my dear Child's Letter, which was as follows:

Edin-

Edinburgh, Sept. 16, 1744.

My dear, dear MOTHER,

NO Tongue can expreſs the Joy which the Receipt of your kind Letter inſpired me with, to find a long loſt Treaſure! for I was ſo poſitively aſſured you were dead, that I can hardly believe my Eyes, when I ſee your dear and well-known Hand, and read your beloved Name, which I have kiſſed a thouſand Times: If it be Deluſion, may I never be undeceived!

You deſire me to give you a particular Account of whatever has befallen me ſince I had the Misfortune of looſing you, my deareſt and only Friend; for I, with all Duty and Gratitude, remember your fond Affection to me: It is to you I am indebted that I can either read or write, or know any part of my Duty either to God or Man; for I do aſſure you my Father neither inſtructed me himſelf, nor (tho' Mr. *Baldrick* whom my Grandfather put me to School to, when the good old Man was dead, would have taught for me nothing) would he

he permit me to go School, becauſe one Day a Boy threw a Stone at me, and I throwing another at him, happened to break a Pane of Glaſs in an Alehouſe Window, for which the People followed me home, and made my Father pay a Groat for it.

Upon this I received a moſt inhuman Correction from him, which was repeated every Morning and Night for ſix Days together; he ſtripped off all my Clothes, though in the Depth of Winter, and locked them up, leaving me without any Covering but my Shirt in the dark Back Kitchen, which, as you may remember, was in the Winter overflowed with Water, charging the Servants not to give me a Morſel of Food; and that I am alive is due to God's Providence, who, I hope, preſerved me to be a Comfort to you.

However the Servants, though they had but a Groat a Day allowed them to live upon, uſed to give me Share of their Bread and Butter-Milk, and, when my Father was abroad, would permit me to warm my Body at the Kitchen Fire; nay, and as my Father ſaid, it was too much Indulgence for

for me to ſleep with his Footman, the poor Fellow uſed to let me lie down in the Day, where I ſpent moſt of my Time, and was neither allowed Pen, Ink, or Book to amuſe me.

I will in ſome time give you a full Hiſtory; but, at preſent, ſhall confine myſelf to Mr. *A—e*'s Affair. I lived with him ſome time before I was bound Apprentice, in which I was uſed very well; but as ſoon as that was done the Scene was changed. Mrs. *A—e*, who was prodigiouſly fond of Gin, uſed to take ſo much of it, that ſhe ſeldom knew what ſhe did, and would often perſuade her Husband to believe well or ill of me, juſt as ſhe was drunk or ſober: It was in one of theſe Fits ſhe was when *Tommy L——e* landed, who is really a worthleſs conceited Fellow; and becauſe he thought I did not ſufficiently admire his fine ſinging, uſed, by way of Fun, to ſet Mrs. *A——e* on to abuſe me and Mr. *A—e*, who is really a good-natured Man. I was diſcharged from fetching Half-quarterns to my Miſtreſs; and there being an old Box in the Garret, in which

Mr.

Mr. *A—e* kept ſome Muſick-Books, ſhe went up to examine it, and ſaid there were ſome of them ſtole: He, who did not know what number of Books there was in it, ſaid, there was none gone; upon which, without the leaſt Ceremony, ſhe ſtruck him in the Face, ſwearing by the great God, if he did not correct me, ſhe would do it herſelf. I, who was not far off, and heard this Diſcourſe, made the beſt of my way out of the Houſe; which Mrs. *A—e* taking as a Proof of Guilt, and a villainous Maid ſhe had joining with her, ſhe ſearched the Houſe, and ſwore ſhe had loſt many things, as Braſs Candleſticks, Bottles, *&c.* all this poor Mr. *A——e* was obliged to agree to for Quietneſs ſake. When I had ſtaid a Day away, I wrote to him, telling him, I was ſurprized at his Suſpicions of me, and that I was willing to return: He came directly with the Meſſenger, and brought me home. I ſtayed there till Night, when Mr. *L——e* coming in, and hearing I was there, called for his Horſewhip, and Mr. *A—e*, his Wife, and *L——e* were beating me for three Hours,

Hours, to make me confeſs what I had done with the Books, ſwearing they would cut me to Death, if I did not own. I was forced one time to ſay that I ſold them; another, that I gave them away, to get a little Reſpite; ſo, when they had made me confeſs to what they pleaſed, I was put to Bed, and locked in, in order to be ſent to *Newgate* next Day.

I ſtayed all Night, never ſlept, and all the next Day did not eat a Morſel. In the Evening they were rehearſing *Comus*, when I ſhot back the Lock of my Priſon, and finding the other Door open, I took off my Shoes, and crept down ſtairs, got to the Street, and run five Streets Length in my Stockings: What Advantage the Maid might make of finding the Door open and me gone I know not, as Mrs. *A——e* ſaid ſhe had loſt ſome of her Jewels, Things the poor Woman never had in her Life; and ſo far I was from a Thought of taking any thing of theirs, that I did not take my Hat, a Shirt, or any thing elſe with me. Now all the Reaſon I can ever deviſe for her uſing me ſo, was, I believe, be-

becauſe I once ſaw her and *L——e* toying on the Bed together. So now, my Dear Mother, as I fear I have taken up too much of your Time already, I ſhall conclude, with aſſuring you

I am,

With the greateſt Tenderneſs,
Reſpect and Duty,

Your affectionate Son,

J. PILKINGTON.

This Account of my poor Child's Sufferings threw me into what they call *An Hiſterick Cholick*, under which I languiſhed many Days; but my Hour was not yet come, nor had my Sorrows reached their Summit. But of that in due place.

But to return to my Seat behind the Counter, where I was tolerably content with my Situation, except for the Concern I felt for my Children, from whom I could ſeldom diſengage my Thoughts, although the ſad Remembrance grieves my Soul.

Soul. I muſt proceed: I went to indulge a pleaſing Fit of Melancholy into *Weſtminſter-Abbey*,

Where breathing Paint, and ſpeaking Marbles ſhew
What Worthies form the hallow'd Mold below.

I wandered through the Cloyſters, reading the Inſcriptions till it grew duſkiſh. I haſtened to the great Gate, but was infinitely ſhocked to find I was locked into the ſolitary Manſions of the Dead: I called aloud to no purpoſe, except to fright myſelf with my own Voice, reverborated through

Long ſounding Iſles, and intermingled Graves.

'Tis ſcarce in the power of Imagination to paint the Horror which poſſeſſed me, eſpecially as, by the Glimpſes of the Moon, the Statues, which had before been Subjects of Amuſement to me, now looked dreadful, when each Mole-hill Ant ſwelled to a huge *Olympus*; I knew not what to do, but,

but, if poſſible, take Sanctuary at the Altar.

I went up to the Iron Wicket, which opens into that part of the Abbey where Divine Service is performed, and to my unſpeakable Happineſs, pulled it open: I thought to ſit down in one of the Pews till Morning, till, recollecting the Church was full of Rats, my Terrors were again renewed, and I had Inclination to go into the Iſles, yet, how ſtrong a Paſſion is Fear? the very Look of them terrified me; till, at length gathering Courage, even from Deſpair, I went to the Communion Table, took off from thence a Carpet, which covered it, and thinking I could no where be ſo ſecure from thoſe Vermin as in the Pulpit, I, with great Difficulty, dragged it up, where finding alſo a Velvet Cuſhion, I ſeated myſelf, and laid the Cuſhion under my Head, wrapping even my Face up with the Carpet.

I endeavoured all in my Power, by the Force of Reaſon and Religion, to conquer the Terrors which ſeized me; I reflected that God was every where, and able to defend

defend me; that he was not ſlow to hear, nor impotent to ſave; and alſo that the Church was peculiarly under his Care, as conſecrated to Acts of Holineſs, and both relying on his Providence, and committing to his Protection, I found my Mind as tranquil and compoſed, as if I had been at home in my Bed, and fell into a deep Sleep: And here, tho' I may be thought whimſical or ſuperſtitious for it, I cannot avoid relating my Dream, produced, no doubt, by the ſame Set of Ideas which had poſſeſſed my waking Thoughts, and ſtill held their place in Sleep.

I imagined myſelf to be exactly where I was, and that ſuddenly the Graves gave up their mighty dead, who walked in martial Array before me; I thought, by ſome ſecret intuitive Knowledge, I became acquainted not only with their Names, but alſo with their Aſpects. Many crowned Heads and ſceptered Hands ſtalked by me in venerable Majeſty: *Henry* V. clad in Armour, drew in a particular manner my Attention, inſomuch that I could not forbear bleſſing him; I thought he ſmiled, and,

and, with a placid Air, returned my Salutation, and ſaid, "I ſhould have been "Great, if, when I had conquered *France*, "I had not married the perfidious Daugh-"ter of it, who at the Age of Thirty-four "poiſoned me. This Crime of hers has "been truly viſited on all our unhappy "Race, who are now quite extinct."

I ſaid, Thanks, Gracious Monarch. He diſappeared, and two Perſons ſtruggling for a Diadem next approached. Death, Deſolation, and Ruin were ſpread around them, till at length, a ſurly-looking Fellow deſtroyed them both, and all their Friends.

I mourned at this ſad Scene, when, lo! a Hero appeared, who held in one Hand red Roſes and white, ſo blended that they looked lovely to the Eye; he ſeemed once or twice to ſmell to them, when inſtantly the Flowers faded and died, while in their Place, appeared a large Bag of Money.

Next came a ſquat, ſquare-faced King, who held in his right-hand four bloody Heads, one of whom I thought I knew to be

be that of *Anna Bullen*, and the other that of the Marquis of *Surrey*.

A ſweetly blooming Youth, whoſe Portrait was juſt at my Back in the Pulpit, appeared and vaniſhed like my Dream, out of which I ſtartled by the Chimes; finding the Bell tolled Four, and knowing the early Service did not begin till Six, I once more endeavoured to compoſe myſelf to Reſt.

I muſt reaſſume my Dream juſt where it broke off, as it really occurred to me. A lovely Lady made her Entrance, holding *Plato* in one Hand, and the Bible in the other; two Men, by Force, put a Crown on her Head, at which ſhe ſeemed terrified, when immediately came a Woman with a Countenance like *Mægara*, attended by a Train of Fellows, with Cords, Axes, and Hatchets, Wheels, and other Implements of Death and Torture, waited on again by Perſons, who, by their holy Veſtments, I hoped would be, at leaſt humane; but, alas! inſtead of comforting the lovely Lady, they forced the above-ſaid Fury, who ſeemed for once inclined to pity her,

her, to permit thoſe ſavage and inhuman Butchers to cut off the loveliest, the moſt learned Head that ever, from the prime Creation, adorned a Woman.

But to the unſpeakable Happineſs of *Great-Britain*, this deteſtable Wretch told me, as I thought, that *Philip* of *Spain* poiſoned her, in Hopes of marrying her Siſter *Elizabeth*, then a Priſoner in the Tower.

I was tired with theſe ſhadowy crowned Heads paſſing by me, like thoſe in *Macbeth*, and wiſhed to ſee the ſweetly inſpired, Laurel-wreathed Poets advance; my Wiſh was immediately gratified, and a merry old Fellow appeared, who was, as it were in Jeſt, laſhing a whole Swarm of Friars:

Piec'd, patch'd, and pye-bal'd, linſey-woolſey Brothers,
Bare-headed, ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.

Pope.

And though the Blows were dealt pretty ſmart, they affected to ſmile at them.

Next appeared a Queen, to whom a Gentleman, with a ſweet but melancholy Countenance, humbly preſented a Volume of inimitable Poetry, as he was the Prince of Poets in his Time: His *Gloriana* received it graciouſly, and putting her Hand in her Pocket gave him a large Bag; I ſuppoſed it had been filled with Gold, but the Poet opening it, found nothing in it but Grains, ſuch as they feed the Hogs with, of which he put a large Handful into his Mouth, and inſtantly dropped down.

The Concern I felt for him awaked me; the Bell tolling for Morning Prayer, and the Sexton miſſing the Carpet, and ſuppoſing the Church had been robbed, was almoſt beſide himſelf, till I called to him, and bade him not be frighted, there was nothing gone; the Man ſtared at me, I begged him to come and help me down, for I found myſelf ſo weak I could ſcarce move.

I then told him by what odd Accident I came there: He ſeemed amazed that I outlived it, and ſwore heartily he would not have been in my Place for all the World.

I begged of him to get ſomebody to call me a Chair; he went himſelf for one, and with great Good-nature, brought from his own Houſe a ſmall Phial, with ſome Cherry-brandy in it, and a Tea-cup in his Pocket; I am ſure I wanted a Cordial, and therefore took a little of it, though not without obliging him to accept of Payment for it.

When I returned Home, my Servant, who had ſat up for me all Night, was amazed to ſee me ſo pale and dirty, for the old Carpet had ſufficiently ſoiled my Apparel; but, leſt ſhe ſhould conceive a bad Opinion of me, I told her where I had been, and went to Bed; I ſlept for two Hours, and awoke extremely ill, notwithſtanding which I cleaned myſelf, and went into my Shop.

A young Gentleman, but very gravely dreſt, was my firſt Cuſtomer; he aſked me the Price of an old Print in the Window, and ſeemed ſurprized at my aſking Half a Crown for it, aſſuring me it was not worth a Groat; I ſaid, I was ſure he was too good a Judge not to know the Value of

any Print taken out of *Montfaucon*'s Antiquities: He ſaid, he wondered why, ſince I knew the Value of the Author, I ſhould be ſo taſteleſs as to cut one of them out of the Work, which in many Places ſerved to illuſtrate it, particularly in the Medals: I aſſured him I had not done it, but had bought them amongſt a Number of others. The Gentleman perceiving I ſpoke very faintly, ſaid, he believed I was not well; I aſſured him I was ſo ill, it was with infinite Difficulty I ſpoke at all; he demanded of me, who was my Phyſician? I ſaid, I had none ſince my dear Father died, who was one of the Faculty: Then, Madam, ſaid he, allow me to have that Honour; ſo feeling my Pulſe, he ordered me to be bled, which greatly relieved my poor Head, which, with the Agitation of Spirit I had ſuffered over Night, aked ready to ſplit. As this Gentleman gave me his Attendance as long as I had the leaſt Complaint, I ſhould, I think, be highly ungrateful not to acknowledge my Obligation to Dr. *Lawſon*.

And

And indeed, I muſt here ſay, I never met with more learned, more generous, or more humane Gentlemen than Phyſicians; yet as no general Rule is without an Exception, Dr. *W—lk—r* refuſed me a Subſcription, altho' every other Phyſician had, on my dear Father's Account, relieved his unhappy Family; but he alledged it would diſoblige Mr. *P———n*; I know not but it might; yet how he came to fear him more than the reſt of the World did, that I know not, but any Excuſe will ſerve a Man to ſave five Shillings; perhaps he could not ſpare them, as it is more than probable, were he fee'd according to his Skill, he might not be worth a ſingle *Marvedi*; and for many Reaſons, he ought not to be ſevere on any Woman's Character, let him amend the Females of his own Family firſt, a Taſk, I fear he will never be able to perform.

I might alſo give the ſame Advice to Dr. *O——ns*, whoſe two Siſters took a ſolitary Walk over *Eſſex-Bridge* every Evening, perhaps to ſay their Prayers.

But to return to *Albion*. I had one Evening been invited abroad, and at my Return, my Servant told me there had been two very fine Gentlemen to viſit me, who would not leave their Names, but ſaid they would come the next Morning. Accordingly they did; one of whom I knew to be Lieutenant *Southwel*, ſince dead, and the other the L—d V——t *D*——*le*; Mr. *Southwel*, who had been many Years acquainted with me, ſeemed rejoiced to ſee me, but my Lord looked on me with the utmoſt Contempt, nay, with ſuch an Air, as I had never before met with from any Gentleman, and cried, "Prithee, come "away, I thought you were to take me "to a Girl of Sixteen;" though, *mem.* he was at that time married to his preſent Lady, who is, by all Accounts, a very great Beauty: I aſſured his Lordſhip I had been once Sixteen, but as it happened ſixteen Years had rolled over ſince that blooming Seaſon, and that, to my great Mortification, I could not arreſt old Father *Time*: Mr. *Southwel* very politely ſaid, I ſhould be always young; but my Lord urging

urging his Departure, he whiſpered me, that he would come and paſs the Evening with me.

He kept his Word, and gave me a long Detail of the Calamities he had ſuffered on Board a Man-of-War, where, becauſe ſome ſaucy Fellow called him a *Baſtard*, and he in Return, broke his Head, the Captain confined him ſixteen Weeks to his Cabin; but learning that he was very ill, he permitted him to come upon Deck; he was ſupported by two Men, weak, cold, and trembling, as he aſſured me, and ready to faint, ſo that he was obliged to ſit down; upon which the Captain demanded how he dare to ſit down in his Preſence, or to wear his Hat? ſo he firſt knocked it off, and then threw it into the Sea.

Theſe Indignities, ſaid he, ſo highly provoked me, that I retired to my Cabin, reſolved, if ever I ſet my foot on Shore, to call the Captain to an Account for them. Accordingly, as ſoon as we were on *Engliſh* Ground, I challenged him, for which Offence I was mulcted eighteen Months pay; ſo here is the Hiſtory of poor *Dick* for you.

I was ſenſibly touched with his Narration, and could not help reflecting how terribly it muſt be to Gentlemen of Family and Education, to bear with Inſults from Wretches ſo far beneath them, as thoſe Marine Commanders frequently are, who are perhaps advanced for being abject, and no ſooner are they advanced, but they become inſolent Tyrants.

And indeed, I believe this is eternally the Caſe; for it is a conſtant Remark, that the worſt Maſters and Miſtreſſes, are thoſe who have been Servants themſelves; they know what Frauds they have committed when in the like Situation, and conſequently pry into ſuch low Affairs, as Perſons of genteel Birth, and generous Education could never think of, and even if they were informed of them, would chuſe to overlook.

Mr. *Southwel* then told me, Lord *D———le* had abuſed me all Day, tho' for what Cauſe I know not; but, with blunt *Ben*, in *Love for Love*, I merrily told my Sea Officer, that as for my Lord's Love or Liking, I valued it not of a Rope's End,

End, and that, mayhap, I liked him as little as he did me.

I almoſt forced him to drink a Pint of Wine with me, and would have alſo forced Half a Guinea on him, but his Spirit would not admit of that.

I was ſo highly provoked at Lord *D———le*'s Inſolence and Pride, ſo little becoming the Character of a Nobleman, that I could not forbear writing ſome Lines on ſo proper a Subject for Satire, which Mr. *Southwel* had ſnatched from me, and directly carried to his Lordſhip.

I went next Morning to wait on Admiral *Anſon*, with a Petition from the Siſter of his Valet de Chambre, who happened to be the firſt Man ſhot in his firſt Sea Engagement, to whom, beſide a Part of the Prize then taken, there was ſeven Years Wages due. I was ſhewn into the Back Parlour of a ſmall Houſe in *Hanover-Square*. It was well adorned with Books in Glaſs Caſes, even from the Ceiling to the Floor; and on this Occaſion, as I had a thouſand Pounds worth of Jewels left with me by Mr. *Fiſher*, whoſe Father kept a

Shop in *Caſtle-ſtreet*, *Dublin*, to diſpoſe off for him, knowing how much Dreſs commands Reſpect, I put a pair of Diamond Ear-rings into my Ears, tied on a Diamond Solitaire, and as for Lace, and every other Appurtenance to ſuit thoſe Ornaments, I had them of my own.

My glittering Appearance, and being in a Chair, ſoon brought the Admiral down in a rich Undreſs, as he ſuppoſed, by the Account delivered of me, I muſt be a Woman of Quality; my Eyes were faſt engaged to the Books when he entered; he begged my Pardon for his *Diſhabille*: I turned, and ſaid, I was glad for once to ſee Learning and Valour ſo happily united.

But no ſooner did he find that I had only a Petition to deliver, but his Countenance changed to the ſevere, and he told me, he believed People thought he had brought Home the Wealth of the *Indies*, whereas he had not a ſingle Shilling to command, no more than the meaneſt Sailor aboard, the Money being all, as he ſaid, paid into the Treaſury, from whence no

Man, without the utmoſt Difficulty, could extract one ſingle Farthing of it; and having the Word of ſo great a Man, I really believed it: A ſad Diſcouragement to all Sailors to venture their Lives, when even their very Admirals are not rewarded!

However, as I told the Admiral the Woman was actually ſtarving, he gave me a Guinea for her.

When I returned Home, I found in my Shop Lord *D———le*, Mr. *Skeffington*, ſince dead, and another Gentleman waiting for me; Lord *D———le* aſked what he had done, to provoke me to write with ſo much Bitterneſs againſt him? Nay, my Lord, what had I done to diſoblige you, or occaſion your beſtowing on me ſuch groſs Abuſe, as Mr. *Southwel* aſſured me you did? My Lord ſaid, upon his Honour it was falſe, and taking me by the Hand, aſſured me he would be a Friend to me, provided I gave him no more of my Pen; but as from that Hour to this, he never did me any kind of Service, I think the Obligation void on my Side, and there-

fore preſent my Readers with the following Sketch of his inimitable Character.

To the Right Honourable the L——d V——t
D———LE.

SATYRIC Muſe! let me prevail
On thee to picture *D———le:*
Fierce, as the ſurly northern Gale,
Is proud, contemptuous *D———le;*
What makes the Artiſt rot in Jail?
Truſting the baſe-born *D———le;*
The Roſe-cheek'd Nymph turns wan, and pale,
Touch'd by infectious *D———le;*
Light Goſſamer would turn the Scale,
Weigh'd 'gainſt the Wit of *D———le;*
Nay, were thy Virtues put to Sale,
A Mite o'er-rates them, *D———le:*
Honour and Equity ſhall fail,
E'er practis'd once by *D———le;*
For Hell may *Charon* hoiſt his Sail
O'er *Styx*, to waft curſt *D———le:*
In ſhort, my Subject now grows ſtale,
I'm tir'd with Rhymes to *D———le;*

So

So were each Fault and Vice combin'd,
That e'er debas'd the human Mind;
To ſum up all the black Detail,
I'd name the Scoundrel *D———le.*

And now, my L——d, as I believe I am the firſt Poet who ever celebrated the illuſtrious Name of *St. L——dg——r*, which Name, by your ſuppoſed noble, and right-well remembered Father's Account, you are as much intitled to, as I am to that of *Plantagenet*, I hope you will, according to your true Nobility, give me a handſome Reward for this extraordinary Panegyric!

And here I cannot avoid relating, that I believe, the true Cauſe of his L—d—p's Averſion to me, was this: A little Time after I was ſeparated from my Huſband, as it was quite the Mode to attack me, he employed one of his infernal Agents to inform me, he ſhould be glad to drink a Diſh of Tea with me; I told the Wretch I did not know his L—d—p, and therefore hoped he would excuſe me.

But

But the *Harridan*, being reſolved not to loſe her Reward, told my L——d I would meet him ſomewhere, indeed I do not know the Place, and introduced to him a great, luſty, maſculine Woman, dreſſed in a Calimanco Cap and Cloak, or long Riding-hood. I believe his L—d—p wondered that ſuch a Creature had made any Noiſe in the World; ſo telling her, he was ſorry he had given her the Trouble of coming there, he gave her a Guinea, and haſtily departed.

A few Nights after this, *W—rſd—le* had *The Cure for a Scold*, altered from *Shakeſpear's Taming of a Shrew*, into a Ballad Opera, by Mr. *P———n*, played for his own Benefit; I wrote a flaming Prologue to it, in Honour of my fair Countrywomen, and *W—rſd—le* inſiſted on my going to ſee it, aſſuring me, he would have a Lettice ſecured entirely for me, or any Friends I ſhould pleaſe to bring, and would himſelf take care of placing me, and alſo guarding me ſafe out, for really I was very much afraid of receiving ſome Inſult.

On theſe Promiſes I ventured to go; when behold! the Lettice was full; but that was no Matter, the Ladies, though my intimate Friends, quickly decamped, and Mrs. *Dub——g*, the Fidler's Wife, declared ſhe had like to faint at the Sight of the *odious Creature!* the Rev. Mr. *Gr—n* alſo took to his Heels, ſo I had indeed the whole Lettice for me and my Company, which were two young Miſſes, Daughters to my Landlady.

My *Gorgon* Face, inſtead of turning my Enemies into Stone, clapped Wings to their Feet, and made them fly down Stairs, like ſo many feathered *Mercuries*, Parſon and all, tho' he was bulky, and tipſy, and dull, and ſo forth; tho' indeed, thoſe Qualities might make him deſcend with the greater Velocity, and give him a natural Alacrity in ſinking.

However, by their precipitant Flight, I got the front Row.

When the Play began, I forgot to keep up my Fan, and two Gentlemen of Diſtinction in the Pit bowed to me; preſently after the Orange Girl came up, and

ſaid

ſaid a Gentleman deſired I would accept of half a Dozen Oranges; I aſked who it was? and ſhe ſhewed me a Perſon dreſſed in Scarlet, trimmed with Black; as I did not know him, I told her it was a Miſtake, and a young Girl, who followed her in, ſaid, that was L—d *D———le*, and that the Compliment was intended for her; but the Orange Girl, calling her very familiarly by her Name, which was *Nancy Raymond*, ſwore to the contrary; for, ſaid ſhe, you know how you uſed my L—d. They talked to one another in the vulgar Tongue, being exceedingly well known to each other, having both followed the ſame Occupation of Orange and Oyſter Selling, and both came up Stairs into the World.

To compoſe the Animoſity, I bought ſome Fruit, and though I really paid for it, I doubt not but his L——d——p did alſo.

When the Play was over, to which I moſt heartily repented that I went, *W—rſd—le* came to put me into a Chair, ſaid he would ſup with me, and kept his Word.

I related to him the Play-Houſe Adventure, and asked him what kind of a Man L—d *D———le* was? He told me, he was both a very looſe, and a very ungenerous Man, Qualities which no way recommended him to me; ſo being honoured with a ſecond Meſſage from him, I, with an abſolute, *Sir, not I*, diſmiſſed me back the cloudy Meſſenger.

But to return:

The next Day a moſt ugly, ſquinting, mean looking Fellow, whoſe good Clothes made his Awkwardneſs but the more conſpicuous, came in to buy ſome Prints; his Mind was portrayed in his Countenance, where Impudence and Ignorance ſeemed to vie for Pre-eminence; however, he ſpoke to me with great Civility, and perceiving, by his Accent, that he was an *Hibernian*, I aſked him, how long he had been in *London?* Curioſity lead me into a great deal of Chat with him, and as he knew every great Family in *Ireland*, their Servants at leaſt, he was able to give me a good deal of Intelligence: I then enquired, whether Buſineſs or Pleaſure had brought him

him to *London*? He ſaid, both; and pulling out his Pocket-Book, told me, he would ſurprize me; I cannot ſay indeed, but he did; for he ſhewed me Dr. *Swift*'s Head, engraven in Vellum, not in ſize much larger than a ſmall Locket, ſuch as they wear in Rings, yet ſo extremely like the Original, that there was no Occaſion to write the Name under it: Several more Pieces of the ſame curious Work he ſhewed to me, and ſaid, he hoped to make his Fortune by them in *London*.

I told him, I was afraid he would be diſappointed, as Painting and Statuary were the Taſte of the *Engliſh* Nobility; beſide, this is Work more ſuited to a Woman than a Man; if I could do it, it might turn to Account to me. Upon which, of his own Accord, he begged I would paſs his Works for mine, and that he would give me a third part of the Profit ariſing from the Sale of them: he gave me to underſtand he very well knew who I was, and that our united Intereſt might be ſerviceable to each other, an Offer I did not reject.

As

As he had many fine Mantlings cut, he could very quickly inſert the Arms, ſo I deſired he would finiſh one for General *Ch——h—l*; he obeyed me, and I waited on the old Gentleman with it, and a few complimentary Lines, which I have now forgot. I ſent in my Preſents, and the General deſired I might be ſhewn in: He was in a very magnificent Drawing-room, adorned with Stucco Work, the oppoſite Door opened into a Garden, full blown;——the General was ſeated on a rich Sopha, at a Table adorned with Dreſſing-plate. He deſired I might ſit down on a Sopha, oppoſite to him, and ordered his Servant to remove the Table; there were ſeveral Vaſes filled with Flowers, ſweetly ſmelling round the Chamber; and, for my part, I rather imagined I was in ſome *Aſian* Palace, than a Houſe in *Groſvenor-ſtreet*.

He thanked me for my Preſent, "But, "Madam, ſaid he, it is to me quite uſe- "leſs, as all my Houſe is Stucco Work; "however, if you'll be ſo kind as to come "up ſtairs with me, we may perhaps find

"ſome

" ſome Place, where a Nail may be driven " without Injury."

As the old Gentleman doubted I might poſſibly miſtake his Meaning, he was going to explain himſelf; upon which I took up the Picture, and in very great Confuſion made the beſt Speed out of his Houſe.

I had not walked above twenty Yards, when one of the General's Footmen overtook me, who told me, his Maſter was afraid I might fall in a Fever, if I walked in the Heat of ſo warm a Day, and therefore deſired I would accept of a Guinea to pay my Chair; I took it, and returned my Compliments.

As there was ſomething humorous in the General's Behaviour, I addreſſed him the next Day in the following Lines:

To the Hon. Gen. CH——H——L.

FIVE Weeks, Great *Ch*——*ll*, to my Coſt,
Cutting your Coat of my Arms I loſt;
I por'd my Eyes, I ſoil'd my Rayment,
Not doubting of a gen'rous Payment:
When,

When, well I wot, your whole Deſign
Was bent to quarter your's with mine.

Curſe on your plaguy Stucco Work;
Sure 'twas invented hy ſome *Turk*,
To bid to Chriſtian Art Defiance,
And overturn each beaut'ous Science;
No Nail, forſooth, their *Paſte* muſt enter,
Would one were ſtuck in the Inventor!

But will a Chief of *Marlborough*'s Strain,
The Off'ring of the Muſe diſdain,
Or give her Reaſon to complain?

Should I be ſeiz'd by Bailiff's Setter,
What muſt I ſay? that you're my Debtor;
Why, if they threat me with a Jail,
I'll ſurely ſend to you for Bail.

The Muſe and Hero ne'er ſhould quarrel,
Our Bays thrives beſt beneath your Laurel:
Your Province is to ſhine in Fight,
But our's your noble Acts to write.
Achilles' Deeds had loſt their Glory,
'Till famous made by *Homer*'s Story:

Nor

Nor can You eternize your Name,
'Till we conſign your Praiſe to Fame.
Want damps the Poets genial Fire,
Bounty can Thoughts ſublime inſpire;
So, cruſted o'er with Flint and Clay,
The Di'mond ſcarce emits a Ray,
'Till diſencumber'd of the Mold,
Poliſh'd with Art, and ſet in Gold,
Reſplendent Glory it diſplays,
And rivals *Phœbus'* Noontide Blaze.

I never received any Anſwer to theſe Lines, but in a very ſhort time after I heard the General was Dead.

I gave the young Man both his Coat of Arms and the Guinea; ſo we reſolved next to addreſs the Earl of *Stair*, then Veldt Marſhal.

It is a very great Loſs to me, that by the Ignorance of my Daughter half of my Writings were burned, for ſhe never ſcrupled, if even the Fire was bad, to take a whole Bundle of them to enliven it; but whether this may be any Loſs to the World I muſt leave to their Judgment.

I can recollect but very few Lines of the Poem to his Excellency, which were as follows:

To his Excellency the Earl of STAIR.

Arma Virumque cano. Virg. Æn.

IN *Rome*, when all was Happineſs and Eaſe,
In the full Splendor of voluptuous Days,
Their Chiefs neglected ſought the ſilent Shade,
Till loudly ſummon'd to their Country's Aid.
For when tempeſtuous Ills aſſault a Realm,
They call their ableſt Pilot to the Helm;
To guard their Freedom, to preſerve their Fame;
So God-like *Stair*, ſo *Cincinnatus* came!
Alike illuſtrious in their Country's Cauſe,
Guardians of dying Liberty and Laws.
Accept, my Lord, this Off'ring, nor refuſe
The varied Labours of an artleſs Muſe:
No Herald can add Luſtre to thy Birth,
No Poet juſtly praiſe thy noble Worth;

Yet

Yet let the fair Attempt Acceptance find,
And my weak Sex plead to thy gen'rous Mind;
What Wonders then may I hereafter do?
At once protected, and inſpir'd by You!

A very fine young Gentleman undertook to deliver my Preſent to the Earl, and a Servant ſhewed me into a Parlour. In a few Minutes the Gentleman returned, and ſaid my Lord deſired to ſee me; ſo he handed me up into a full Levee of Stars, and different coloured Ribbons. As I had never before been in ſo auguſt an Aſſembly, I was ready to die with Shame, eſpecially as there was not one of my own Sex to keep me in Countenance. My Lord in a moſt polite manner thanked me for the Honour, as he termed it, I had done him; and the Noblemen, after his Example, ſeemed to contend who ſhould praiſe me moſt; to which I could make no other Return than Courteſies and Bluſhes.

At length, the Earl of *Stair* ſaid there was a Defect in the placing the Swords, which go through the Veldt Marſhal's Arms, which

which he would willingly have altered; and brought me out a Print of the Noblemen's Arms, who held the ſame Dignity in *France*, as a Pattern; I told his Lordſhip I could eaſily alter it: "Pray then do, Madam, "returned he, for I admire your Work ſo "much, that I would willingly have it "quite compleat." Accordingly, it was finiſhed, and the next Morning I waited on his Excellency with it, when, to my great Surprize, I had no Admiſſion to him, but a Footman brought down five Guineas to me.

I was not a little ſurprized at this ſudden Alteration in his Lordſhip's Mind. But what had the Fool, who did the Work, done? truly told Major *Elliotſon*, that I made a Hand of his Performances; he told my Lord, —— who vexed at being impoſed upon, ſent me the Trifle above-mentioned, which was not, by any means, a Payment for the Labour and Curioſity of the Work, and what, from a Perſon of his Station, I ſhould not have thought an extraordinary Reward even for the Lines.

So, finding the Folly of the Man, I would not undertake to diſpoſe of any more cut Vellum, but left him to make his moſt of it.

I ſhould never have thought this Fellow worth ſpeaking of, only that my Huſband has ſaid he was my Gallant, not that I owe any Reverence or Honour to him, or regard what he can ſay, any more than the idle Wind, but that I would not have ſuch an Imputation laid on my Underſtanding, to ſay I made Choice of a low-born, ugly, illiterate Scoundrel. No, no; Mr. *P*——*n* may reſt aſſured, that if I would have done him the Honour to exalt his Horn like that of an Unicorn, it ſhould, at leaſt, have been to me a *Cornu-Copia*.

But, alas! poor I, have been for many Years a *Noun Subſtantive*, obliged to ſtand alone, which, praiſe to the eternal Goodneſs! I have done, notwithſtanding the various Efforts of my Enemies to deſtroy me, many of whom I have lived to triumph over, though they encompaſſed me on every Side, like ſo many Bulls of *Baſan*: and though they ſhould now kick up their Heels,

Heels, like ſo many wild Aſſes in the Valley of *Geohron*; though the Dunces ſhould make Songs of me, and though

Envy ſhou'd my faireſt Deeds belie,

I think it would not afflict me, but that I ſhould be able to convince them I had, at leaſt, Patience, Hope, and Charity, ſufficient to make them aſhamed of the Injuries they have been weak and wicked enough to offer.

Becauſe I would now fairly challenge my moſt malicious Foes to anſwer from the Tribunal of their own Conſcience, what Provocation I ever gave them to uſe me ill?

Whom have I defrauded or belyed? Nay, indeed, of whom have I ſpoke half the Evil which it was in my Power to do? There are few Characters immaculate, and had I an Inclination to retaliate Injuries, I am, I believe, able enough to do it.

And ſometimes one has ſo ſtrong an Inclination to it, that it is hard to reſiſt, eſpecially when a Lady of Quality, (that is

by Marriage, for her Grandfather was a Smith at *G———n*, and kept the Sign of the Horſeſhoe there, as I have frequently heard the late Lord *Montgarret* relate) could, becauſe I preſumed to beg ſhe would do me the Honour of being a Subſcriber to me, a Privilege I thought a long Acquaintance might have entitled me to take, order my Maid to be kicked; and as I am really aſhamed to uſe her Ladyſhip's Words on the Occaſion, being much too indecent for a Repetition, methinks ſhe might have ſpared them, eſpecially to one who knew her too!

When ſhe was a Maid, if ſhe e'er was a Maid;
When afraid of a Man, if ſhe e'er was afraid.

Heaven knows poor * * * * * * * had but the Leavings of half the Town; but he botched up a broken Reputation with Matrimony, an admirable Salve!

As

As ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, my Life could be nothing but a continued Series of ——, I am aſhamed to ſpeak the Word; —— I dare ſay had it been ſo, ſhe would have purchaſed my Book ſooner than the Bible, to indulge her private Meditations, eſpecially if I had the wicked Art of painting up Vice in attractive Colours, as too many of our Female Writers have done, to the Deſtruction of Thouſands, amongſt whom Mrs. *Manly* and Mrs. *Haywood* deſerve the foremoſt Rank.

But what extraordinary Paſſions theſe Ladies may have experienced, I know not; far be ſuch Knowledge from a modeſt Woman: Indeed Mrs. *Haywood* ſeems to have dropped her former luſcious Stile, and, for Variety, preſents us with the inſipid: Her *Female Spectators* are a Collection of trite Stories, delivered to us in ſtale and worn-out Phraſes: bleſs'd Revolution!

Yet, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' Offence,
To tire the Patience, than miſlead the Senſe.

And here give me Leave to obſerve, that amongſt the Ladies who have taken up the Pen, I never met with but two who deſerved the Name of a *Writer*; the firſt is Madam *Dacier*, whoſe Learning Mr. *Pope*, while he is indebted to her for all the Notes on *Homer*, endeavours to depreciate; the ſecond is Mrs. *Catherine Philips*, the matchleſs *Orinda*, celebrated by Mr. *Cowly*, Lord *Orrery*, and all the Men of Genius who lived in her Time.

I think this incomparable Lady was one of the firſt Refiners of the *Engliſh* Numbers; Mr. *Cowly*'s, though full of Wit, have ſomewhat harſh and uncouth in them, while her Sentiments are great and virtuous; her Diction natural, eaſy, flowing, and harmonious.

Love ſhe wrote upon with Warmth, but then it was ſuch as Angels might ſhare in without injuring their original Purity. Her Elegy on her Huſband's Daughter, is a Proof of the Excellency and Tenderneſs of her own Heart, rarely met with in a Step-mother; nor could I ever read it without Tears, a Proof it was wrote from her Heart.

And dear *Orinda!* gentle Shade! ſweet Poet! Honour of thy Sex! Oh, if thou haſt Power to do it, inſpire me! for ſure Thou art in the happy Bowers of Bliſs, praiſing that eternal Goodneſs, who, to the Loſs of this World, took Thee early away to adorn the Holieſt of Holies, where in Songs of Love, not ill-eſſay'd below, great Saint Thou continueſt to celebrate thy Maker.

Oh pour thy Spirit o'er my Lays,
Cæleſtial Melody inſpire!
Sweet as the Royal Pſalmiſt's Lyre,
That I with Thee may hymn his Praiſe.

I cannot, except my own Country-woman, Mrs. *Grierſon*, find out another female Writer, whoſe Works are worth reading; ſhe indeed had a happy and well-improved Genius. I remember ſhe wrote a very fine Poem on Biſhop *Berkley's Bermudian* Scheme; the Plan of it was this: She ſuppoſes that the Night before St. *Paul* ſuffered, an Angel appeared to comfort him with the future Proſpect of the Church,

and the Growth of Chriſtianity; the Angel informs him that in ſuch a Year there ſhall be born in the Weſtern Iſland a great Apoſtle, who ſhall be known by this Token:

'Tis he from Words firſt rids Philoſophy,
And lays the dull material Syſtem by,
Affrights the daring Libertine to find
Naught round him, but the pure, all-holy Mind;
The bluſhing Sinner from his Covert draws
Of Matters various Forms, and Motions Laws,
His only Fortreſs from the Atheiſt takes,
And his atomic World at once unmakes.

I am ſorry that I cannot recollect any more of this Poem, or that the Prophecy contained in it of the Biſhop's converting the *Indians* was, by the Avarice of ſome in Power, fruſtrated; for ſurely he was well fitted for that holy Miſſion, having Learning and Innocence in Perfection. Nor do I at all doubt that had this true Embaſſador

of

of *Chriſt* been enabled to purſue the ſacred Purpoſe of his Soul, but the Power of working Miracles would have been added to his other heavenly Gifts.

I have been accuſed of writing bitterly againſt the Clergy; I never did, but when they forgot their own High Calling; one B——— in particular, ſays, "that I "*Alexander* the Copper-ſmith have done "him much Wrong, in talking about "Pence, and Farthings, and ſuch ſmall "Coin, whereas he has within theſe two "and twenty Years, given me the Sum "total of ſixteen Pounds *Iriſh*, in hard "Gold, out of which, had I been induſ-"trious, I might have made a comfortable "Livelihood:" But I am afraid, had he been in my Caſe, he would have ſtarved. Happy for him his Father was born before him, and *Happy is the Son whoſe Father is gone to the Devil*, is an old Proverb. But indeed, now my L——, I take it a little unkindly, that you ſhould declare in public, that you had me, as well as my Maid, *ſur la Tapis*; methinks, tho' you are a Conjurer, you need not be a

Blab: Oh, fy! is it thus you return my generous Paſſion? for, by your own Account, you did not pay me well; why *Juggy Mackſhane*, the Chairman's Wife, had a better Price from you, and you made her Son a Parſon, while you quarrelled with mine for having his Button-holes worked in the beſt Taſte, and told him, he muſt be very wicked to be guilty of ſuch Extravagance: Were not you a little cenſorious, think you? Why you, tho' in the Vauward of your Youth, have yet a ſtrong Daſh of the Cox——b, and might excuſe it in a Boy. Well, but as theſe ſaid ſixteen Pounds are ſo inſiſted on, I acknowledge to have received them, and ſhould have thanked you, but that you ſent me Word, in *London*, you did not know who I was, and that it was very impudent in me to apply to you for Charity; but leſt you ſhould again forget me, I am willing to be your ſweet Remembrancer: And, oh! by our chaſte Love, I conjure you to make my Huſband a Dean; ſure this you ought to do, when you ſay you made him a Cuckhold; beſides, you know it was in

that

that ſweet Hope I yielded up my Heart; then be a gentle Mediator between us, plead for me as you did for the fair * Quaker; tho' Hiſtorians relate, that your Lady would have been as well pleaſed, had you been leſs aſſiduous in that Affair.

And now, I confeſs, I am a little ſpiteful, but it is only Jealouſy; ſend me an hundred Pounds to cure the Anguiſh your Infidelity has given me, and I will try to conquer my hopeleſs ill-ſtar'd Paſſion!

Your L———'s Poetry in my Praiſe I never can forget; and as it would be a Loſs to the World, if any Part of ſo juſtly an admired Author's Works ſhould be buried in Oblivion; take, oh World! the following Lines:

I ſcorn to drag about a Flame
For any She, that thinks my Love a
Blame,
I'll take a Reſolution to be free,
Without Return, I ſcorn to burn,
And oh! I will be free.

* Mrs. *Pilkington.*

Your ſecond Poem is, I confeſs, a little obſcure, yet, no doubt, may have much Meaning in it:

Oh thou,
Jow Jow, Bow Wough!

And indeed, I remember another R—— R—— Author, who entertained ſome very polite Company with the following Epitaph, written as he aſſured us, by himſelf, it is very laconic:

Here lies Major Brady, *and St.* Comeen,
Sure ſuch a Saint, and ſuch a Major never were ſeen.

If the curious Reader cannot digeſt this Heaven-born Verſe, why let him be graminiverous, and chew the Cud.

But pray, my L——, do not you think it was a little ill-judged of you, to attack my Character at the Expence of your own? and to deſcribe yourſelf as ſuch a Cormorant in Love, that you muſt have two Females at once; why, *Turk Gregory* never did ſuch Feats in Arms;

Oh

Oh rav'nous Hell Kite!
Wou'dſt thou have Maid, and Miſtreſs
*At one fell * Swop?*

Truth is, I am afraid this is apocryphal, and will win no Credit, eſpecially as it was after your Expedition to the South of *France*, when you were ill of the ———, *&c. &c. &c.*

But prithee now, for I think I am entitled to talk a little familiarly to you; do not boaſt of Abilities, either of Mind or Body, which you never had; no Perſon living will believe you, any more than they would me, if I ſhould tell them I had been a great Beauty, when they could ſee no Remains of it.

But you are, as the good Man ſaid of *Nero*, a very Wag!

Hang it, why ſhould you and I go to Logger-heads? Order your Equipage to drive here to-morrow Morning, and let us buſs, as we uſed to do, and be Friends.

Otherwiſe, I have two or three Pieces of

* This Word admits of various Readings, ſome call it *Swoop*, ſome *Souſe*, ſome *Swop*, which latter I chuſe.

of the ſame Stuff, of which I have given you Samples at your Service.

Lord, 'tis a ſtrange Thing that all B—— will needs be Authors! now would they avoid manifeſting their Dulneſs, we the illiterate might conclude they were Men of profound Erudition, and that on that Account, they were advanced to their high Stations: but the Devil owes ſome of them a Shame, and is, when they do his Work, an excellent Paymaſter; yet it is ſtrange, this ſame Dulneſs is not confined to them, it deſcends to their Sons, witneſs our celebrated Comedy, *The Suſpicious Husband*, which, but for it's neither having one Character well drawn, any Plot, any thing like a Sentiment, and wrote too in a gallimawfry Stile, might be a good Performance; but as long as it is ſtamped with a Name, it paſſes current, tho' Sterling No-Senſe.

But, my L—d B——, tho' I have digreſſed from you, yet ſee my Love! I return again: Ah, it was well I did not, even from Scripture, pick up an unſavory Simile; I am much offended that you ſhould

ſay, when I was laſt at Shrift with your Holineſs, that we had no better Accommodation for our Feaſt of Love, but a Carpet, whereas I inſiſt on it, that the Penance you enjoyned me, was as eaſy as a Down-bed could make it; ſo here I invalidate your Evidence in one Point, and the reſt of your Accuſation naturally falls to the Ground.

But being now tired at laughing at you, I'll tell you an *Arabian* Tale. There was a really generous Man, who built a fine Pavilion, to which were an Hundred Openings; as the Poor had free acceſs to it, they were relieved by him at every Opening and Avenue; they bleſſed his Goodneſs, and his Fame flew far.

There was in his Neighbourhood the Son of an old Miſer, who was left immenſely rich; he was of a ſordid Temper, yet emulous of Praiſe, ſo he built ſuch another Pavilion, and in like Manner diſtributed Alms; it ſo fortuned, that one old Man attacked him ſeven times in the ſame Morning at ſeven of the Entrances, he met him again at the eighth, and aſked

for

for an Alms, at this he loſt all Patience, and cried, "Did not I ſeven times re-"lieve you?" "Ah, quoth the poor "Man, Lord bleſs my Lord *Aboulcaſem*, "I have walked three hundred times "round his Pavilion, been three hundred "times relieved, and yet I am certain he "does not know my Face.

So, to apply the Story, God bleſs my dear loved Lord *Kingsborough*, who gives Hundreds without blowing a Trumpet before his good Deeds, or defaming the Characters of thoſe whom his Bounty bleſſes.

I have often been ſurprized at one of our C——s, which, to ſhew my Charity, I will inſert.

O Lord, who alone workeſt great Marvels! ſend down upon our B—— and C—— the healthful Spirit of thy Grace.

Marvellous would it be indeed, if they had either *Health*, *Spirit*, or *Grace*; no Doubt but the learned Compilers of the Liturgy had their own Reaſons for this ſupernatural Invocation; but why nothing leſs than a Miracle

Miracle ſhould bleſs theſe, any more than any other Order of Men, I leave to ſome future Commentators, and hope they will oblige us with Annotations on this extraordinary Ejaculation.

I would not incur the Cenſure of the Cl—— ſo far as to give a Hint that they are not *ſound:* No, no, many of them are; but then it is ſo ſound as things that are hollow, Impiety hath made a Feaſt of them, and now that their Bones are marrowleſs, their Blood is cold, and Speculation dwells not in their Eyes; they hate us Youth. Gorbellied K——, Bacon fed! ah, would we had the ſhaking of their Bags! I knew one of them, who, without the leaſt Study, wrote the following two elegant and learned Lines:

Yon ſlanting Mountains glow with blue Marine,
And yon cornuted Moons two Horns give ſhine.

I know the Gentlemen had too much Modeſty and Diffidence of their own ſuperior Talents

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Talents to give their Works to the Preſs; but I hope, as they are charitable, they won't be diſpleaſed, as they are above making Money of their Performances, that I ſhould, ſince they, though but little, ſerve to ſwell my Volume, and, no doubt, will edify my Readers. I think I have nothing to boaſt of as a Writer, but a great Memory, for if I could not have retained *Shakeſpear*, *Milton*, &c. and the great Authors I have laſt mentioned, to give a Taſte of their Wit, when I was myſelf at a Loſs, I do not know how I could ever have compaſſed three Volumes of Memoirs.

Indeed if I had printed all the Poetry that has been ſent me for that purpoſe, ſince I came to this Kingdom, it would have proved as odd a Medley, as any thing ever yet exhibited to publick View. I ſuppoſe every one who fancied they had Wit, had a mind to ſee how it would look in Print, but I muſt beg to be excuſed. Though the learned Mr. *Timothy Ticklepitcher* preſſed very hard for a Place, it would be a ſtrong Proof of my Vanity, to inſert his anti-ſublime Compliments to me.

An-

Another poetical Gentleman wrote me a long Letter in a Text Hand, which put me into a Palpitation of the Heart, as I was about that time threatened, (for certain ſcandalous Truths I have been guilty of relating) with ſome Law; and truly I hate that as much as Sir *John Falſtaff* did Security: When I, in plain *Engliſh*, ſet down undeniable Facts, they menace me with Law, I would as lieve they would ſtop my Mouth with Ratsbane: But I find I am like Sir *John*, not only witty myſelf, but am alſo the Occaſion that Wit is in others; there is not an Halfpenny Paper can peep its Head out, but preſently my Name muſt be dragged in by Head and Shoulders to grace it. But to the Letter: Having recovered my Spirits, I read it over; and found a great many Compliments, with a Promiſe, that the profound Author would wait on me at Four o'Clock. I never thought of it till the time appointed, when

The punctual Devil kept his Word.

I own I ſuppoſed he came to ſee if he could

Convey out of my Box of Hints by a Trick,
Sincerely believing he dealt with Old Nick.

And I always ſuſpect Falſhood to lurk under a full Peruke. He juſt came in with a huge fat Man, as fat as Butter, with him, but would not ſtay, for which Reaſon I will not print his fond Letter, ſo I think I am even with him. If I were any way given to be proud, I think I have a great deal of Reaſon to be ſo, ſince I cannot go any where, as I am not very well known, but I hear ſome Piece of my own Hiſtory, quite new. I am ſeen in this Place and t'other Place, and ſay ſomething mighty witty to be ſure!

I do not wonder that Perſons of Fortune and Diſtinction of this Kingdom go to *England* to ſpend their Time and Eſtates; ſince here, be you as chaſte as Ice, or pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny, eſpecially among your half-bred, half-witted Gentry, but

Let my unhappy Tale be falſely told
By the raſh Young, or the ill-natur'd Old;
Let ev'ry Tongue it's various Cenſures
chuſe,
Abſolve with Coldneſs, or with Spite ac-
cuſe,
Fair Truth, at laſt, her radiant Beams
ſhall raiſe,
And, Malice vanquiſh'd, heighten'd Vir-
tue's PRIOR *Praiſe.*

In *London* almoſt every one, in the middling State of Life, has ſome Employment or Diverſion to kill their Time; and here it is the reverſe, we are all Gentry, wherefore the Females have no Amuſement but that of SLANDER.

Where

Rufa, *with her Comb of Lead,*
Whiſpers that Sappho's *Hair is red.*

I ſhould be very glad, e'er they look for the Mote in my Eye, they would be pleaſed to pull the Beam out of their own. I could mention Numbers of theſe Scandal-mongers,

gers, who have ſaid, "Oh Lord! may be "ſhe'll put us down in her *Memorials*!" But go on, incorrigible Dunces, too contemptible for my Notice: All I ſhall beg of the *Men* is, never to believe any thing that is ſaid of me by a *Woman*, as it is more than Four to One it is a Lye.———But as the great *Milton*'s Genius could even deſcend to Hell, ſo I think I muſt mention one Mrs. *Ir—d—ll*, who hearing I got Money for my Work, a thing ſhe could never do, exclaimed bitterly againſt me, nay, even kept her Bed for a Week on Account of it, and wrote two or three very ſtupid Papers againſt me; and though ſhe could not ſhew her Wit, at leaſt ſhewed Envy, Malice, and all Uncharitableneſs.

I know a very ingenious Gentleman, who, whenever he ſees a Parcel of Females ſeated at their Tea, names the Chamber *Pandæmonium*; and Dr. *Young*, in one of his Satires, ſays,

Tea! how I tremble at the dreadful Stream!
As Lethe *fatal to the Love of Fame*;

What

What Devaſtations on thy Banks are ſeen,
What Shades of mighty Names that once
have been?

And I really cannot remember ever to have ſeen a Set of Ladies tippling this Liquor but Scandal ſtrait enſued; ay, even amongſt our new Teachers, commonly called *Moravians*, amongſt whom I had, in *London*, the Misfortune to live, and whom, though they took themſelves to be inſpired, I really always believed to be under the Deluſion of *Satan*.

One of the holy Siſters once told me the Devil inſpired *Milton*: ay, and me into the Bargain: Truly ſhe did his infernal Majeſty the greateſt Honour he ever yet received, and I could not avoid thinking her either very ignorant or very wicked; but I comforted myſelf with hoping that the former was her Fault, and that ſhe did not know how heinous a Sin ſhe committed, when ſhe robbed the Maker of his Glory, and attributed his beſt Gifts and Graces to the common Enemy of Man. I think

think I might juſtly apply to theſe Sectaries Mr. *Pope*'s Lines:

'Tis your's a Bacon, *and a* Locke *to blame,*
A Newton's *Genius, and a Seraph's Flame;*
But, oh! with One, Immortal One diſpenſe
The Source of Newton's *Light, and* Bacon's *Senſe!*
Content each Emanation of his Fires,
That beams on Earth; each Science he inſpires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, is giv'n for you to hate:
Go on, by all divine in Man, unaw'd,
But learn, ye Dunces, not to mock your God.

I believe theſe Wretches would be very proud of being perſecuted; but our Governors, of the ſame Mind with the witty and gallant Emperor *Julian*, vulgarly called the *Apoſtate*, will neither hinder them to aſſemble, nor preach, any more than

than he did the *Galileans*, unleſs they preach Sedition, and then they come under the Penalty of the Law.

Poor *Julian!* the Chriſtians murdered him, for not permitting them to murder each other. St. *Gregory* the Younger, preaching old St. *Gregory*'s Funeral Sermon, forty Years after the Death of *Julian*, when one would have thought Reſentment might be alſo dead, (if he had any Cauſe for it) has theſe remarkable Words: "And "now, ſays he, here lies my Uncle dead, "who delivered you from the Perſecution "of that old Bull-burning Tyrant *Julian*: "Now, who had a greater Hand in his "Death than my Uncle? For once, when "he and his Captain of the Archers came "in to hear Maſs, had he not ſuddenly "gone away, my Uncle would have "kicked him." The Tranſlator ſays, he had more Difficulty with this Paſſage than all the reſt of the Work; for he would fain have had the Kicking intended for the Captain of the Archers, not being able to conceive, that the Emperor of the World

ſhould be afraid that an old Prieſt ſhould kick him.

But the old Prieſt propheſied that ſuch a Day this Apoſtate ſhould die, and truly he took eſpecial Care that his Prophecy ſhould be fulfilled, by hiring one of the Emperor's own Soldiers to put him to Death.

I could ſay ſomething more; why ſhould I not; nay, out it muſt: I believe, if my favourite Apoſtle St. *Paul* had not behaved himſelf with more good Manners than our modern *New Lighters*, he would not have *almoſt* perſuaded his Auditors to be Chriſtians; how noble is his Anſwer on the Occaſion?

But he was as remarkably a fine Gentleman, as he was a Saint, a Martyr, and a Chriſtian; like Dr. *Delany*, whoſe preaching goes even to the dividing of the Blood and Spirit. And let me here, dear Sir, beg you will fulfil a Promiſe you gave me many Years ago, that you would attend my laſt Moments; if I ſend to you, will you refuſe to chear a dying Sinner with Hope of Peace and Pardon; for the Doctrine of Damnation is now ſo univerſally receiv-

ved, that Half the World are caſt into Deſpair.

Theſe poor Enthuſiaſts uſed, in *London*, to ſteal every thing they could lay their Hands on from me, inſomuch that at laſt they ſtole my one Pair of Shoes; and yet they brought Scripture Authority for Theft, for they ſaid the Children of *Iſrael borrowed Jewels of Gold and Silver* of the *Egyptians*, which they ran away with, *and they ſpoiled the* Egyptians. I remember I once mentioned this Paſſage to Dr. *Delany*, who underſtanding *Hebrew* perfectly, turned over to it to there, where it is very differently related: For the *Egyptians* finding ſo many Plagues brought on them, and particularly the Leproſy, with which theſe People were all infected, ordered them to depart, but they declared they would not go, unleſs their Hire was paid to them, and alſo ſo many Changes of Apparel, and Jewels of Gold, given to ſupport them in their Pilgrimage; how they behaved themſelves in the Wilderneſs, is ſo well ſet forth in the *Old Teſtament*, that it would puzzle a wiſer Head than mine to know how they

became the peculiar Favourites of an impartial and unprejudiced Deity.

Indeed it were to be wiſhed, that either this learned and excellent Divine, or ſome other of equal Abilities, if ſuch may be found, would oblige the World with a new Tranſlation of the *Old Teſtament*, ſince, as we now have it, it ſeems filled with Incongruities, Indecencies, and ſhocking Abſurdities, ſuch as the Holy Spirit could never have dictated, *whoſe Body is Light, and whoſe Shadow Truth.*

I beg pardon for this rambling Digreſſion, and hope the Divines will not cenſure me for it, as I only preſume to give them Hints, which their ſuperior Knowledge may improve upon,

And juſtify the Ways of God to Man.

For I intend not this Addreſs to the ignorant Part of the Clergy, who would many of them be more fit to till the Earth, than plant or water the Goſpel, but to the learned, juſt, and pious, that they may remove Scruples from weak Minds, *raiſe up thoſe*

that

that are fallen, and finally, beat down Satan under our Feet, which God of his infinite Mercy enable them to do, through the Merits and Mediation of our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*.

But once more to return to my Shop. One Afternoon two young Gentlemen came into it, one of whom aſked me for ſome Tea; I told him, I did not ſell any, but that there was a Coffee-Houſe next Door, where he might be ſupplied: He aſked me, would not I give a Diſh of Tea to a Friend, and Relation? I ſaid, yes, with Pleaſure: Why then, ſaid he, this Gentleman is Dean *Meade*'s Son, of *Cork*, and my Name is *Bl—nd—n*; as his Father was married to Brigadier *Meade's* Widow, I gave them an Invitation into the Parlour, and ordered ſome Tea to be got ready. I was really very glad to ſee any Perſon from *Ireland*, particularly thoſe I was allied to, nor could I conceive that they came in that manner only to inſult a Woman, who never offended either of them; indeed, as for the Dean's Son, I muſt acquit him, for he did not affront me, but I took it ill he ſhould bring with him a Fellow he knew deſigned it.

There was nothing groſs, indecent, abuſive, or unmannerly, which this Wretch did not, without the leaſt Provocation, ſay to me, till, at length, though I am not really of a paſſionate Diſpoſition, I loſt all Patience, and thinking myſelf very much his Betters, I aſked him, whether his Father continued to ſell Butter-milk to the Poor at a Penny a Quart, with his own Hand, in a hard Seaſon, when every other Perſon gave their's away.

Upon this he very politely threatened to kick me, but as he was then at a great Diſtance from his own Dunghill, and I am ſure I give *Caſtle-Bl—nd—n* its proper Title when I ſtile it one, I was not in the leaſt intimidated, and only bade him go ſhew his Slaves how choleric he was, and

Make his Bondmen tremble.

And here excuſe me, Sir, if I give your Picture to the World. When you make Love, if any but the leaden-darted *Cupid* ever touched your unworthy, groveling, baſe Heart, your Argument is that of a High-

Highwayman's, you bring a loaden Piſtol, clap it to the Fair-one's Boſom, and ſay, "De-"liver your Treaſure, or you are dead."

Could not you have taken your ancient Father, the old Stick-picker's Advice, and have coaxed the Girl, and have given her a Cherry-coloured Top-knot? but you

Were like the haughty, hot-brain'd Spaniard,
Inſtead of Love, you brought a Poignard.

And filthy as your rotten Leg, and more corrupted Soul, muſt have been every thing you could produce; for thou art the Quinteſſence of Filth, and I am weary of writing, when every thing baſe, every thing low, every thing inſolent is the Theme, and all compriſed in pretty Maſter *Jacky Bl—nd—n.*

As I have mentioned an Attempt to write a Play, which

——— *Is a bold Pretence*
To Learning, Genius, Wit, and Eloquence.

I preſent my Readers with an Act of it, and would, with great Pleaſure, finiſh it, but that I am certain our preſent Manager would never permit it to be played, merely becauſe it was mine; for ſince his Prejudice againſt me, though how I incurred his Diſpleaſure I know not, carried him him ſo far as to ſay a Prologue I wrote for the King's Birth-Night was Blaſphemy, I don't know but he may be ingenious enough to prove the Play to be High-Treaſon; but leſt my Readers ſhould believe me capable of writing any thing like it, I preſent them with the Lines.

PROLOGUE.

WHILE foreign Climes are rent with dire Alarms,
The Shout of Battle and the Clang of Arms,
Britannia, happy in her Monarch's Care,
Enjoys at once the Fruits of Peace, and War;

And

And while her Thunders o'er the Ocean roll,
And ſpread her riſing Fame from Pole to Pole,
Sees her victorious Fleets the Sea command,
And Plenty, Wealth, and Pleaſure, bleſs the Land:
Fair Science joyful, lifts her laurell'd Head,
The Muſes, in the Groves delighted tread;
Or, near the Azure Fount, or haunted Spring,
Their great INSPIRER and PROTECTOR ſing;
The Woods, the Vales reſound AUGUSTUS' Name,
His glorious Actions, and immortal Fame
Shou'd Heav'n th' inimitable *Shakeſpear* raiſe
To breathe Hiſtoric Truth in tuneful Lays,
How wou'd the Poet in ſublimer Strains
With GEORGE's Virtue elevate his Scenes?
Tranſmit his Wiſdom to the future Age,
The nobleſt Theme that e'er adorn'd a Stage!

Not the Great Ruler of the genial Year,
Whoſe radiant Beams the whole Creation chear,
Inſpires ſuch Joy, ſuch Rapture, ſuch Delight,
As ſwells each Boſom at their Monarch's Sight.
Oh, may our Loyalty this Bliſs deſerve,
And Heav'n the Hero to our Hopes preſerve!

I believe none, but ſuch a Conjurer as Mr. *Sherridan*, would have found out Blaſphemy in theſe Lines, and I am ſorry he did not ſay they were as flat Burglary too as ever was committed; but he is a Judge, a Gentleman: his Father was an Author, ay, and a Parſon! and for the ſignal Favours he has beſtowed on me, I return him theſe my Acknowledgments!

However, at all Hazards, I'll venture to ſtand the Teſt of publiſhing the Following, becauſe Mr. *Cibber* approved it.

THE

THE
ROMAN FATHER, a Tragedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN. Appius Claudius,
Clodius,
Virginius,
Iccilius.
Officers, Servants, Attendants, &c.

WOMEN. Virginia.
Nurſe.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Diſcovers Appius Claudius, *and* Clodius.

App. THUS far has Force maintain'd what Cunning won,
And haughty *Rome*, who with indignant Rage,
Spurn'd off the regal Yoke, now lowly bows
Beneath my ſtronger Sway!
While under Covert of chuſing from the *Grecian* Laws the beſt;

To guard her Freedom, and preſerve her Power,
I hold Laws, Offices, and all ſuſpended;
And in their Place, I ſubſtitute my Will,
The Rule of Action, and the ſov'reign Guide:
Say, *Clodius*, is it not a Maſter-piece of Art,
To hold the *Romans* thus enſlav'd?

Clo. Sir, I applaud, and wonder at your Wiſdom,
As fair Succeſs has crown'd your tow'ring Hopes:
The bold Plebeians, who with reſtleſs Outrage,
For ever brawl'd at every Innovation,
And urg'd the Senate for the Execution
Of the *Agrarian* Law, now bleſs your Mercy,
For Leave to live, and prate no more of Lands:
The haughty Senators, ſtripp'd of their Pride,
Retire for Safety to their native Fields,
While the *Decemvirate* triumphant reign,
Regardleſs of their Murmurs, or their Threats.

App. And ſtill we mean to hold the Reins of Empire,
Nor quit them but with Life; yet, oh vain Boaſt!
Why do I fondly talk of ruling others?
Who am myſelf a Slave, a Woman's Slave!
The Captive of a fair enchanting Face,
Sweet, as the firſt young Bluſhes of the Dawn,
Streaking with roſy Light the Eaſtern Clouds;
Say, *Clodius*, haſt thou ſeen the matchleſs Maid,
The young *Virginia?*

Clo. Even now, my Lord, I met the blooming Maid, and traced her Footſteps
To *Dian*'s ſacred Fane, before whoſe Shrine
She bent in lowly Adoration down,
And look'd the chaſte Divinity herſelf.

App. Oh *Venus!* wilt thou ſuffer ſuch a Wrong,
That heav'nly Beauty, radiant as thy own,
Shou'd, coldly obſtinate, reject thy Power?

Clo. However, ſhe may ſcorn the wanton Goddeſs, Her

Her Son exerts his Empire o'er her Heart;
Her Nurſe, whom to your Intereſt I have brib'd,
By the perſuaſive Eloquence of Gold,
Gold, the prevailing Argument with Age,
Informs me, that *Virginius* has contracted
His youthful Daughter to the brave *Iccilius*,
The nobleſt Youth of the plebeian Order,
Not more renown'd for military Virtue
Than for the poliſh'd Arts which ſoften Life,
And win the Soul of Woman; he to-morrow
In *Hymen*'s Rites for ever joins the Fair.

App. Thy Tale has ſhot ten thouſand burning Arrows,
Which pierce with agonizing Pangs my Soul:
Oh, ſhould thoſe Charms, which might adorn a Throne,
Be doom'd to the Poſſeſſion of a Wretch
So lowly born, the World might tax my Juſtice;
I muſt exalt them to their proper Sphere,
Where they ſhall ſhine, and bleſs the wond'ring World.

Clo.

Clo. You would not wed her.

App. Ignorance! thou know'ſt
I am already married, and our Law's
Still to preſerve the noble Blood unmix'd,
Forbid Patricians, and Plebeians joining;
And *Appius Claudius*, from the Greateſt ſprung,
Shall never ſully his illuſtrious Birth,
Or ſtoop beneath the Honour of his Race,
To mingle with the People: No, my *Clodius*,
The Name of Marriage is the Bane of Pleaſure,
And Love ſhould have no Tie, but Love to bind it;
Wives oft are haughty, inſolent, and proud,
But ſweet *Virginia*, fair as Infant Nature,
And gentle as the balmy Breath of Spring,
Shall be the Miſtreſs of my ſoften'd Hours,
And bid them ſmile with ever-blooming Pleaſure;
But, oh! this ſudden Marriage blaſts my Hopes!

Clo. Near as it ſeems, my active Thoughts have ſchem'd
A Way to rob the Lover of his Bliſs,

Only

Only do you approve what I ſhall act,
And truſt my Diligence to make her yours,
Or fall in the Attempt.

App. I know thee wiſe,
Active, and reſolute; talk not of falling,
Let but thy Skill aſſiſt my fond Deſire,
And make my Power ſubſervient to thy Will.

Clo. I ſee her, Sir, returning from the Temple,
Led by the deſtin'd Bridegroom; beſt retire,
Leſt Paſſion hurry you to Indiſcretion,
Where Policy, and Craft muſt win our Cauſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter Iccilius, *and* Virginia.

Iccil. Was not that *Appius?* how the Tyrant ey'd me,
As if he mark'd me for his future Victim!
No Matter; let me but enjoy to-morrow,
Let me but live to call *Virginia* mine,
And I ſhall reſt your Debtor, bount'ous Gods!
Let what will come hereafter.

Virg.

Virg. Alas! *Iccilius*, a thouſand boding
Cares poſſeſs my Soul,
And Heavineſs and Woe, unfelt before,
Hang deathful on my Heart; to-morrow,
ſaidſt thou,
The Times are full of Violence and Blood,
The Hand of Tyranny deſtroys the Juſt,
Virtue is Guilt, when Wickedneſs is Judge;
Who then can ſafely anſwer for a Moment,
Or tell where thou or I may be to-morrow?

Iccil. Lock'd in the Circle of each others
Arms,
And taſting ev'ry Tranſport, ev'ry Sweet,
Which *Hymen*, Guardian God of chaſte Delights,
Profuſely ſheds to crown the happy Pair,
By him in holy Union join'd for ever.

Virg. Believe me, were my Soul to form
a Wiſh,
And have that Wiſh indulg'd me by the
Gods,
For ever to converſe with my *Iccilius*,
To liſten to his Eloquence divine,
To learn his Wiſdom, to return his Love
With tender Duty, Gratitude, and Truth,

Wou'

Wou'd be the utmoſt Scope of my Deſires.

Iccil. Tranſporting Sounds! oh, may thoſe awful Pow'rs
Render *Iccilius* worthy to poſſeſs thee:
But why, my Fair-one! this dejected Look?
This pining Care, this gloomy Diſcontent
Should only dwell in black and guilty Boſoms;
Serenity of Soul, and tranquil Peace,
Should wait on ſpotleſs Innocence like thine.

Virg. A dreadful Viſion has deſtroy'd that Peace,
Sent as to warn me of approaching Danger,
Nor will the ſad Remembrance leave my Soul.

Iccil. Relate this horrid Dream, which ſo affrights thee!

Virg. Laſt Night, when ſleep had ſpread her downy Wings
O'er half Mankind, and lull'd my Cares to Reſt,
Methought I walk'd with thee, my deareſt Lover!
Thro' flow'ry Meads, in vernal Beauty dreſs'd,

All

All Nature bloom'd, around us falling Streams,
And warbling Birds in tuneful Concert join'd,
Charming the Air with Melody divine!
While ev'ry lovely Object of Delight
Receiv'd new Luſtre from *Iccilius'* Preſence;
Sudden the Foreſt ſhook, and thro' the Trees,
With dreadful Cries, ruſh'd forth, an hungry Lion,
Who ſought me for his Prey; I trembling fled
To my lov'd Father's Arms; he drew his Poignard,
And when I look'd he ſhould have ſlain the Savage,
With erring Fury plung'd it in my Heart;
The piercing Anguiſh wak'd me, and the Terror
Remain'd, when all the horrid Scene was vaniſh'd.
Iccil. This is the Mimickry of active Fancy,
Who when the Senſes are all charm'd to Reſt, Pre-

Preſents herſelf to the Imagination
In vary'd Figures, and unnumber'd Shapes,
Theſe leſſer Faculties diſport at large,
When Reaſon, ſov'reign Miſtreſs of the Soul,
O'er-wrought with Care, repairs herſelf by Reſt;
Believe me, 'tis no more; raiſe then thy Eyes,
And bleſs *Iccilius* with their wonted Sweetneſs:
My Care ſhall be to ſeek thy Godlike Father,
And urge him to appoint the bliſsful Hour,

Then ſmiling Love each Moment ſhall employ,
Tranſporting Rapture, and ecſtatic Joy.
[Exeunt.

Enter Virginius *ſolus.*

Virg. How long, oh *Rome!* ſhall thy majeſtic Head
Be cruſh'd by the tyrannic Hand of Power?
Oh Liberty! thou beſt Prerogative of Humankind,

How

How have the bloody *Decemvirs* defaced
Thy moſt tranſcendent Beauties? ſhall they then
Rage unreſtrain'd, and violate thy Charms
With bold Impunity? forbid it Heaven!
No; there are yet among us ſome brave Spirits,
Who dare aſſert the ſacred Cauſe of Freedom:
Oh Father *Jove*, propitious ſmile upon us!
And if my Life, or aught more dear than Life,
May be a Sacrifice acceptable,
Lo I devote it freely to the Cauſe,
The glorious Cauſe of Liberty, and *Rome!*

Enter Iccilius, *and* Virginia.

Virg. Welcome *Iccilius*; Welcome, dear *Virginia*,
My Soul's Delight, my laſt remaining Comfort.
Iccil. Oh! ſhe was born to give tranſcendant Joy
To her glad Father, and her raptur'd Lover;
And all thoſe outward Charms ſo heav'nly ſweet, Are

Are but an Emanation from thy Soul,
Where ev'ry Beauty, Grace, and Virtue live;
Since then your Approbation crowns my Love,
And gives the matchleſs Virgin to my Wiſhes,
I claim your Promiſe, that to-morrow's Sun
May ſee us one.

Virg. Auſpicious may it riſe upon your Union,
Clear unclouded Days, and Nights of ſweet Repoſe for ever wait you.
I know when Love has winged the eager Wiſh,
It flies impatient to the promis'd Joy,
Nor ſhall Delay retard your youthful Ardor;
Take her, *Iccilius*, from her Father's Hand.——

Iccil. Thus kneeling I receive, and bleſs your Bounty;
Oh my *Virginia!* but all Words are faint,
To paint the Extaſy which ſwells my Heart:
Nor Air, nor Light, nor Liberty, nor Health,

To

To one long pin'd within a joyleſs Dungeon,
Are half ſo lovely, charming, ſweet, or welcome!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. An Officer from *Appius Claudius*, Sir, demands Admittance.

Virg. Bid him enter.
Retire, my Child; what can the Tyrant want? [*Exit* Virg.

Officer.

The *Decemvirate* Guardians of our State
Greet thee with Honour, and Reſpect, *Virginius*,
And ſignify by me their ſacred Pleaſure;
A Meſſenger is from the Camp arriv'd,
With Notice, that the *Capuans* have revolted;
And to your Care, brave Veteran, they truſt
The Conduct of their Legions: on the Inſtant
Muſt you ſet forth, and thou, *Iccilius*, with him.

Virg.

Virg. Their Pleaſures be obey'd, but this is ſudden.

Off. The Time cries haſte, delay not then a Moment;
May Victory and Fame attend your Arms.
[*Exit Off.*

Enter Virginia.

Virg. My Daughter, we muſt leave you, inſtant Danger
Demands our Preſence in the *Roman* Camp;
Nay, do not weep, we ſhall not long be abſent,
Mean time thy Innocence ſhall reſt in Safety
Beneath the friendly hoſpitable Roof
Of good *Iccilius'* Father. Do not weep,
I go to ſeek him, take a ſhort Farewel,
And follow me. [*Exit* Virginius.

Iccilius *and* Virginia.

Iccil. Oh my lov'd *Virginia!* are all my eager Longings,
Wiſhings, Hopes, defeated thus? now muſt I leave you;

Now,

Now, oh 'tis a Pang too great to bear, and
live!
Virg. Thus fade our Dreams of Happineſs
and Bliſs:
Not that a ſhort, or momentary Abſence,
When our lov'd Country call'd thee to its
Aid,
Cou'd ſhake my Temper; no, I oft with
Pride,
Have ſeen my Hero arm him for the Field,
And only griev'd that my weak Sex denied
me
To ſhare the glorious Toils, the noble Dan-
ger;
But now my ſad preſaging Heart aſſures
me,
We part to meet no more.
Iccil. Oh ſofteſt Charmer!
Ceaſe t' afflict me with a Thought ſo ſad,
Leſt, Coward like, I ſtain my ſacred Ho-
nour,
And, ſhunning Glory, and the duſty Field,
Remain for ever in *Virginia*'s Arms;
For what are Trophies, Honours, Tri-
umphs, Spoils,

Th' envy'd Pageant, and the People's
Shout,
To the tranſporting Joys of mutual Love,
And Harmony of correſpondent Souls?
Virg. No, my *Iccilius*, let not my fond
Fears
Betray thee into miſbecoming Weakneſs;
I love thy Glory dearer than thy Perſon,
And wiſh thy Name enroll'd amongſt the
foremoſt
Who arduous trod the ſteep Aſcent to
Fame:
High on the Summit of a lofty Hill,
Encompaſs'd round with Danger, Toil,
and Death,
The Goddeſs ſtands, and holds the Victor
Wreath
Of ever verdant Laurel! ſacred Emblem
Of undecaying Virtue and Renown;
Who would not wiſh to gain the glorious
Prize,
And ſcorn the Danger, viewing the Re-
ward!
Iccil. Oh thou! well-worthy of the *Ro-
man* Name,

Not

Not the chaſte Fair, who ſwam the rapid *Tyber*,
Nor ſhe who fearleſs pierc'd her ſnowy Boſom,
And with pure Blood waſh'd out the fatal Stain
The brutal Tyrant gave her, e'er poſſeſs'd
Such Dignity of Soul, ſuch Fortitude,
Such Wiſdom, or ſuch Innocence as thine;
Thy noble Arguments bent to perſuade
Thy Lover hence, but charm him here more ſtrongly;
I gaze with endleſs Admiration on thee,
And wonder at a Greatneſs ſo divine.

Virg. Forever cou'd I liſten to thy Language,
More chearing than the Breath of new-born Spring,
When firſt her vernal Airs ſalute the Groves,
And wake to Life the Infant Blooms and Flowers,
To deck her lovely Boſom; but no more,
Thy Duty calls thee to the Battle now.

[*Flouriſh.*

My Father waits you, the protecting Pow'rs-

Conduct you forth, and bring you back in Safety.

Iccil. Thy pious Pray'r ſhall charm down Bleſſings on us,
And Love ſhall guard me for *Virginia*'s Sake.

Think with what fierce Impatience I ſhall burn,
'Till to thy Arms triumphant I return;
To bid thy Sighs, thy Tears, thy Anguiſh, ceaſe,
And ſooth thy gentle Soul to Love and Peace. [Exeunt.

END OF THE ACT.

One Day, as I was in my Shop, a Gentleman, very richly dreſſed, told me, he had a Letter for me; I received it very reſpectfully, but could not help ſmiling, when I found it was the Letter I wrote for *Tom Bruſh*, neatly copied and directed to me, and that, leſt it ſhould miſcarry, he had brought it himſelf.

I ſaid it was a very genteel Piece of Gallantry, and quite new. He told me he

was

was going to his Seat in the County of *Surrey* the next Day, and gave me a very kind Invitation to paſs the Remainder of the Summer there, but as he was a young, gay, ſingle Gentleman, I did not hold it convenient.

Pray, Madam, ſaid he, do you never go to the Opera? No, really, Sir; not but that I love Muſic, but it happens to be too expenſive an Entertainment for me: Well then, Madam, returned he, I muſt inſiſt on having the Honour of treating you to it; on which, he downright forced a Couple of Guineas on me, and making me promiſe to correſpond with him till his Return to *London*, we parted.

Unfortunately I loſt his Direction, and ſo had it not in my Power to keep my Word.

And I do aſſure my Readers, I did not go to the Opera, wiſely conſidering that two Pound two, would be of infinitely more Service to me, than it could poſſibly be to Mr. *Heydeigger*.

But, alas! before the Return of Winter, I had neither Shop, nor almoſt an Habi-

tation. By what ſtrange Reverſe of Fortune I was again reduced to the utmoſt Calamity, and by what unexpected and ſignal Mercy delivered from it, muſt, as it is impoſſible for me to get it into the Compaſs of this Volume, be the Subject of a Third.

I ſhould be highly ungrateful not to acknowledge the Favour and Bounty of the whole Body of the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of this Kingdom, whoſe Goodneſs, as it is my higheſt Pride to own, ſo it ſhall ever be my utmoſt Ambition to merit; and if their poor Servant can in the leaſt contribute to their Entertainment, ſhe ſhall think herſelf over-paid, or, to uſe my dear Mr. *Cibber*'s Words:

As for what's left of Life, if yet 'twill do,
'Tis at your Service, pleas'd while pleaſing you.
But then miſtake me not, when you've enough,
One thin Subſcription ſhews all Parties off;

Or

Or Truth in homely Proverb to advance,
I pipe no longer than you care to dance.

But, oh my loved, honoured, and excellent Lord *Kingſborough!* where ſhall I find Words adequate to the Senſe I have of your Goodneſs, your unlimited Generoſity? thou kind Preſerver of mine, and my Son's Life!

Did Eloquence divine adorn my Speaking,
Tho' ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Grace ſhould crown me,
Why then, ev'n then, I ſhould fall ſhort
Of my Soul's Meaning.

But as with You my Muſe began, with You alſo ſhe muſt end, yet not 'till I relate the following Story.

I ſaw in *London* the truly elegant and beautiful Speech of a certain great Man, not long ſince our ſupreme Governor here; I was really ſo charmed with it, that I wrote the following Lines, which I ſhewed to Mr. *Cibber*. As his Excellency was returned to *England*, Mr. *Cibber* was ſo well

pleaſed with them, that, as he was particularly intimate with him, he undertook to deliver them, and ſaid, he did not doubt but he would give me a handſome Reward: To give this Theſis plainer Proof, I put it to the Teſt.

To his Excellency the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

O THOU! to bind whoſe awful Brow
Triumphant Laurels joy to grow,
To whom the Sons of Science bend,
As to the great inſpiring Soul,
That brightens and informs the whole,
The Muſes Patron, Judge, and Friend.

Never did *Britain*'s King before,
A Subſtitute ſo noble find,
Nor ever yet deputed Pow'r
With ſuch tranſcendent Luſtre ſhin'd.

For when, to grace *Hibernia*'s Throne,
The God-like *Cheſterfield* was giv'n,
How did the joyful People own
Their Monarch's Love! the Care of Heav'n?

On

On thy exalted * *Speech* their Senates hung,
And bleſt the Elocution of thy Tongue!

'Tis *Stanhope* can alone untie
The *Gordian* Knot of Policy.
He ev'ry Kingdom's Int'reſt knows:
Were to his Care the World conſign'd,
Th' Almighty's everlaſting Mind
Might there ſecure his Truſt repoſe.

Thy Genius, for all Stations fit,
The Reins of Empire knows to guide,
Nor leſs the ſacred Realms of Wit
Acknowledge thee their Boaſt and Pride;
So *Phœbus* rules the Chariot of the Day,
And charms the Groves with his melodious Lay.

How did of late the Nations fear,
Sickneſs, the Meſſenger of Fate,
Would take thee to thy native Sphere,
'Midſt throned Gods to hold thy State.
We fear'd a Soul, ſo eminently wiſe,
Was call'd to grace th' Synod of the Skies.

* His Speech to both Houſes of *Parliament*, in *Dublin*.

But ſoon the Roſe-lip'd Cherub Health,
Commiſſion'd by the Pow'r Divine,
Reſtor'd *Britannia*'s Deareſt Wealth,
The Glory of her Patriot Line.
Oh may'ſt Thou long from better Worlds be ſpar'd,
And late receive thy Virtues full Reward.

Ev'n I, whom many Griefs oppreſs,
Enraptur'd with thy flowing Strain,
A while forget my own Diſtreſs,
And Anguiſh ceaſes to complain;
Such Charms to Heav'n-born Eloquence belong,
And ſuch the magic Force of ſacred Song.

I ought to have premiſed, that juſt as I had finiſhed this Poem, *W—rſd—le* came in, and ſnatched it from me, ſaying he would ſend it himſelf to his old Friend *Philip*. I could not get it from him, but as I remembered every Syllable of it, I wrote it in a better Hand than that rough Draught I had given to Mr. *Cibber*, and having the Honour of his Correction, who

is

is a fair and candid Critic, ſent it again to him.

W—ſd—le came in the Evening, told me that the Earl ſent him many Thanks, and would be glad to ſee his old Friend.

Upon this I aſked *W—rſd—le* to lend me Half a Crown to buy a Pair of Shoes, which he abſolutely refuſing, when he had convinced me he had fifty Guineas in his Pocket, I, though ill-ſhod, was obliged to reſt contented.

Early next Morning I received from Mr. *Cibber* the following ſhort Epiſtle:

MADAM,

THE Poetry of poor People, however it may riſe in Value, always ſinks in the Price; what might in happier Hours have brought you ten Guineas for it's intrinſic Worth, is now reduced to two, which I deſire you will come and receive from the Hand of

Your old humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

By this I found Mr. *W—rſd—le* had boaſted of an Intereſt in his Excellency, which he certainly never had, for who would have even given me that ſmall Reward that had received the Poem before from another Hand, would they not have laughed at me!

I waited on Mr. *Cibber*, who told me he had given my Poem to his Excellency with theſe Words: "That if he had not "thought it beautiful, he would not have ta- "ken the Liberty of preſenting it to him."

"As Dinner, ſaid he, was juſt brought up "my Lord put it into his Pocket. In "the Evening I reminded him of it: He "told me he was attack'd by all the "World with paultry Rhimes, which his "L——d always beſt rewarded."

The next Day Mr. *Cibber* attacked his Excellency again, and aſked him how he liked the Lines? Upon which he ſaid, "Oh I had forgot, there's two Guineas for "her, but don't put them into your Sil- "ver Pocket, leſt you ſhould make a "Miſtake and pay your Chair with them:

"So

" So here, Madam, are the two Guineas " for you." As I was entirely indebted to Mr. *Cibber* for this Bounty, I return my Acknowledgements to Him.

My dear Lord *Kingſborough*, I never ſhould have related this Story, except by way of Contraſt to your amiable Virtues; for I may juſtly ſay with *Swift*,

My fav'rite Lord is none of thoſe,

Who owe their Virtue to their Stations,
Or Characters to Dedications;
His Worth, altho a Poet ſaid it
Before a Play, would loſe no Credit.
Nor Swift *would dare deny him Wit,*
Altho' to praiſe it I have writ.

Juſt as I was writing about *W—rſd—le*, a Gentleman brought me a Pamphlet entituled, *A Parallel between Mrs.* Pilkington *and Mrs.* Phillips, *written by an* Oxford *Scholar*, as he tells us, himſelf, ſtarving in a Garret; Pray, Mr. Scholar, deal ingenouſly did not *W—rſd—le* hire you to write it, becauſe he was indolent; dull, I ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you mean; if he can write ſo much better than I, let him give the World a Proof of his Abilities; but it ſeems, he is diſcontented that I have not ſufficiently expoſed him: Why, let him have but a little Patience, and my Life on't he ſhall have no Cauſe of Complaint on that Head, but I cannot break in on the Order of Time ſo far as to give the World a ſecond Act of him, yet

Unity of Time and Place, you know, Mr. Critick, muſt be obſerved, otherwiſe we muſt renounce the Stagyrite.

If you intend your Performance for a Satire on me, truly your Words are ſo clerkly couched, that I cannot find any Sting in them.——You ſay I admired the Dean for being a Brute.—*N. B.* You lye; and none but a Villain would call him one. I admired his Charity, Wit, Senſe, Taſte, *&c.* and to ſay he had Paſſions, which obſcured for a while his ſhining and uncommon Excellencies, is no more than ſaying he was human, and conſequently liable to Error.

Then

Then you aſk me, how I dare mention Mr. *Pope?* Why truly, like *Drawcanſir*, all this I can do, becauſe I dare.——I never refuſed doing Juſtice to his poetical Merits; but all your Art can never perſuade the World, that he was not an envious Defamer of other Men's good Parts, and intolerably vain of his own. How does he boaſt of his Acquaintance with the Great, even to childiſh Folly? The late Earl of *Peterborough* could not divert himſelf with pruning a Tree in his Garden, but preſently we are told of it in theſe high-ſounding unharmonious Words:

*And he, whoſe Thunder ſtorm'd th'*Iberian *Lines,*
Now forms my Quincunx, and now prues my Vines.

Why, one would have thought he had hired the Earl for a Gardener.

And as for his Gratitude, let that appear by his Poem, called *Taſte*, wherein he abuſes the late Duke of *Chandos* for his Munificence to Writers, whereof take the following Sample: *His*

His Wealth Lord Timon *glorioufly confounds,*
Ask'd for a Groat, he gives an hundred Pounds;
Or, if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Author's Day.

Was this any Defect in his Grace's Character, eſpecialy in a poetical Eye? No, ſurely: but I ſuppoſe Mr. *Pope* was angry, as he was not a Dramatick Writer, that his Grace ſhould beſtow any Favour on them.

He then proceeds to ridicule his Grace's Library, and the Grandeur and Magnificence of his Improvements.

And when up ten ſteep Slopes you've drag'd your Thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your Eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord.

To

To all their letter'd Backs he turns you round,
Theſe Aldus *printed, theſe* De Sewel *bound:*
Theſe, Sir, are Elziver's, *and thoſe as good,*
For all his Lordſhip knows they are but Wood;
For Locke *or* Milton *'tis in vain to look,*
Theſe Shelves admit not any modern Book.

I ſuppoſe, becauſe he did not find his own Works there, he reſolved at all Hazards to depreciate his Betters. Shall I proceed, or have I ſaid enough

To thee, who haſt not Ear, nor Eye, nor Soul to comprehend it.

And now, how dare you to abuſe my Huſband? Why, thou, poor paultry Garretteer! thou ſtarveling Bard! if I have a Mind to do it myſelf, what's that to you?

The diſtant Trojan *never injur'd thee.*
Pope's Homer.

And

And ſuppoſe I've a Mind for to drub,
Whoſe Bones is it, Sir, I muſt lick?
At whoſe Expence is it, you Scrub?
You are not to find me a Stick.

Poor Creature! and as you ſay you are in Neceſſity, I hope you will be relieved, even by putting together

Figures ill-pair'd, and Similies unlike:

Letty *and* Conny, *pious, precious Pair!*

I ſuppoſe this this is an Alluſion to *Niſus* and *Euryalus*; but prithee learn more Wit,

Than to make ill-coupled Hounds
Drag different Ways in miry Grounds.

For I am certain I never was a Match for Mrs. *Philips*, either in Beauty or in Art, in both of which ſhe reigns unrivalled, and I, as in Duty bound, give her the Pre-eminence. But

I imagine this Oxonian *ſitting on his Bed,*
One greaſy Stocking round his Head,
While

While t'other he ſits down to darn,
With Threads of different colour'd Yarn;
The Remnants of his laſt Night's Pot
On Embers plac'd, to make it hot;
But now if W——dale *deign to drop*
A Slice of Bread, or Mutton-chop,
Mounting he writes, and writing ſings,
While, from beneath, all Grub-ſtreet
rings. Swift.

Ha! have I gueſſed right? thou wicked Scribbler, that praiſeſt the Worſt beſt, and Beſt worſt; thou art juſt fit to nurture Fools, and chronicle Small-beer.

Now to criticize on your wonderful Work: In the firſt Place, you ſay all my Characters are well drawn, eaſy, natural and pictureſque; and yet after this high Compliment, that I even made a dull Story entertaining by the Force of a ſparkling Wit, and retentive Memory; why, preſently after I dwindle, by the Force of your Pen, into a mere Dunce: And ſo though you promiſed us a Parallel, you give us a Contraſt; you are a very witty Fellow, I aſſure you, and deal much in the

the Surprizing. And ſo you do not like my Poetry, there was no Thought of pleaſing you when it was writ; but go to my Treaſurer, tell him I order him to give you three hundred Kicks in private, and the Lord ſend you a better Taſte!

Hey-day, the Devil rides on a Fiddle-ſtick! freſh News arrived! all my Letters to *W—rſd—le* to be publiſhed; oh terrible! well; I hope he will publiſh every Poem that was incloſed in them, that I may come by my own again? let him return to me three Operas, twenty-five Odes, the Letters I wrote for him, the Poem which begins,

To diſtant Climes, while fond Cleora *flies.*

And then he has my full Leave to publiſh every Letter of mine that he thinks will ſerve his Purpoſe; but remember that if you and he ſhould ſit down, and out of your own Loggerheads write Nonſenſe, and offer it to the World as mine, I enter my *Caveat*, and will not adopt the ſpurious Iſſue. So here I quit ye, and upon mature De-

Deliberation, am ſorry I waſted ſo much Time, Paper, and Ink, on ſo contemptible a Subject as either of ye.

My Lord, I beg Pardon for ſo long digreſſing from my darling Theme, but it was almoſt impoſſible for me not to *beſtow thoſe Libellers a Laſh*;

For, tho' tis hopeleſs to reclaim them,
Scorpion Rods perhaps may tame them.
Swift.

And though it is not in reality worth while to purſue Graſhoppers, who die in a Seaſon, yet while their Noiſe offends me, I cannot forbear it.

And, now my Lord, and oh! (ſince you permit me to call you by that tender Name) my Friend, and let me add, my Guardian Angel; for ſurely, very excellent has thy Favour been to me, far ſurpaſſing that of Kindred, as you generouſly bid me name my Wiſh to you, and obtain it; and as I, broken with the Storms of Fortune, for I may truly ſay with Holy *David*, to my Creator,

Even

Even from my Youth up, thy Terrors have I ſuffered with a troubled Mind, and thou haſt vexed me with all thy Storms.

Have little to hope for on this Side Diſſolution, and have no other Concern about parting with a Life, which has been but a continual Scene of Sorrow, except that of leaving my Son unprovided for: Let your Favour extend to him, as your Station and Virtue muſt ever give you a powerful Intereſt; uſe a Portion of it to get him ſome little Employment, or Place, which may give him Bread, when I no more want it.

I flatter myſelf he will not be entirely unworthy of your Goodneſs, as he is of a generous, humane, and grateful Diſpoſition.

I muſt beg your Lordſhip's Pardon for praiſing my Son, which indeed, I ſhould not do, but that both his Father and Mr. *A—e*, endeavoured all in their Power to injure his Character; the latter of whom is ſince convinced he wronged him.

And

And here I muſt apologize for ſo long deferring the Publication of this Second Volume; and as no Reaſon is ſo good as the true one, take it as follows:

When I came to *Ireland*, I took a Houſe near *Bow-Bridge*, as well for the Pleaſure of a fine Air, as to keep retired from buſy Tongues; but, finding it was highly inconvenient to be at ſuch a Diſtance from Printers, Stationers, *&c.* I took a Firſt-Floor in *Abbey-Street*, and having my own Furniture, ſent it there, with Orders to the Men to put up the Beds, which accordingly was done: When I came in the Evening to take Poſſeſſion of my new Habitation, behold! all my Furniture was torn down, and lying in Heaps in the Paſſage; when I demanded the Cauſe of this, I was told, the Reverend Dr. *J—n V—ey*, who, it ſeems, lodged in the Houſe, had, by his own ſpecial Authority, commanded the Goods ſhould be thrown into the Street, but the Landlord knowing himſelf liable to be called to an Account for what he had re-

received, did not chuſe to obey him in that Article.

Well, as my Houſe was empty, I knew not where I, or my Child could ſleep that Night, but, as I was not ill-beloved in the Neighbourhood I left, I went back to it, where a good Woman gave me part of her Bed, and her Huſband, my Son, and two little Children of theirs, lay together.

Early next Morning, my Son took a Lodging for me in *Big-butter-lane*; my Goods, damaged as they were, were carried there, but, wot you well, the Parſon followed them! Dr. *V—ey*, I mean, told the People I was a very bad Woman, and they were again left in the Paſſage; ſo when I came, there was no Entrance for me, and I was obliged to return to the Place from whence I came. *Mem.* I was forty Shillings out of Pocket by this pious Divine, I wiſh he would pay me.

Next Day my Son took a Lodging for me in *Golden-lane*, where the Woman no ſooner underſtood I was Dr. *Van Lewin*'s Daughter, who, as ſhe ſaid, ſaved her Life, but ſhe gladly accepted of me for a Lodger; but

but what with the Vexation of my Mind, and the Cold I had got, I fell into a violent Fever, and was for many Weeks confined to my Bed, till, by the Care and Skill of Dr. *Ould*, I was once more enabled to purſue my Work; and, as I am much indebted to his Humanity, I take this Opportunity of acknowledging it.

And now do I expect an Army of Critics to attack my poor Work, and to ſave them the Trouble, I will even do it myſelf, altho' I own the Task to be a little ungrateful. But, Mrs. *Pilkington*, notwithſtanding the Regard and Affection which I really have for you, I muſt tell you what the World ſays of you; but however, I will give you fair Play, and allow you to make the beſt Defence you can for yourſelf: Suppoſe you and I enter into a Dialogue, I being the Accuſer, begin: Madam, your Story has nothing in it, either new or entertaining; the Occurrences are common, trivial, and ſuch as happen every Day; your Vanity is intolerable, your Stile borrowed from *Milton*, *Shakeſpear*

and *Swift*, whom you pretend to deſcribe, though you never knew him; you tell us a Story of his Beef being over-roaſted, and another of a mangy Dog; fine Themes truly! for my Part, I wonder you ever got a Shilling for your curious Performance; I am ſure it is a Proof of the Stupidity of the *Bœotians*, who, tho' they have ſtill done you the Honour to advertiſe in every Paper, that you were not a Dunce, proved themſelves to be little better for taking ſo much Notice of you.

Myſelf. Hold, hold, you charge me ſo faſt you do not give me Leave to reply; to your firſt Article I plead guilty; my Story is dull enough, it was therefore I ſtrove to embelliſh it with ſuch poetical Ornaments, as I could beg, borrow, or ſteal: I have known a Gentleman write a *Latin* Poem, and every Line of it was borrowed from the Claſſicks, yet this was eſteemed a Beauty in him; why then ſhould it be deemed a Fault in your humble Servant? Had I not an equal Right to make free with *Milton*, *Swift*, and *Shakeſpear*, as he had with *Virgil* and *Horace*.

I. O lud, lud! why the beſt Part of your firſt Volume, is that which you wrote from yourſelf, without theſe Auxiliaries.

Myſelf. Oh, upon my Word you compliment now.

I.

I. Truly I did not intend it, but we would rather have ſome of your own Stuff.

Myſelf. Why I muſt bring you a Simile from what I do not much deal in, that is, Needle-work; do not Ladies buy coarſe Canvas, and work thereon Fruits, Flowers, Trees, all Summer, and all Autumn's Pride? and ſhould we ſay the Canvas would have been better without the Artiſt's curious Embroidery? the ſame will hold in Painting.

I. O come, do not think to put us off at this Rate, you give us Quotation on Quotation; why, we know the Works of other Writers, and expected ſomething entirely new from your ſuperior Pen.

Myſelf. I am ſorry it is not in my Power to oblige you, but Kings and Prophets, who lived before me have declared, there was nothing new under the Sun.

I. But you ſhew no Reverence, either to Ermin, Crape or Lawn.

Myſelf. O I really do, when the Wearers deſerve them; but I hope you would not have me pay Homage to the Things themſelves? Why then, I may go and kneel down to all the Goods in the Shops, becauſe, as the Author of *The Tale of a Tub*, ſays, in them we live, move, and have our Being.

I. But have you no further Regard to Station? Is your licentious Pen to laſh all Orders and Degrees of People? are you to indulge your laughing, and laſhing Humour, at every Body's Expence?

Myſelf. Why, ſure I have a Right to it; have they not laughed and laſhed me round? This is but a Retaliation, they were the firſt Aggreſſors; no Perſon who did not deſerve a Stripe, ever got one from me: Is Station a Privilege for doing every Thing evil with Impunity? If ſo, let *Satan* on his burning Throne be honoured!

I. Well, upon my Word, Mrs. *Pilkington*, I am weary of your Arguments; you ſeem reſolved to get the better of me; and *that* my Readers may always be aſſured I will do, when I am both Plaintiff and Defendant.

FINIS.

N.B. *The Author intended another Volume of theſe Memoirs, but died before ſhe had compleated it; and the Publick may be aſſured, no ſuch Third Volume will ever be publiſhed.*